













HOW HEROES OF FICTION  
PROPOSE

AND HOW HEROINES REPLY

TOGETHER WITH

FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS  
IN POETRY AND PROSE

WITH PARALLEL PASSAGES FROM THE MOST  
FAMOUS WRITERS OF THE WORLD.

---

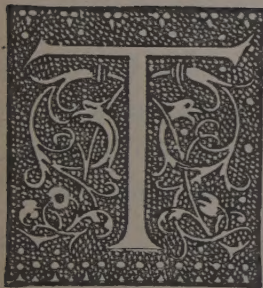
NEW YORK :  
P. F. COLLIER, PUBLISHER,  
65 Warren Street.  
1890.





## INTRODUCTION.

---



HERE comes a moment in the life of almost every man when, with his heart beating like a Nasmyth hammer, with faltering voice, and his brain in a whirl, he takes fate in his hands, and tremblingly asks one of the gentler sex to be his—wife.

It is an awful moment to some. The bravest men—men who have faced death and danger without the quiver of a muscle or an increased pulse-beat—have been reduced to such a pitiable condition of cowardice, that at the critical instant words have pitifully failed them, and were it not for that delicious instinct which is given to woman, for a woman *always* knows when a man is going to propose, the unhappy lover's mental condition might be open to unjust and painful misconception.

Some men there are—but how few!—who go into “popping the question” in a business-like way, that simply leaves romance out in the cold and Cupid freezing to death. These heroes do their wooing after a commercial fashion, and ask the all-important question as though de-

manding the price of stocks. They are seldom refused, since they see their way, as, slowly but surely, they march onward to matrimony.

The young fellows who propose in the red-hot flush of love, can never be certain of their fate. Love having blinded them, and youth being always conceited; and woman—albeit she denies it—invariably a coquette, he never stops to gaze at obstacles, but rushes on to—lose.

Some men there be who are so little versed in the varied ways of women as to require either the most evident marks of favor or equally distinct tokens of repugnance. There are men so bashful as to compel the lady to meet them more than half way, and there are men so forward as to court the snubbing that is their inevitable doom.

We are told on very high authority that every girl is prepared with her answer to the all-important question when she dons long frocks. Is she? The master writers of fiction show us, even though she is aware that her adorer is about to put the fateful question, that she is seldom able to control her agitation, and that even the “wee, sma’ word,” “Yes,” is very, very difficult to pronounce.

Does a woman mean “Yes” when she says “No?” Not very often. This fag end of the nineteenth century is so extremely practical that the wooer’s position, social and financial, nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of one thousand, is clearly ascertained and defined, and the moment that his ardor assumes matrimonial shape, the lady, naturally enough, prepares to make up her mind. The honest girl says “Yes” with all the fervor that a word can convey coming direct from the heart; but the coquette will leave the passion-smitten swain still on the tenter-hooks by replying in a smiling or pouting negative. The noblest offer a man can make a woman is marriage, and woe to those who offer it lightly!

This volume is one of the most entertaining books ever placed in the



hands of the public, containing, as it does, the proposals of the most famous heroes in modern fiction of the best writers in the world, embodying the ideas of *the* supreme moment.

It fascinates the aged, because it recalls the rapture of the olden, golden time. It flings its glamor on middle life, since the lamp lighted at the fateful moment burns with radiance, and it spell-binds the young, for theirs is at hand, and in this fascinating tome they find responsive echoes to every heart-throb.







# How Men Ask Women to Marry Them

## AND

# How Women Say "Yes" and "No."

---

BUT William could hold no more.

"Amelia, Amelia," he said, "I did buy it for you. I loved you then as I do now. I must tell you. I think I loved you from the first minute that I saw you, when George brought me to your house, to show me the Amelia whom he was engaged to. You were but a girl, in white, with large ringlets; you came down singing—do you remember?—and we went to Vauxhall. Since then I have thought of but one woman in the world, and that was you. I think there is no hour of the day has passed for twelve years that I haven't thought of you. I came to tell you this before I went to India; but you did not care, and I hadn't the heart to speak. You did not care whether I stayed or went."

"I was very ungrateful," Amelia said.

"No; only indifferent," Dobbin continued, desperately. "I have nothing to make a woman otherwise. I know what you are feeling now. You are hurt in your heart at that discovery about the piano; and that it came from me, and not from George. I forgot, or I should never have spoken of it so. It is for me to ask your pardon for being a fool for a moment, and thinking that years of constancy and devotion might have pleaded with you."

"It is you who are cruel now," Amelia said with some spirit; "George is my husband here, and in heaven. How could I love any other but him? I am his now as when you first saw me, dear William. It was

he, who told me how good and generous you were, and who taught me to love you as a brother. Have you not been everything to me and my boy? Our dearest, truest, kindest friend and protector? Had you come a few months sooner perhaps you might have spared me that—that dreadful parting. Oh, it nearly killed me, William—but you didn't come, though I wished and prayed for you to come, and they took him too away from me. Isn't he a noble boy, William? Be his friend still and mine"—and here her voice broke, and she hid her face on his shoulder.

The major folded his arms round her, holding her to him as if she was a child, and kissed her head. "I will not change, dear Amelia," he said. "I asked for no more than your love. I think I would not have it otherwise. Only let me stay near you, and see you often."

"Yes, often," Amelia said. And so William was at liberty to look and long; as the poor boy at school who has no money may sigh after the contents of the tart-woman's tray.

W. M. THACKERAY, "*Vanity Fair*."

SHE was quiet now. In a little time she turned her pale face toward me, and said in a low voice, broken here and there, but very clear:

"I owe it to your pure friendship for me, Trotwood—which, indeed, I do not doubt—to tell you, you are mistaken. I can do no more. If I have sometimes in the course of years wanted help and counsel, they have come to me. If I have sometimes been unhappy, the feeling has passed away. If I have ever had a burden on my heart, it has been lightened for me. If I have any secret, it is—no new one; and is—not what you suppose. I cannot reveal it, or divide it. It has long been mine, and must remain mine."

"Agnes! Stay! A moment!"

She was going away, but I detained her. I clasped my arm about her waist. "In the course of years! It is not a new one!" New thoughts and hopes were whirling through my mind, and all the colors of my life were changing.

"Dearest Agnes! Whom I so respect and honor—whom I so devotedly love! When I came here to-day, I thought that nothing could have wrested this confession from me. I thought I could have kept it in my bosom all our lives, till we were old. But, Agnes, if I have indeed any new-born hope that I may ever call you something more than Sister, widely different from Sister!"——

Her tears fell fast; but they were not like those she had lately shed, and I saw my hope brighten in them.

"Agnes! ever my guide and best support! If you had been more mindful of yourself, and less of me, when we grew up here together, I think my heedless fancy never would have wandered from you. But you were so much better than I, so necessary to me in every boyish hope and disappointment, that to have you to confide in, and rely upon in everything, became a second nature, supplanting for the time the first and greater one of loving you as I do!"

Still weeping, but not sadly—joyfully! and clasped in my arms as she had never been, as I had thought she never was to be!

"When I loved Dora—fondly, Agnes, as you know——"

"Yes!" she cried earnestly, "I am glad to know it."

"When I loved her—even then, my love would have been incomplete without your sympathy. I had it, and it was perfected. And when I lost her, Agnes, what should I have been without you, still!"

Closer in my arms, nearer to my heart, her trembling hand upon my shoulder, her sweet eyes shining through her tears, on mine!

"I went away, dear Agnes, loving you. I stayed away, loving you. I returned home, loving you!"

And now, I tried to tell her of the struggles I had had, and the conclusion I had come to. I tried to lay my mind before her, truly and entirely. I tried to show her how I had hoped I had come into the better knowledge of myself and of her; how I had resigned myself to what that better knowledge brought; and how I had come there, even that day, in my fidelity to this. If she did so love me (I said) that she could take me for her husband, she could do so on no deservings of mine, except upon the truth of my love for her, and the trouble in which it had ripened



to be what it was; and hence it was that I revealed it. And oh, Agnes, even out of thy true eyes, in that same time, the spirit of my child-wife looked upon me, saying it was well; and winning me, through thee, to tenderest recollections of the Blossom that had withered in its bloom!

"I am so blest, Trotwood—my heart is so overcharged—but there is one thing I must say."

"Dearest, what?"

She laid her gentle hands upon my shoulders, and looked calmly in my face.

"Do you know, yet, what it is?"

"I am afraid to speculate on what it is. Tell me, my dear."

"I have loved you all my life!"

CHARLES DICKENS, "*David Copperfield*."

ADAM looked at her; it was so sweet to look at her eyes, which had now a self-forgetful questioning in them—for a moment he forgot that he wanted to say anything, or that it was necessary to tell her what he meant.

"Dinah," he said suddenly, taking both her hands between his, "I love you with my whole heart and soul. I love you next to God who made me."

Dinah's lips became pale, like her cheeks, and she trembled violently under the shock of painful joy. Her hands were cold as death between Adam's. She could not draw them away, because he held them fast.

"Don't tell me you can't love me, Dinah. Don't tell me we must part, and pass our lives away from one another."

The tears were trembling in Dinah's eyes, and they fell before she could answer. But she spoke in a quiet, low voice. "Yes, dear Adam, we must submit to another Will. We must part."

"Not if you love me, Dinah—not if you love me," Adam said, passionately. "Tell me—tell me if you can love me better than a brother."

Dinah was too entirely reliant on the Divine Will to attempt to achieve any end by a deceptive concealment. She was recovering now

from the first shock of emotion, and she looked at Adam with simple, sincere eyes as she said :

"Yes, Adam, my heart is drawn strongly toward you ; and of my own will, if I had no clear showing to the contrary, I could find my happiness in being near you, and ministering to you continually. I fear I should forget to rejoice and weep with others ; nay, I fear I should forget the Divine Presence, and seek no love but yours." . . .

Adam went on presently with his pleading :

"And you can do almost as much as you do now ; I won't ask you to go to church with me of a Sunday. You shall go where you like among the people, and teach 'em ; for though I like church best, I don't put my soul above yours, as if my words was better for you t' follow than your own conscience. And you can help the sick just as much, and you'll have more means o' making 'em a bit comfortable ; and you'll be among all your own friends as love you, and can help 'em, and be a blessing to 'em, till their dying day. Surely, Dinah, you'd be as near to God as if you were living lonely and away from me."

Dinah made no answer for some time. Adam was still holding her hands, and looking at her with almost trembling anxiety, when she turned her grave, loving eyes on his, and said in rather a sad voice :

"Adam, there is truth in what you say ; and there's many of God's servants who have greater strength than I have, and find their hearts enlarged by the cares of husband and kindred. But I have not faith that it would be so with me, for since my affections have been set above measure on you, I have had less peace and joy in God ; I have felt, as it were, a division in my heart. And think how it is with me, Adam : that life I have led is like a land I have trodden in blessedness since my childhood ; and if I long for a moment to follow the voice which calls me to another land that I know not, I cannot but fear that my soul might hereafter yearn for that early blessedness which I had forsaken ; and where doubt enters, there is not perfect love. I must wait for clearer guidance ; I must go from you, and we must submit ourselves entirely to the Divine Will. We are sometimes required to lay our natural, lawful affections on the altar."

Adam dared not plead again, for Dinah's was not the voice of caprice or insincerity. But it was very hard for him; his eyes got dim as he looked at her.

"But you may come to feel satisfied—to feel that you may come to me again, and we may never part, Dinah?"

"We must submit ourselves, Adam. With time, our duty will be made clear. It may be, when I have entered on my former life, I shall find all these new thoughts and wishes vanish, and become as things that were not. Then I shall know that my calling is not toward marriage. But we must wait."

He came within three paces of her, and then said, "Dinah!" She started without looking round, as if she connected the sound with no place. "Dinah!" Adam said again. He knew quite well what was in her mind. She was so accustomed to think of impressions as purely spiritual monitions, that she looked for no material visible accompaniment of the voice.

But this second time she looked round. What a look of yearning love it was that the mild gray eyes turned on the strong, dark-eyed man! She did not start again at the sight of him; she said nothing, but moved toward him so that his arm could clasp her round.

And they walked on so in silence, while the warm tears fell. Adam was content, and said nothing. It was Dinah who spoke first.

"Adam," she said, "it is the Divine Will. My soul is so knit to yours that it is but a divided life I live without you. And this moment, now you are with me, and I feel that our hearts are filled with the same love, I have a fulness of strength to bear and do our Heavenly Father's will that I had lost before."

Adam paused, and looked into her sincere, loving eyes.

"Then we'll never part any more, Dinah, till death parts us."

And they kissed each other with a deep joy.

GEORGE ELIOT, "*Adam Bede*."



"No, REBECCA," said the knight, in a softer tone, and drawing nearer to her; "my choice is *not* made—nay, mark, it is thine to make the election. If I appear in the lists, I must maintain my name in arms; and if I do so, championed or unchampioned, thou diest by the stake and fagot, for there lives not the knight who hath coped with me in arms on equal issue, or on terms of vantage, save Richard Cœur-de-Lion, and his minion of Ivanhoe. Ivanhoe, as thou well knowest, is unable to bear his corselet, and Richard is in a foreign prison. If I appear, then thou diest, even although thy charms should instigate some hot-headed youth to enter the lists in thy defence."

"And what avails repeating this so often?" said Rebecca.

"Much," replied the Templar; "for thou must learn to look at thy fate on every side."

"Well, then, turn the tapestry," said the Jewess, "and let me see the other side."

"If I appear," said Bois-Guilbert, "in the fatal lists, thou diest by a slow and cruel death, in pain such as they say is destined to the guilty hereafter. But if I appear not, then am I a degraded and dishonored knight, accused of witchcraft and of communion with infidels; the illustrious name, which has grown yet more so under my wearing, becomes a hissing and a reproach. I lose fame, I lose honor, I lose the prospect of such greatness as scarce emperors attain to—I sacrifice mighty ambition, I destroy schemes built as high as the mountains with which heathens say their heaven was once nearly scaled—and yet, Rebecca," he added, throwing himself at her feet, "this greatness will I sacrifice, this fame will I renounce, this power will I forego, even now when it is half within my grasp, if thou wilt say, 'Bois-Guilbert, I receive thee for my lover.'"

"Think not of such foolishness, Sir Knight," answered Rebecca, "but hasten to the Regent, the Queen Mother, and to Prince John—they cannot, in honor to the English crown, allow of the proceedings of your Grand Master. So shall you give me protection without sacrifice on your part, or the pretext of requiring any requital from me."

"With these I deal not," he continued, holding the train of her robe

—"it is thee only I address; and what can counterbalance thy choice? Bethink thee, were I a fiend, yet death is a worse, and it is death who is my rival."

"I weigh not these evils," said Rebecca, afraid to provoke the wild knight, yet equally determined neither to endure his passion, nor even feign to endure it. "Be a man, be a Christian! If, indeed, thy faith recommends that mercy which rather your tongues than your actions pretend, save me from this dreadful death, without seeking a requital which would change thy magnanimity into base barter."

"No, damsel!" said the proud Templar, springing up, "thou shalt not thus impose on me; if I renounce present fame and future ambition, I renounce it for thy sake, and we will escape in company. Listen to me, Rebecca,"—he said, again softening his tone; "England—Europe—is not the world. There are spheres in which we may act, ample enough even for my ambition. We will go to Palestine, where Conrade, Marquis of Montserrat, is my friend—a friend free as myself from the doting scruples which fetter our free-born reason—rather with Saladin will we league ourselves, than endure the scorn of the bigots whom we condemn. I will form new paths to greatness," he continued, again traversing the room with hasty strides—"Europe shall hear the loud step of him she has driven from her sons! . . . Thou shalt be a queen, Rebecca—on Mount Carmel shall we pitch the throne which my valor will gain for you, and I will exchange my long-desired baton for a sceptre!"

"A dream," said Rebecca, "an empty vision of the night, were it a waking reality, affects me not. Enough that the power which thou mightest acquire, I will never share; nor hold I so light of country or religious faith, as to esteem him who is willing to barter these ties, and cast away the bonds of the Order of which he is a sworn member, in order to gratify an unruly passion for the daughter of another people."

SIR WALTER SCOTT, "*Ivanhoe*."

AS CONVERSATIONS of this kind afford no great entertainment, we shall be excused from reciting the whole that passed at this interview; in which, after his lordship had made many declarations of the most pure and ardent passion to the silent, blushing Sophia, she at last collected all the spirits she could raise, and with a trembling, low voice said:

"My lord, you must be yourself conscious whether your former behavior to me hath been consistent with the professions you now make."

"Is there," answered he, "no way by which I can atone for madness? What I did, I am afraid, must have too plainly convinced you that the violence of love had deprived me of my senses."

"Indeed, my lord," said she, "it is in your power to give me a proof of an affection which I must rather wish to encourage, and to which I should think myself more beholden."

"Name it, madam," said my lord, very warmly.

"My lord," says she, looking down upon her fan, "I know you must be sensible how uneasy this pretended passion of yours hath made me."

"Can you be so cruel as to call it pretended?" says he.

"Yes, my lord," answered Sophia; "all professions of love to those whom we persecute are most insulting pretences. This pursuit of yours is to me a most cruel persecution; nay, it is taking a most ungenerous advantage of my unhappy situation."

"Most lovely, most adorable charmer, do not accuse me," cries he, "of taking an ungenerous advantage, while I have no thoughts but what are directed to your honor and interest, and while I have no view, no hope, no ambition, but to throw myself, honor, fortune, everything, at your feet."

"My lord," says she, "it is that fortune, and those honors, which gave you the advantage of which I complain. These are the charms which have seduced my relations; but to me they are things indifferent. If your lordship will merit my gratitude, there is but one way."

"Pardon me, divine creature," said he, "there can be none. All I can do for you is so much your due, and will give me so much pleasure, but there is no room for your gratitude."



"Indeed, my lord," answered she, "you may obtain my gratitude, my good opinion, every kind thought and wish which it is in my power to bestow; nay, you may obtain them with ease, for sure to a generous mind it must be easy to grant my request. Let me beseech you, then, to cease a pursuit in which you can never have any success. For your own sake as well as mine I entreat this favor; for sure you are too noble to have any pleasure in tormenting an unhappy creature. What can your lordship propose but uneasiness to yourself, by a perseverance, which, upon my honor, upon my soul, cannot, shall not prevail with me, whatever distresses you may drive me to?"

Here my lord fetched a deep sigh, and then said:

"Is it then, madam, that I am so unhappy as to be the object of your dislike and scorn; or will you pardon me if I suspect there is some other?"

Here he hesitated, and Sophia answered with some spirit—

"My lord, I shall not be accountable to you for the reasons of my conduct. I am obliged to your lordship for the generous offer you have made; I own it is beyond either my deserts or expectations; yet I hope, my lord, you will not insist on my reasons, when I declare I cannot accept it."

HENRY FIELDING, "*Tom Jones*."

NOW THAT I enjoyed an opportunity of disclosing the pantings of my soul, I had not power to use it. I studied many pathetic declarations, but when I attempted to give them utterance, my tongue denied its office; and she sat silent, with a downcast look full of anxious alarm, her bosom heaving with expectation of some great event. At length I endeavored to put an end to this solemn pause, and began with:

"It is very surprising, madam——"

Here the sound dying away, I made a full stop; while Narcissa, starting, blushed, and with a timid accent answered:

"Sir?"

Confounded at this note of interrogation, I pronounced with the most sheepish bashfulness, "Madam?"

To which she replied, "I beg pardon; I thought you had spoken to me."

Another pause ensued. I made another effort, and though my voice faltered very much at the beginning, made shift to express myself in this manner:

"I say, madam, it is very surprising that love should act so inconsistent with itself, as to deprive its votaries of the use of their faculties, when they have most need of them. Since the happy occasion of being alone with you presented itself, I have made many unsuccessful attempts to declare a passion for the loveliest of her sex—a passion which took possession of my soul, while my cruel fate compelled me to wear a servile disguise so unsuitable to my birth, sentiments, and, let me add, my deserts; yet favorable in one respect, as it furnished me with opportunities of seeing and adoring your perfections. Yes, madam, it was then your dear idea entered my bosom, where it has lived unimpaired in the midst of numberless cares, and animated me against a thousand dangers and calamities!"

While I spoke thus, she concealed her face with her fan, and when I ceased speaking, recovering herself from the most beautiful confusion, told me she thought herself very much obliged by my favorable opinion of her, and that she was very sorry to hear I had been unfortunate. Encouraged by this gentle reply, I proceeded, owned myself sufficiently recompensed by her kind compassion for what I had undergone, and declared that the future happiness of my life depended solely upon her.

"Sir," said she, "I should be very ungrateful, if, after the signal protection you once afforded me, I should refuse to contribute toward your happiness in any reasonable condescension."

Transported at this acknowledgment, I threw myself at her feet, and begged she would regard my passion with a favorable eye. She was alarmed at my behavior, entreated me to rise, lest her brother should discover me in that posture, and to spare her for the present upon a subject for which she was altogether unprepared.

TOBIAS SMOLLETT, "*Roderick Random*."

MR. SOLMES approached me as soon as I entered, cringing to the ground, a visible confusion in every feature of his face. After half a dozen choked-up madams—he was very sorry—he was very much concerned—it was his misfortune—and there he stopped, being unable presently to complete a sentence.

This gave me a little more presence of mind. Cowardice in a foe begets courage in one's self—I see that plainly now—yet perhaps, at bottom, the new-made bravo is a greater coward than the other.

I turned from him, and seated myself in one of the fire-side chairs, fanning myself. I have since recollected, that I must have looked very saucily. Could I have had any *thoughts* of the man, I should have despised myself for it. But what can be said in the case of an aversion so perfectly sincere?

He hemmed five or six times, as I had done above; and these produced a sentence—That I could not but see his confusion. This sentence produced two or three more. I believe my aunt had been his tutoress; for it was his awe, his reverence for so superlative a lady (I assure you!), and he hoped—he hoped—three times he hoped before he told me what—at last it came out, that I was too generous (generosity, he said, was my character) to despise him for such—for such—for such—*true* tokens of his love.

“I do indeed, see you under some confusion, sir; and this gives me hope, that although I have been compelled, as I may call it, to give way to this interview, it may be attended with happier effects than I had apprehended from it.”

He had hemmed himself into more courage. “You could not, madam, imagine any creature so blind to your merits, and so little attracted by them, as easily to forego the interest and approbation he was honored with by your worthy family, while he had any hope given him, that one day he might, by his perseverance and zeal, expect your favor.”

“I am but too much aware, sir, that it is upon the interest and approbation you mention, that you build such hope. It is impossible, otherwise, that a man who has any regard for his *own* happiness, would per-



severe against such declarations as I have made, and think myself obliged to make, in justice to you, as well as to myself."

He had seen many instances, he told me, and had heard of more, where ladies had seemed as averse, and yet had been induced, some by motives of compassion, others by persuasion of friends, to change their minds; and had been very happy afterward; and he hoped this might be the case here.

"I have no notion, sir, of compliment, in an article of such importance as this; yet I am sorry to be obliged to speak my mind so plainly as I am going to do. Know, then, that I have an invincible objection, sir, to your address. I have avowed them with an earnestness that I believe is without example. Because I believe it is without example, that any young creature, circumstanced as I am, was ever treated as I have been treated on your account."

"It is hoped, madam, that your consent may in time be obtained—that is the hope; and I shall be a miserable man if it cannot."

"Better, sir, give me leave to say, you were miserable by yourself, than that you should make two so."

"You may have heard, madam, things to my disadvantage. No man is without enemies. Be pleased to let me know *what* you have heard, and I will either own my faults, and amend; or I will convince you that I am basely bespattered; and once I understand you overheard something that I should say, that gave you offence: unguardedly, perhaps; but nothing but what showed my value, and that I would persist so long as I could have hope."

"I have indeed heard many things to your disadvantage:—and I was far from being pleased with what I overheard fall from your lips; but as you were not anything to me, and never could be, it was not for me to be concerned about the one or the other."

"I am sorry, madam, to hear this. I am sure you should not tell me of any fault that I would be unwilling to correct in myself."

"Then, sir, correct *this* fault—do not wish to have a young creature compelled in the most material article of her life, for the sake of motives she despises; and in behalf of a person she cannot value—one that has,

in her own right, sufficient to set her above all your offers, and a spirit that craves no more than what it *has*, to make itself easy and happy."

SAMUEL RICHARDSON, "*Clarissa Harlowe*."

THE stranger, who was to Gilliatt only a shadow, spoke. A voice issued from the trees, softer than the voice of a woman, and yet it was the voice of a man. Gilliatt heard these words:

"I see you, mademoiselle, every Sunday and every Thursday. They tell me that once you used not to come so often. It is a remark that has been made. I ask your pardon. I have never spoken to you; it was my duty; but I come to speak to you to-day, for it is still my duty. Is it right that I speak to you first. The 'Cashmere' sails to-morrow. This is why I have come. You walk every evening in your garden. It would be wrong of me to know your habits so well, if I had not the thought that I have. Mademoiselle, you are poor; since this morning I am rich. Will you have me for your husband?"

Déruchette joined her two hands in a suppliant attitude, and looked at the speaker, silent, with fixed eyes, and trembling from head to foot.

The voice continued:—

"I love you. God made not the heart of man to be silent. He has promised him eternity with the intention that he should not be alone. There is for me but one woman upon earth. It is you. I think of you as of a prayer. My faith is in God and my hope in you. What wings I have, you bear. You are my life and already my supreme happiness."

"Sir," said Déruchette, "there is no one to answer in the house!"

The voice rose again:—

"Yes, I have encouraged that dream. Heaven has not forbidden us to dream. You are like a glory in my eyes. I love you deeply, mademoiselle. To me you are holy innocence. I know it is the hour at which your household have retired to rest, but I had no choice of any other moment. . . . I speak to you, mademoiselle, without venturing to approach you; I would step even farther back if it was your wish that my shadow should not touch your feet. You alone are supreme.

You will come to me if such is your will. I love and wait. You are the living form of a benediction."

"I did not know, sir," stammered Déruchette, "that any one remarked me on Sundays and Thursdays."

The voice continued :—

"God manifests his will in the flowers, in the light of dawn, in the spring; and love is of his ordaining. You are beautiful in this holy shadow of night. This garden has been tended by you; in its perfumes there is something of your breath. The affinities of our souls do not depend on us. They cannot be counted with our sins. You were there, that was all. I was there, that was all. I did nothing but feel that I loved you. Sometimes my eyes rested upon you. I was wrong, but what could I do? It was through looking at you that all happened. I could not restrain my gaze. There are mysterious impulses which are above our search. The heart is the chief of all temples. To have your spirit in my house—this is the terrestrial paradise for which I hope. Say, will you be mine? As long as I was poor, I spoke not. I know your age. You are twenty-one; I am twenty-six. I go to-morrow; if you refuse, I return no more. Oh, be my betrothed; will you not? More than once have my eyes, in spite of myself, addressed to you that question. I love you; answer me. I will speak to your uncle as soon as he is able to receive me; but I turn first to you. To Rebecca I plead for Rebecca, unless you love me not."

Déruchette hung her head, and murmured, "Oh! I worship him."

The words were spoken in a voice so low that only Gilliatt heard them.

She remained with her head bowed, as if by shading her face she hoped to conceal her thoughts.

There was a pause. No leaf among the trees was stirred. . . . In the midst of that retirement, like a harmony making the silence more complete, rose the wide murmur of the sea.

The voice was heard again :—

"Mademoiselle!"

Déruchette started.



Again the voice spoke :—

“ You are silent.”

“ What would you have me say ? ”

“ I wait for your reply.”

“ God has heard it,” said Déruchette.

Then the voice became almost sonorous, and at the same time softer than before, and these words issued from the leaves as from a burning-bush :—

“ You are my betrothed. Come then to me. Let the blue sky, with all its stars, be witness of this taking of my soul to thine, and let our first embrace be mingled with that firmament.”

Déruchette arose and remained an instant motionless, looking straight before her, doubtless in another's eyes. Then, with slow steps, with head erect, her arms drooping, but with the fingers of her hands wide apart, like one who leans on some unseen support, she advanced toward the trees, and was out of sight.

A moment afterward, instead of the one shadow upon the gravelled walk, there were two. They mingled together.

Gilliatt saw at his feet the embrace of those two shadows.

VICTOR HUGO, “ *The Toilers of the Sea*.”

At half-past seven, as she was descending to the *salon*, the servant announced, “ Konstantin Dimitritch Levin.” The princess was still in her room ; the prince had not yet come down. “ It has come at last,” thought Kitty ; and all the blood rushed to her heart. As she passed a mirror, she was startled to see how pale she looked. She knew now for a certainty, that he had come early, so as to find her alone, and offer himself. And instantly the situation appeared to her for the first time in a new, strange light. It no longer concerned herself alone ; nor was it a question of knowing who would make her happy, or to whom she would give the preference. She felt that she was about to wound a man whom she liked, and to wound him cruelly. Why, why was it that such

a charming man loved her? Why had he fallen in love with her? But it was too late to mend matters; it was fated to be so.

"Merciful Heaven! Is it possible that I myself have got to give him an answer?" she thought,—“that I must tell him that I don't love him? It is not true! But what can I say? That I love another? Impossible. I will run away, I will run away!”

She was already at the door, when she heard his step. “No, it is not honorable. What have I to fear? I have done nothing wrong. Let come what will, I will tell the truth! I shall not be ill at ease with him. Ah, here he is!” she said to herself, as she saw his strong but timid countenance, with his brilliant eyes fixed upon her. She looked him full in the face, with an air that seemed to implore his protection, and extended her hand.

“I came rather early, seems to me,” said he, casting a glance about the empty room; and when he saw that he was not mistaken, and that nothing would prevent him from speaking, his face grew solemn.

“Oh, no!” said Kitty, sitting down near a table.

“But it is exactly what I wanted, so that I might find you alone,” he began, without sitting, and without looking at her, lest he should lose his courage.

“Mamma will be here in a moment. She was very tired to-day. To-day——”

She spoke without thinking what she said, and did not take her imploring and gentle gaze from his face.

Levin turned to her; she blushed and stopped speaking.

“I told you to-day that I did not know how long I should stay; that it depended on you——”

Kitty drooped her head lower and lower, not knowing how she should reply to the words that he was going to speak.

“That it depended upon you,” he repeated. “I meant—I meant—I came for this; that—be my wife,” he murmured, not knowing what he had said, but feeling that he had got through the worst of the difficulty. Then he stopped, and looked at her.

She felt almost suffocated; she did not raise her head. Her heart

was full of happiness. Never could she have believed that the declaration of his love would make such a deep impression upon her. But this impression lasted only a moment. She remembered Vronsky. She lifted her sincere and liquid eyes to Levin, whose agitated face she saw, and then said hastily,—

“This cannot be! Forgive me!”

How near to him, a moment since, she had been, and how necessary to his life! and now how far away and strange she suddenly seemed to be!

“It could not have been otherwise,” he said, without looking at her.

LEON TOLSTÖI, “*Anna Karénina*.”

“WELL, Baby, as I was saying before you stopped me, I have been asking your papa a very important question, and he has referred me to you for the answer. And now will you tell me, in all frankness and honesty, your mind on the matter?”

She grew deadly pale as I spoke these words; then suddenly flushed up again, but said not a word. . . . It was cruelty to be silent, so I continued,—

“One who loves you well, Baby dear, has asked his own heart the question, and learned that without you he has no chance of happiness; that your bright eyes are to him bluer than the deep sky above him; that your soft voice, your winning smile—and what a smile it is!—have taught him that he loves, nay, adores you! Then, dearest—what pretty fingers those are! Ah! what is this? Whence came that emerald? I never saw that ring before, Baby!”

“Oh, that,” said she, blushing deeply—“that is a ring the foolish creature Sparks gave me a couple of days ago; but I don’t like it—I don’t intend to keep it.”

So saying, she endeavored to draw it from her finger, but in vain.

“But why, Baby, why take it off? Is it to give him the pleasure of putting it on again? There, don’t look angry; we must not fall out, surely.”

"No, Charley, if you are not vexed with me—if you are not——"

"No, no, my dear Baby; nothing of the kind. Sparks was quite right in not trusting his entire fortune to my diplomacy; but, at least, he ought to have told me that he had opened the negotiation. Now, the question simply is—Do you love him? or rather, because that shortens matters—Will you accept him?"

"Love whom?"

"Love whom! Why, Sparks, to be sure."

A flash of indignant surprise passed across her features, now pale as marble; her lips were slightly parted; her large full eyes were fixed upon me steadfastly; and her hand, which I had held in mine, she suddenly withdrew from my grasp.

"And so—and so it is of Mr. Sparks's cause you are so ardently the advocate?" said she, at length, after a pause of most awkward duration.

"Why, of course, my dear cousin. It was at his suit and solicitation I called on your father; it was he himself who entreated me to take this step; it was he——"

But before I could conclude, she burst into a torrent of tears, and rushed from the room.

CHARLES LEVER, "*Charles O'Malley*."

LADY CORISANDE and Lothair were in a distant corner of the garden, and she was explaining to him her plans; what she had done and what she meant to do.

"I wish I had a garden like this at Muriel," said Lothair.

"You could easily make one."

"If you helped me."

"I have told you all my plans," said Lady Corisande.

"Yes; but I was thinking of something else when you spoke," said Lothair.

"That was not very complimentary."

"I do not wish to be complimentary," said Lothair, "if compliments



mean less than they declare. I was not thinking of your garden, but of you."

"Where can they have all gone?" said Lady Corisande, looking round. "We must find them."

"And leave this garden?" said Lothair. "And I without a flower, the only one without a flower? I am afraid that is significant of my lot."

"You shall choose a rose," said Lady Corisande.

"Nay; the charm is, that it should be your choice."

But choosing the rose lost more time, and when Corisande and Lothair reached the arches of golden yew, there were no friends in sight.

"I think I hear sounds this way," said Lothair, and he led his companion farther from home.

"I see no one," said Lady Corisande, distressed, and when they had advanced a little way.

"We are sure to find them in good time," said Lothair. "Besides, I wanted to speak to you about the garden at Muriel. I wanted to induce you to go there and help me make it. Yes," he added, after some hesitation, "on this spot—I believe on this very spot—I asked the permission of your mother two years ago to express to you my love. She thought me a boy, and treated me as a boy. She said I knew nothing of the world, and both our characters were unformed. I know the world now. I have committed many mistakes, doubtless many follies—have formed many opinions, and have changed many opinions; but to one I have been constant, in one I am unchanged—and that is my adoring love to you."

She turned pale, she stopped, then, gently taking his arm, she hid her face in his breast.

BENJAMIN DISRAELI, "*Lothair*."

KENELM walked on slowly by Lily's side. "You have a good heart, Mr. Chillingly," said she, somewhat abruptly. "How it must please you to give such pleasure! Dear little Clemmy!"

This artless praise, and the perfect absence of envy or thought of self evinced by her joy that her friend's wish was gratified, though her own was not, enchanted Kenelm.

"If it pleases to give pleasure," said he, "it is your turn to be pleased now; you can confer such pleasure on me."

"How?" she asked falteringly, and with quick change of color.

And he drew forth the ring.

Lily reared her head with a first impulse of haughtiness. But when her eyes met his the head drooped down again, and a slight shiver ran through her frame.

"Miss Mordaunt," resumed Kenelm, mastering his passionate longing to fall at her feet and say, "But, oh! in this ring it is my love that I offer—it is my troth that I pledge!"—"Miss Mordaunt, spare me the misery of thinking that I have offended you; least of all would I do so on this day, for it may be some little while before I see you again. I am going home for a few days upon a matter which may affect the happiness of my life, and on which I should be a bad son and an unworthy gentleman if I did not consult him who, in all that concerns my affections, has trained me to turn to him, the gentleman."

A speech more unlike that which any delineator of manners and morals in the present day would put into the mouth of a lover, no critic in "The Londoner" could ridicule. But, somehow or other, this poor little tamer of butterflies and teller of fairy tales comprehended on the instant all that this most eccentric of human beings thus frigidly left untold. Into her innermost heart it sank more deeply than would the most ardent declaration put into the lips of the boobies or scamps in whom delineators of manners in the present day too often debase the magnificent chivalry embodied in the name of "Lover."

Where these two had, while speaking, halted on the path along the brook-side, there was a bench on which it so happened that they had

seated themselves weeks before. A few moments later, on that bench they were seated again.

And the trumpery little ring with its turquoise heart was on Lily's finger, and there they continued to sit for nearly half an hour; not talking much, but wondrously happy; not a single vow of troth interchanged. No, not even a word that could be construed into "I love." And yet when they rose from the bench, and went silently along the brook-side, each knew that the other was beloved.

EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, "*Kenelm Chillingly*."

UNDERSTANDING, however, that her ladyship was in the drawing-room and alone, about noon, Titmouse, who had bestowed during the interval more than usual pains upon his dress, gently opened the door, and observing that she was alone, reclining on the sofa, with a sudden beating of the heart closed the door and approached her, bowing profoundly. Poor Lady Cecilia immediately sat up, very pale and trembling.

"Good-morning, good-morning, Lady Cicely," commenced Titmouse, taking a chair and sitting down in it, plump opposite to her. "You are n't well this morning, are you, Lady Cicely?" said he, observing how pale she looked, and that she did not seem disposed to speak.

"I am quite well," she replied in a low tone; and then each was silent.

"It's beginning to look like winter a little, eh, Lady Cicely?" said he, after an embarrassing pause, looking through the windows. 'Twas an overcast day, and a strong wind was stripping the sere and yellow leaves in great numbers from the lofty trees which were not far distant, and which gave forth a melancholy rushing, moaning sound; and another pause ensued.

"Certainly it is getting rather cheerless," replied Lady Cecilia.

Titmouse turned pale; and, twirling his fingers in his hair, fixed upon her a stupid and most embarrassing look, under which her eyes fell toward the ground, and remained looking in that direction.

"I—I—hope his lordship's been saying a good word for me, Lady Cecilia?"

"My father mentioned your name to me yesterday," she replied, trembling excessively.

"'Pon my soul, monstrous kind!" said Titmouse, trying desperately to look at his ease. "Said he'd break the ice for me." Here ensued another pause. "Everybody must have a beginning, you know. 'Pon my solemn honor, all he said about me is quite true."

Profoundly as was Lady Cecilia depressed, she looked up at Titmouse for a moment with evident surprise.

"Now, Lady Cicely, just as between friends, did n't he tell you something very particular about *me*? Did n't he? Eh?"

She made him no answer.

"I dare say, Lady Cicely, though somehow you look sad enough, you a'n't vexed to see me here? Eh? There's many and many a woman in London that would—but it's no use now. 'Pon my soul I love you, I do, Lady Cicely."

She trembled violently, for he was drawing his chair nearer to her. She felt sick—sick almost to death.

"I know it's—it's a monstrous unpleasant piece of—I mean it's an awkward thing to do; but I hope you love *me*, Lady Cicely, eh? a little?"

Her head hung down, and a very scalding tear oozed out and trickled down her cheek.

"Hope you ar'n't sorry, dear Lady Cicely? I'm most uncommon proud and happy! Come, Lady Cicely." He took the thin white hand that was nearest him, and raised it to his lips; had his perception been only a trifle keener, he could not have failed to perceive a faint thrill pervade Lady Cecilia as he performed this act of gallantry, and an expression of features which looked very much like disgust. He had seen love made on the stage frequently, and, as he had seen lovers do there, he now dropped down on one knee, still holding Lady Cecilia's hand in his, and pressing it a second time to his lips.

"If your ladyship will only make me—so happy—as to be—my wife



—'pon my life, you're welcome to all I have; and you may consider this place entirely your own! Do you understand me, dearest Lady Cicely? Come! 'Pon my life—I'm quite distracted—do you love me, Lady Cicely? Only say the word."

A faint—a very faint sound issued from her lips—'twas "Yes." Oh, poor Lady Cecilia!

SAMUEL WARREN, "*Ten Thousand a Year.*"

AFTER long or short—I know not, yet ere I was weary, ere I yet began to think or wish for any answer—Lorna slowly raised her eyelids, with a gleam of dew below them, and looked at me doubtfully. Any look with so much in it never met my gaze before.

"Darling, do you love me?" was all that I could say to her.

"Yes, I like you very much," she answered, with her eyes gone from me, and her dark hair falling over, so as not to show me things.

"But do you love me, Lorna, Lorna—do you love me more than all the world?"

"No, to be sure not. Why should I?"

"In truth I know not why you should. Only I hoped that you did, Lorna. Either love me not at all, or as I love you, forever."

"John, I love you very much; and I would not grieve you. You are the bravest, and the kindest, and the simplest of all men—I mean of all people—I like you very much, Master Ridd, and I think of you almost every day."

"That will not do for me, Lorna. Not almost every day I think, but every instant of my life, of you. For you I would give up my home, my love of all the world beside, my duty to my dearest ones; for you I would give up my life, and hope of life beyond it."

With the large tears in her eyes—tears which seemed to me to rise partly from her want to love me with the power of my love—she put her pure bright lips, half-smiling, half-prone to reply to tears, against my forehead, lined with trouble, doubt, and eager longing. And then she drew my ring from off that snowy twig her finger, and held it out

to me ; and then, seeing how my face was falling, thrice she touched it with her lips, and sweetly gave it back to me. " John, I dare not take it now ; else I should be cheating you. I will try to love you dearly, even as you deserve and wish. Keep it for me just till then. Something tells me I shall earn it in a very little time. Perhaps you will be sorry then, sorry, when it is all too late, to be loved by such as I am."

What could I do, at her mournful tone, but kiss a thousand times the hand which she put up to warn me ; and vow that I would rather die with one assurance of her love, than without it live forever with all beside that the world could give ? Upon this she looked so lovely, with her dark eyelashes trembling, and her soft eyes full of light, and the color of clear sunrise mounting on her cheeks and brow, that I was forced to turn away, being overcome with beauty.

" Dearest darling, love of my life," I whispered, through her clouds of hair ; " how long must I wait to know—how long must I linger doubting whether you can ever stoop from your birth and wondrous beauty to a poor, coarse hind like me—an ignorant, unlettered yeoman."

" I will not have you revile yourself," said Lorna, very tenderly—just as I had meant to make her ; " you are not rude and unlettered, John. You know a great deal more than I do ; you have learned both Greek and Latin, as you told me long ago, and you have been at the very best school in the West of England. None of us but my grandfather and the Counsellor (who is a great scholar) can compare with you in this. And though I have laughed at your manner of speech, I only laughed in fun, John ; I never meant to vex you by it, nor knew that I had done so."

" Naught you say can vex me, dear," I answered, as she leaned toward me, in her generous sorrow ; " unless you say, ' Begone, John Ridd ; I love another more than you.' " . . .

" Master John Ridd, it is high time for you to go home to your mother. I love your mother very much from what you have told me about her, and I will not have her cheated."

"If you truly love my mother," said I, very craftily, "the only way to show it is by truly loving me."

Upon that, she laughed at me in the sweetest manner, and with such provoking ways, and such come-and-go of glances, and beginning of quick blushes, which she tried to laugh away, that I knew, as well as if she herself had told me, by some knowledge (void of reasoning, and the surer for it), I knew quite well, while all my heart was burning hot within me, and mine eyes were shy of hers, and her eyes were shy of mine—for certain and forever, this I knew, as in a glory, that Lorna Doone had now begun and would go on to love me.

R. D. BLACKMORE, "*Lorna Doone*."

"YES, I will go. I have had mad dreams, conceited and insolent, and have met with my deserts. Brute and fool as I am, I have aspired even to you! And I have gained, in the sunshine of your condescension, strength and purity. Is not that enough for me? And now I will show you that I love you—by obeying you. You tell me to depart—I go forever."

He turned away. Why did she almost spring after him?

"Lancelot! one word! Do not misunderstand me, as I know you will. You will think me so cold, heartless, fickle. Oh, you do not know—you never can know—how much I, too, have felt!"

He stopped, spell-bound. In an instant his conversation with the Irishman flashed up before him with new force and meaning. A thousand petty incidents, which he had driven contemptuously from his mind, returned as triumphant evidences: and with an impetuous determination, he cried out,—

"I see—I see it all, Argemone! We love each other! You are mine, never to be parted!"

What was her womanhood, that it could stand against the energy of his manly will! The almost coarse simplicity of his words silenced her with a delicious violence. She could only bury her face in her hands and sob out,—

"Oh, Lancelot, Lancelot, whither are you forcing me?"

"I am forcing you no-whither. God, the Father of spirits, is leading you! You, who believe in Him, how dare you fight against Him?"

"Lancelot, I cannot—I cannot listen to you—read that!" And she handed him the vicar's letter. He read it, tossed it on the carpet, and crushed it with his heel.

"Wretched pedant! Can your intellect be deluded by such bare-faced sophistries? 'God's will,' forsooth! And if your mother's opposition is not a sign that God's will—if it mean anything except your own will, or that—that man's—is against this mad project, and not for it, what sign would you have? So 'celibacy is the highest state!' And why? Because 'it is the safest and easiest road to heaven?' A pretty reason, Vicar! I should have thought that that was a sign of a lower state and not a higher. Noble spirits show their nobleness by daring the most difficult paths. And even if marriage was but one weed-field of temptations, as these miserable pedants say, who have either never tried it, or misused it to their own shame, it would be a greater deed to conquer its temptations than to flee from them in cowardly longings after ease and safety!"

She did not answer him, but kept her face buried in her hands.

"Again, I say, Argemone, will you fight against Fate—Providence—God—call it what you will? Who made us meet at the chapel? Who made me, by my accident, a guest in your father's house? Who put it into your heart to care for my poor soul? Who gave us this strange attraction toward each other, in spite of our unlikeness? Wonderful that the very chain of circumstances which you seem to deny the ensprings of chance or the Devil, should have first taught me to believe that there is a God who guides us! Argemone! speak, tell me, if you will, to go forever; but tell me first the truth—you love me!"

A strong shudder ran through her frame; the ice of artificial years cracked, and the clear stream of her woman's nature welled up to the light, as pure as when she first lay on her mother's bosom; she lifted



up her eyes, and with one long look of passionate tenderness she faltered out,—

“ I love you ! ”

CHARLES KINGSLEY, “ *Yeast*. ”

“ THEN let me say, Lucy, to-day, for perhaps I shall never say that, or anything that is sweet to say, again, Lucy, you know what I came for ? ”

“ Oh, yes ! to receive my congratulations. ”

“ More than that—a great deal. To ask you to go halves in the ‘ Rajah. ’ ”

Lucy’s eyebrows demanded an explanation.

“ She is worth two thousand a year to her commander, and that is too much for a bachelor. ”

Lucy colored and smiled.

“ Why, it is only just enough for most of them to live on. ”

“ It is too much for me alone, under the circumstances, ” said David, gravely ; and there was a little silence.

“ Lucy, I love you. With you the ‘ Rajah ’ would be a godsend. She will help me keep you in the company you have been used to, and were made to brighten and adorn ; but without you I cannot take her from your hand—and, to speak plain, I won’t. ”

“ Oh ! Mr. Dodd ! ”

“ No, Lucy, before I knew you, to command a ship was the height of my ambition, her quarter-deck my heaven on earth ; and this is a clipper, I own it, I saw her in the docks. But you have taught me to look higher. Share my ship and my heart with me, and she will be all the dearer to me that she came to us from her I love. But don’t say to me, ‘ Me you sha’n’t have, you are not good enough for that ; but there is a ship for you in my place ! ’ I wouldn’t accept a star out of the firmament on those terms. ”

“ How unreasonable ! On the contrary, you should say, ‘ I am doubly fortunate ; I escape a weak, foolish companion for life, and I

have a beautiful ship.' But friendship such as mine for you was never appreciated; I do you injustice; you only talk like that to tease me, and make me unhappy."

"Oh, Lucy, Lucy! did you ever know me——"

"There, now, forgive me! and own that you are not in earnest."

"This will show you," said David, sadly, and he took out two letters from his pocket. "Here are two letters to the Secretary. In one I accept the ship with thanks, and offer to superintend her when her rigging is being set up; and in this one I decline her altogether, with my humble and sincere thanks."

"Oh, yes, you are very humble, sir," said Lucy. "Now—dear friend—listen to reason. You have others——"

"Excuse my interrupting you, but it is a rule with me never to reason about right and wrong. I notice that whoever does that, ends by choosing wrong. I don't go to my head to find my duty, I go to my heart; and what little manhood there is in me all cries out against me compounding with the woman I love, and taking a ship instead of her." . . .

"See how power tries people, and brings out their true character. Since you commanded the 'Rajah' you are all changed. You used to be submissive; now you must have your own way entirely; you will fling my poor ship in my face unless I give you—but this is really using force; yes, Mr. Dodd, this is using force. Somebody has told you that my sex yield when downright compulsion is used. It is true. And the more ungenerous to apply it." And she melted into a few placid tears.

David did not know this sign of yielding in a woman, and he groaned at the sight of them, and hung his head.

"Advise me what I had better do."

To this singular proposal, David, listening to the ill-advice of the fiend Generosity, groaned out, "Why should you be tormented and made cry?"

"Why, indeed?"

"Nothing can change me. I advise you to cut it short." . . .

"I *will* cut this short, Mr. Dodd ; give me that paper."

"Which?"

"The wicked one where you refuse my 'Rajah.'" . . .

She took it, and with both her supple white hands tore it with insulting precision exactly in half.

"There, sir ; and there, sir" (exactly in four) ; "and there" (in eight, with malicious exactness) ; "and there ;" and, though it seemed impossible to effect another separation, yet the taper fingers and a resolute will reduced it to tiny bits. She then made a gesture to throw them in the fire, but thought better of it and held them.

David looked on, almost amused at this zealous demolition of a thing he could so easily replace. He said, part sadly, part doggedly, part apologetically, "I can write another."

"But you will not. Oh, Mr. Dodd ; don't you see?"

He looked up at her eagerly. To his surprise her haughty eagle look had gone, and she seemed a pitying goddess, all tenderness and benignity ; only her mantling, burning cheek showed her to be a woman.

She faltered, in answer to his wild, eager look, "Was I ever so rude before? What right have I to tear your letter, unless I——"

The characteristic full stop, and above all, the heaving bosom, the melting eye, and the red cheek were enough even for poor simple David. Heaven seemed to open on him. His burning kisses fell on the sweet hands that had torn his death-warrant. . . . David drew her closer and closer to him, till she hid her forehead and wet eyelashes on his shoulder and murmured,—

"How could I let *you* be unhappy?"

Neither spoke for a while. Each felt the other's heart beat ; and David drank that ecstasy of silent, delirious bliss which comes to great hearts once in a life.

CHARLES READE, "*Love me Little, Love me Long.*"

MARION was standing alone in the middle of the room, with her two hands clasped together, but with a smile on her face. She had considered much as to this moment, determining even the very words that she would use. The words probably were forgotten, but the purpose was all there. He had resolved upon nothing; had considered nothing—except that she should be made to understand that, because of his exceeding love he required her to come to him as his wife.

"Marion," he said, "Marion, you know why I am here!" And he advanced to her, as though he would at once have taken her in his arms.

"Yes, my lord, I know."

"You know that I love you. I think surely, that never love was stronger than mine. If you can love me, say but the one word, and you will make me absolutely happy. To have you for my wife is all that the world can give me now. Why do you go from me? Is it to tell me that you cannot love me, Marion? Do not say that, or I think my heart will break."

She could not say that, but as he paused for her answer, it was necessary that she should say something. And the first word spoken must tell the whole truth, even though it might be that the word must be repeated often before he could be got to believe that it was an earnest word. "My lord," she began.

"Oh, I do hate that form of address. My name is John. Because of certain conventional arrangements the outside people call me Lord Hampstead."

"It is because I can be to you no more than one of the outside people that I call you—my lord."

"Marion!"

"Only one of the outside people;—no more, though my gratitude to you, my appreciation, my friendship for you may be ever so strong. My father's daughter must be just one of the outside people to Lord Hampstead—and no more."

"Why so? Why do you say it? Why do you torment me? Why



do you banish me at once, and tell me that I must go home a wretched, miserable man? Why?—why?—why?”

“Because, my lord——”

“I can give a reason—a good reason—a reason which I cannot oppose, though it must be fatal to me unless I can remove it; a reason to which I must succumb if necessary, but to which, Marion, I will not succumb at once. If you say that you cannot love me that will be a reason.”

If it were necessary that she should tell him a lie she must do so. . . . But at the moment it seemed to her that there might be a middle course.

“I dare not love you,” she said.

“Dare not love me, Marion? Who hinders you? Who tells you that you may not? Is it your father?”

“No, my lord, no.”

“It is Mrs. Roden.”

“No, my lord. This is a matter in which I could obey no friend, no father. I have had to ask myself, and I have told myself that I do not dare to love above my station in life.”

“I am to have that bugbear again between me and my happiness?”

“Between that and your immediate wishes—yes. Is it not so in all things? If I—even I—had set my heart upon some one below me, would not you, as my friend, have bade me conquer the feeling?”

“I have set my heart on one whom in the things of the world I regard as my equal—in all other things as infinitely my superior.”

“The compliment is very sweet to me, but I have trained myself to resist sweetness. It may not be, Lord Hampstead. It may not be. You do not know as yet how obstinate such a girl as I may become when she has to think of another’s welfare—and a little, perhaps, of her own.”

“Are you afraid of me?”

“Yes.”

“That I should not love you?”

“Even of that. When you should come to see in me that which is

not lovable, you would cease to love me. You would be good to me, because your nature is good ; kind to me, because your nature is kind. You would not ill-treat me, because you are gentle, noble, and forgiving. But that would not suffice for me. I should see it in your eye, despite yourself—and hear it in your voice, even though you tried to hide it by occasional softness. I should eat my own heart when I lived to see that you despised your Quaker wife."

"All that is nonsense, Marion !"

"My lord !"

"Say the word at once if it has to be said—so that I may know what it is that I have to contend with. For you my heart is so full of love that it seems to be impossible that I should live without you." . . .

"Lord Hampstead, it may be that you should perplex me sorely. . . . But you will never alter my purpose. If you think well of Marion Fay, take her word when she gives it to you. I can never become your lordship's wife." . . .

"Have you told me why ; all the reason why ? . . . By heavens, no ! You have not answered me the one question that I have asked you. You have not given me the only reason which I would take—even for a while. Can you love me, Marion ? . . .

"Marion, I think you love me." She looked at him and tried to smile—tried to utter some half-joking word ; and then as she felt that she could no longer repress her tears, she turned her face from him, and made no attempt at a reply.

"Marion," he said again, "I think that you love me."

"If you loved me, my lord, you would not torture me."

She had seated herself now on the sofa, turning her face away from him over her shoulder so that she might in some degree hide her tears. He sat himself at her side, and for a moment or two got possession of her hand.

"Marion," he said, pleading his case with all the strength of words which was at his command, "you know, do you not, that no moment of life can be of more importance to me than this ?"

“Is it so, my lord?”

“None can be so important. I am striving to get her for my companion in life, who to me is the sweetest of all human beings. To touch you as I do now is a joy to me, even though you have made my heart so sad.”

At the moment she struggled to get her hand away from him, but the struggle was not at first successful.

“You answer me with arguments which are to me of no avail at all. They are, to my thinking, simply a repetition of prejudices to which I have been all my life opposed. You will not be angry because I say so?”

“Oh, no, my lord,” she said; “not angry. I am not angry, but indeed, you must not hold me.”

With that she extricated her hand, which he allowed to pass from his grasp, as he continued his address to her.

“As to all that, I have my opinion and you have yours. Can it be right that you should hold to your own and sacrifice me who have thought so much of what it is I want myself—if in truth you love me? Let your opinion stand against mine, and neutralize it. Let mine stand against yours, and in that we shall be equal. Then after that let love be lord of all. If you love me, Marion, I think that I have a right to demand that you shall be my wife.”

There was something in this which she did not know how to answer; but she did know, she was quite sure, that no word of his, no tenderness either on his part or on her own, would induce her to yield an inch. It was her duty to sacrifice herself for him—for reasons which were quite apparent to herself—and she would do it. . . .

“I certainly shall never be your wife,” she said.

“And that is all?”

“What more, my lord?”

“You can let me go, and never wish me to return?”

“I can, my lord. Your return would be only a trouble to you, and a pain to me. . . . It is well that you should marry. Go and seek a wife, with judgment, among your own people. When you have done

that, you may return and tell Marion Fay that you have done well by following her advice."

"I will come again, and again, and again, and I will tell Marion Fay that her counsels are unnatural and impossible. I will teach her to know that the man who loves her can seek no other wife;—that no other mode of living is possible to him than one in which he and Marion Fay shall be joined together. I think I shall persuade her at last that such is the case. I think she will come to know that all her cold prudence and worldly would-be wisdom can be of no avail to separate those who love each other. I think that when she finds that her lover so loves her that he cannot live without her, she will abandon those fears as to his future fickleness, and trust herself to one of whose truth she will have assured herself."

Then he took her hand, and kneeling at her knee, he kissed it before she was powerful enough to withdraw it. And so he left her without another word.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE, "*Marion Fay*."

WHEN Gabriel had gone about two hundred yards along the down, he heard a "hoi-hoi!" uttered behind him, in a piping note of more treble quality than that in which the exclamation usually embodies itself when shouted across a field. He looked round, and saw a girl racing after him, waving a white handkerchief.

Oak stood still—and the runner drew nearer. It was Bathsheba Everdene. Gabriel's color deepened; hers was already deep, not, as it appeared, from emotion, but from running.

"Farmer Oak—I—" she said, pausing for want of breath, pulling up in front of him with a slanted face, and putting her hand to her side.

"I have just called to see you," said Gabriel, pending her further speech.

"Yes—I know that," she said, panting like a robin, her face moist and red with her exertions, like a peony petal, before the sun dries off



the dew; "I didn't know you had come to ask to have me, or I should have come in from the garden instantly. I ran after you to say—that my aunt made a mistake in sending you away from courting me——"

Gabriel expanded. "I'm sorry to have made you run so fast, my dear," he said, with a grateful sense of favors to come. "Wait a bit till you've found your breath."

"It was quite a mistake—aunt's telling you I had a young man already," Bathsheba went on. "I have n't a sweetheart at all—and I never had one, and I thought that, as times go with women, it was *such* a pity to send you away thinking I had several."

"Really and trewly I am glad to hear that!" said Farmer Oak, smiling one of his long special smiles, and blushing with gladness. He held out his hand to take hers, which, when she had eased her side by pressing it there, was prettily extended upon her bosom to still her loud-beating heart. Directly he seized it she put it behind her, so that it slipped through his fingers like an eel.

"I have a nice snug little farm," said Gabriel, with half a degree less assurance than when he had seized her hand.

"Yes; you have."

"A man has advanced me money to begin with, but still, it will soon be paid off, and, though I am only an every-day sort of a man, I have got on a little since I was a boy." Gabriel uttered "a little" in a tone to show her that it was the complacent form of "a great deal." He continued: "When we are married, I am quite sure I can work twice as hard as I do now."

He went forward and stretched out his arm again. Bathsheba had overtaken him at a point beside which stood a low stunted holly-bush, now laden with red berries. Seeing his advance take the form of an attitude threatening a possible enclosure, if not compression, of her person, she edged off round the bush.

"Why, Farmer Oak," she said, over the top, looking at him with rounded eyes, "I never said I was going to marry you."

"Well—that *is* a tale!" said Oak, with dismay. "To run after anybody like this, and then say you don't want me!"

"What I meant to tell you was only this," she said eagerly, and yet half-conscious of the absurdity of the position she had made for herself; "that nobody has got me yet as a sweetheart, instead of my having a dozen, as my aunt said; I *hate* to be thought men's property in that way, though possibly I shall be had some day. Why, if I'd wanted you I should n't have run after you like this; 'twould have been the *forwardest* thing! But there was no harm in hurrying to correct a piece of false news that had been told you."

"Oh, no—no harm at all." But there is such a thing as being too generous in expressing a judgment impulsively, and Oak added, with a more appreciative sense of all the circumstances, "Well, I am not quite certain it was no harm."

"Indeed, I had n't time to think before starting whether I wanted to marry or not, for you'd have been gone over the hill."

"Come," said Gabriel, freshening again; "think a minute or two. I'll wait awhile, Miss Everdene. Will you marry me? Do, Bathsheba. I love you far more than common!"

"I'll try to think," she observed, rather more timorously; "if I can think out of doors; but my mind spreads away so."

"But you can give a guess."

"Then give me time." Bathsheba looked thoughtfully into the distance, away from the direction in which Gabriel stood.

"I can make you happy," said he to the back of her head, across the bush. "You shall have a piano in a year or two—farmer's wives are getting to have pianos now—and I'll practice up the flute right well to play with you in the evenings."

"Yes; I should like that."

"And have one of those little ten-pound gigs for market—and nice flowers and birds—cocks and hens, I mean, because they are useful," continued Gabriel, feeling balanced between poetry and prose. . . .

She was silent awhile. He regarded the red berries between them over and over again, to such an extent, that holly seemed in his after-life to be a cipher signifying a proposal of marriage. Bathsheba decisively turned to him.

"No; 'tis no use," she said. "I don't want to marry you."

"Try."

"I have tried hard all the time I've been thinking; for a marriage would be very nice in one sense. People would talk about me, and think I had won my battle. And I should feel triumphant, and all that. But a husband——"

"Well?"

"Why, he'd always be there, as you say; whenever I looked up, there he'd be."

"Of course he would—I, that is."

"Well, what I mean is that I should n't mind being a bride at a wedding, if I could be one without having a husband. But since a woman can't show off in that way by herself, I sha'n't marry—at least yet."

"That's a terrible wooden story."

At this elegant criticism of her statement, Bathsheba made an addition to her dignity by a slight sweep away from him.

"Upon my heart and soul, I don't know what a maid can say stupider than that," said Oak. "But, dearest," he continued, in a palliative voice, "don't be like it!" Oak sighed a deep honest sigh—none the less so in that, being like the sigh of a pine plantation, it was rather noticeable as a disturbance of the atmosphere. "Why won't you have me?" he said appealingly, creeping round the holly to reach her side.

"I cannot," she said, retreating.

"But why?" he persisted, standing still at last, in despair of ever reaching her, and facing over the bush.

"Because I don't love you."

"Yes, but——"

She contracted a yawn to an inoffensive smallness, so that it was hardly ill-mannered at all. "I don't love you," she said.

"But I love you—and, as for myself, I am content to be liked." . . .

"No—no—I cannot. Don't press me any more—don't. I don't love you—so 'twould be ridiculous," she said, with a laugh.

No man likes to see his emotions the sport of a merry-go-round of skittishness.

"Very well," said Oak, firmly, with the bearing of one who was going to give his days and nights to Ecclesiastes forever. "Then I'll ask you no more."

THOMAS HARDY, "*Far from the Madding Crowd*."

"FAIR Daphne," my lover began, "it is sad indeed to think that to-morrow thou must go from us. The sun will shine no more in Dilston."

"Oh, my lord," I said, "do not talk any more the language of gallantry. You have spoiled me enough. I am but plain Tom Forster's sister, and in Northumberland we are not accustomed to your fine French compliments. Let me, however, thank your lordship for your very great kindness both to my brother and myself."

"Let there be no longer, then," he said, and as he spoke his beautiful eyes grew so soft and his voice so sweet that, oh! my heart melted clean away, and I could have fallen at his feet, even like Esther at the feet of the great King, and that without shame—"let there be no longer compliments between us. You shall be no more the nymph Daphne; you shall be, what you are, Tom Forster's sister—only the beautiful and incomparable Dorothy, whom I love."

"Oh, my lord! Think—I am no great lady of fashion—you would be ashamed of your rustic passion in a week."

"Ashamed! Why, Dorothy, with their paint and patches and powder, there is not, believe me, in all Versailles and Paris, to say nothing of London, which I know not—there is nowhere, I swear, a woman fit to hold a candle beside so sweet a face as yours. My dear, thou art—no, I will not make any more compliments. But, Dorothy, I love thee." And with that he fell upon his knee, and began to kiss my hand, murmuring softly, "I love thee, my dear—I love thee with all my heart."

"Oh, my lord!" I repeated, the fatal words having been spoken,



overwhelmed with a kind of terror and awe and shame, because why should he love me so much? "You love me—you love me—alas! how can it be? What shall I say—what shall I say?"

"Say only, my dear, that you will love me in return."

Then there arose in my mind, doubtless sent by Heaven, the memory of certain words spoken by Mr. Hilyard concerning the Church of England—how that it was as ancient as the Church of Rome, and as safe, and yet unstained by the blood of martyrs. Also I seemed to see before me the awful form of the Bishop, tall and menacing, beckoning me with forefinger.

"Speak, Dorothy, my dear—oh, Dorothy, speak! Why are you trembling? Merciful Heaven! Have I said anything to terrify this tender heart? What troubles my love?"

"Oh, Lord Derwentwater, it is—the Mass!"

He let my hand fall, and for a moment he was silent. Then he began again hotly,—

"The Mass! Is it a Mass shall part us? Why, child, I love thee so well that I will give up Church and all for thy sweet sake, if thou wilt not give up thy Church for mine. The Mass against thy hand! Nay, I too will become of the English Church. Thou hast converted me already."

Was there ever so fond and true a lover? But I remembered again what he had said months before, at Blanchland.

"No, no," I replied, "you cannot. Other men, smaller men, may change their faith; but you must not. Remember what you told me once——"

"Doth my sweet Dorothy remember even my idle words? All my words are idle except my last—that I love thee."

"Do I remember them, my lord? As if I could ever forget them! You said, without knowing then what the words might some day mean, that I could persuade you to anything except what concerns your honor, and that your honor is concerned with your faith. Never—never shall it be said that I sought to turn you aside from your honor. My lord, if you seriously think of such a thing, put it out of your mind.

Oh ! what is a foolish, worthless girl compared with the career and the history of a great lord like yourself ? ”

He would have replied in the same hot strain, for there was now in his eyes the hot flame of love that will not be denied, the masterful look which frightens women, and compels them (yet I think he never would have compelled me to accept the sacrifice he offered), but Mr. Howard stepped between us. He had, I suppose, entered unseen, and heard the last words.

“ Dorothy,” presently cried his lordship, pushing the plate from him, “ you think that I can eat when I have found at last an opportunity to speak with you ? For what reason, think you, did I come here ? Was it to shoot birds on this island ? Was it to drink the Prince’s health ? ”

“ Alas, my lord, can you not refrain for a little while ? Oh, let me be happy for a short half-hour in serving you ! Let me talk of other things—of Dilston. Is your brother, Mr. Frank, well and cheerful ? Is Mr. Charles still in good spirits ? How is the good Mr. Howard ? ”

“ No, Dorothy, I cannot refrain. I must tell you—because I came here to tell you—that I love you more and more. I think upon your image by day and by night. Five months of meditation have made me only more thy slave. My dear, give me life, or bid me go away and die ! ”

Now, Heaven guard the religion of a poor, weak woman !

Then, while he fell upon his knee and kissed my hand as he had done at Dilston, the same strange weakness fell upon me, like a swoon or fainting-fit ; my knees trembled as I stood ; my heart began to beat fast, my eyes swam, and I said nothing. Oh, so overwhelming and so strong is this passion in man that it carries away a woman, too, like a straw in a current ! And all this while his voice fell upon my ear like music.

“ Oh, Dorothy, Dorothy, there is nowhere in this world so divine a face ; there are no blue eyes like thine, my dear ; there is no voice as sweet as thine ; there are no such soft, brown curls, no cheeks so red

and white, no lips so rosy. Oh, my dear, if I was in love with thee at Christmas, I am ten times more in love at Midsummer."

Again I felt the pang, but now with tenfold agony, of the Bishop's injunction—ah, why is virtue always so harsh? Again was I tempted, so that if he had, in a way, forced me—if he had only taken me in his arms and sworn never to let me go till I promised to be of his religion, I must most certainly have yielded. He did not. Sinner that I am! I have never ceased to be sorry that he did not; therefore religion triumphed, and I remain a Protestant to this hour. . . .

"Oh, rise, my lord!" I cried at last. "At least, let us talk reasonably. I am not a goddess; I am a poor, weak woman, ignorant and rustic. I am not worthy of your regard. Leave me to my own people."

He obeyed and rose, but his eyes were wild, and his cheek flushed. He walked to and fro for a space, swinging his arms, until he grew composed. Then he came back to me, and tried to talk soberly. . . .

"Oh, my lord, it cannot be. Nay, do not force a poor girl against her conscience. First, I am a simple gentlewoman, and know not the manners of the Court. What would her ladyship, your mother, say of such a match?"

"It needs not," he answered, "to consider my mother's objections, if she have any. She is now with her third husband, and has no longer any right to be consulted. That is not your reason, Dorothy."

Like all women, I played round the point, as if I would escape it.

"Next, my lord, you want one who in manner and appearance would adorn the high place to which you raise your countess."

Here, indeed, he vehemently protested that there never had been, and never would be, one more beautiful, more gracious, more worthy of the highest rank than the fair Dorothy.

"And yet," he said, "these are not your reasons. Why, for your sake would I give up rank and dignities, with all my possessions, happy with you, if I had to go to the plantations of Virginia, or the savage wilds of New England."

"No, my lord; those are not my reasons. Alas! I have but one

reason. Father Howard instructed me six months what that reason would be."

"Dorothy, have you not listened to his arguments?"

"Indeed, my lord. I have read them all, and with a heart willing to be convinced, Heaven knows. . . . Yet just as your own honor keeps you to the faith in which you were trained, so does mine forbid me to leave my own, save by permission and authority of those who are my natural pastors and masters." . . .

"Nay; but for my sake, Dorothy, listen to Mr. Howard. He will place before you, so plainly that there shall be no manner of doubt possible, reasons which shall compel you, without thinking of me at all, to come into the true Church." . . .

"Oh, I must not!" I replied. "My lord, I have my own people to consider, as well as my own conscience. I doubt not—I am a very weak woman—that the reasons of Mr. Howard and the prayers of Lady Mary and my own inclination would speedily effect the conversion which you desire. Yet I am strictly admonished by the Bishop, Lord Crewe, that I already belong to a Church with authority, and that it is the Church of my father and my mother."

"Dorothy, it is for love! By Heaven, if you love me as I love you, no priest, be he bishop or not, shall stand between us! Keep your own religion, then, my dear; worship how you please. It must surely be a true religion which such an angel would profess. Go to your own Church; have your own priest—I will never interfere. Only suffer me to have mine."

Then, indeed, was I for a moment overwhelmed, and felt as if, after all my doubts, heaven itself were opening to me. Each to keep his own religion! Why, what could be a happier settlement? And love to remain! Ah, happy ending!

Yet I know full well, that, had I yielded, there would have been more trouble before me, and the misery of being torn from my lover's arms, when I thought myself folded securely there forever. No one on either side would have allowed the marriage. . . .

All this I thought upon quickly, and without time to give it words,



and then I strengthened my courage (though heart beat and lips were dry, and hands trembled and knees were sinking) and begged my lord, humbly, to go away and leave me, because I could bear the vehemence of his pleadings no longer. . . .

Then, being an honorable gentleman, although so torn and distracted by his passion, he desisted, doing and saying no more than to stoop and kiss me upon my forehead, with a "Farewell, sweet Dorothy! Now must I go. Whither, and what to do, I know not, and care no longer." So I was left alone, and sitting down, could weep and cry to my heart's content.

WALTER BESANT, "*Dorothy Forster*."

"I TOLD him how I loved you, Kitty; and—though I was but a boy, friendless and almost penniless—your father (God bless him for it!) was tender and gentle with me, seeing, perhaps, that I was speaking truth, at all events. He promised nothing indeed; how could he? But he did not deny me. He said, when he came back, we two should speak together about that matter. That was not much, you may say; but to me it was a great deal—for, Kitty, you are all in all to me. Don't answer me yet; don't treat me less kindly than your father did; only promise that some day—years to come, if it must be—that *we* two may speak together about that matter. But if you have—other views"—here the boy stopped, half-choked—"then tell me now, at once. I shall never blame you; I shall hope for your happiness with—with the man I am thinking of—in spite of hope."

She shook her head. "You are cruel, like the rest," she murmured.

"I cruel! and to you, Kitty?" sighed he. "Oh, no! Whatever seems good to you and right to you will be sufficient for me. If you say 'No'—just 'No'—to the question that my heart is asking, I will ask no other. You shall never be troubled by me this way again." . . .

"What is it you want me to say, Jeff?" said Kitty, suddenly. Her tears were no longer falling; she looked up at him without flinching, though her white face showed her pain.

"Can you ask me, Kitty? It is the simplest of all questions: Do you love me?"

"We all love you, Jeff."

The boy made an impatient gesture. "You are fencing with me, Kitty. Yes or no?"

"I am not fencing, Jeff. I will frankly tell you that, if I were my own mistress, without others depending upon my choice—others whose interests I am bound to consult before my own inclination—I might be foolish enough to say, 'Boy as you are, I will trust your love, and some day intrust my happiness to your keeping.' It would, perhaps, be folly in me, and certainly an injustice to yourself, to say as much; but you are so dear to me, Jeff, that I might have been tempted to do it.

. . . . .

"Let me say, rather, that neither to-day, nor for many days—nor perhaps for many years to come—is it likely that marriage will be in my thoughts at all. They will be occupied, dear Jeff, with very sober, very simple, and what most folks would call, with very 'uninteresting' things: the making both ends meet in a very humble household; the feeding, and clothing, and teaching them. If they ever get pudding, it will be either Jenny or I who will have to cook it. I shall not probably have the time or the opportunity even to read about love in a novel, much less to make it. That is the programme of my future life, Jeff. It is not pleasant; it is no use pretending that it is; but I mean to make the best of it. Pray don't make it harder for me by saying any more."

JAMES PAYN, "*Fallen Fortunes*."

"You know what I am going to say—I love you. What other men may mean when they use that expression, I cannot tell; what *I* mean is, that I am under the influence of some tremendous attraction which I have resisted in vain, and which overmasters me. You could draw me to fire, you could draw me to water, you could draw me to the gallows, you could draw me to any death, you could draw me to anything I have

most avoided, you could draw me to any exposure and disgrace. This and the confusion of my thoughts, so that I am fit for nothing, is what I mean by your being the ruin of me. But if you would return a favorable answer to my offer of myself in marriage you could draw me to any good—every good—with equal force. My circumstances are quite easy, and you would want for nothing. My reputation stands quite high, and would be a shield for yours. If you saw me at my work, able to do it well, and respected in it, you might even come to take a sort of pride in me—I would try hard that you should. Whatever considerations I may have thought of against this offer, I have conquered, and I make it with all my heart. Your brother favors me to the utmost, and it is likely that we might live and work together; anyhow, it is certain that he would have my best influence and support. I don't know that I could say more if I tried. I might only weaken what is ill enough said as it is. I only add that if it is any claim on you to be in earnest, I am in thorough, dreadful earnest."

The powdered mortar from under the stone at which he wrenched, rattled on the pavement to confirm his words.

"Mr. Headstone——"

"Stop! I implore you, before you answer me, to walk round this place once more. It will give you a minute's time to think, and me a minute's time to get some fortitude together."

Again she yielded to the entreaty, and again they came back to the same place, and again he worked at the stone.

"Is it," he said, with his attention apparently engrossed by it, "yes, or no?"

"Mr. Headstone, I thank you sincerely, I thank you gratefully, and hope you may find a worthy wife before long, and be very happy. But it is no."

"Is no short time necessary for reflection; no weeks or days?" he asked, in the same half-suffocated way.

"None whatever."

"Are you quite decided, and is there no chance of any change in my favor?"

"I am quite decided, Mr. Headstone, and I am bound to answer I am certain there is none."

"Then," said he, suddenly changing his tone and turning to her, and bringing his clenched hand down upon the stone with a force that laid the knuckles raw and bleeding; "then I hope that I may never kill him!"

CHARLES DICKENS, "*Our Mutual Friend*."

"DOLLY," said Henley, quickly, "they sent for me to offer me his place, and I—I—have accepted it."

"Accepted it?" said his cousin, forgetting the cygnets, and looking up a little frightened. "O Robert, but you will have to go to India and leave everybody!"

Her face changed a little; and Robert's brightened, though he tried to look as usual.

"Not everybody," he said. "Not if——" He took the soft hand in his that was lying on the wall beside him. "Dolly, will you come too?" he said.

"Me?" cried the unabashed Dolly. "O Robert, how could I?"

"You could come if I married you," said Robert, in his quiet voice and most restrained manner. "Dearest Dorothea, don't you think you can learn to love me? It will be nearly five months before I start."

It was all so utterly incomprehensible that the girl did not quite realize her cousin's words. Robert was looking very strange and unlike himself. Dolly could hardly believe that it was not some effect of the dazzle of light in her own eyes. He was paler than usual; he seemed somehow stirred from his habitual ways and self. She thought it was not even his voice that she heard speaking. "Is this being in love?" she was saying to herself. A little bewildered flush came into her cheeks. She still saw the sky and the garden and the figures under the tree; then for a minute everything vanished, as tangible things vanish before the invisible—just as spoken words are hushed, and lose their meaning when the silent voices cry out.



It was but for a moment. There she stood again, staring at Robert with her innocent, gray-eyed glance.

Henley was a big, black-and-white, melancholy young man, with a blue, shaved chin. To-day his face was pale, his mouth was quivering, his hair was all on end. Could this be Robert, who was so deliberate, who always knew his own mind, who looked at his watch so often in church while music was going on? Even now, from habit, he was turning it about in his pocket. This little trick made Dolly feel more than anything else that it was all true—that her cousin loved her—incredible though it might appear; and yet even still she doubted.

"Me, Robert?" repeated Dorothea, in her clear, childish tones, looking up with her frank yet timid eyes. "Are you *sure*?"

"I have been sure ever since I first saw you," said Henley, smiling down at her, "at Kensington three years ago." . . .

Still Dolly could not speak. For a moment her heart had beat with an innocent triumph, and then came a doubt. Did she love him; could she love him? Had he, then, cared for her all this time, when she herself had been so cold and indifferent and thinking so little of him? . . .

"O Robert!" said Dorothea, earnestly, unexpectedly, with a sudden resolution to be true—true to him and to herself, "thank you a thousand times for what you have told me; only it mustn't be—I don't care enough for you, dear Robert! You deserve——"

. . . . .  
Henley said not a word. . . .

In the last niche of all, he found the picture he was in search of. It was not that of a dignitary of the church. It was a sweet face, with brown, crisp locks, and clear gray eyes shining from beneath a frown. The face changed, as pictures don't change, when he stood in the arch of the little recess. The pale cheeks glowed, the frown trembled and cleared away.

She wondered if he would speak to her or go away. Henley hesitated for an instant, and—spoke.

"Dolly, that was not an answer you gave me just now. You did not

think that would content me, did you?" he said; and as he looked at her fixedly, her eyes fell. "Dolly, you do love me a little?" he cried; "you cannot send me away?"

"I thought I ought to send you away," she faltered, looking up at last, and her whole heart was in her face. "Robert, I don't know if I love you, but I love you to love me," she said; and her sweet voice trembled as she spoke.

He had no misgivings. "Dearest Dolly," he said in a low voice, "in future you must trust to me. I will take care of you. You need not have been afraid. I quite understand your feelings just now, and I would not urge you then. Now——" He did not finish the sentence.

When Dolly, the frigid maiden, surrendered, it was with a shy, reluctant grace. Hers was not a passionate nature, but a loving one; feeling with her was not a single, simple emotion, but a complicated one of many impulses—of self-diffidences, of deep, strange aspirations that she herself could scarcely understand. Humility, a woman's pride, the delight of companionship and sympathy, and of the guidance of a stronger will; a longing for better things. All these things were there. Ah! she would try to be worthier of him. It was a snow and ice and fire maiden who put her trembling hands into Robert's, and whom he clasped for an instant in his arms.

MISS THACKERAY, "*Old Kensington.*"

LORD COLAMBRE was not vain; but love quickly sees love, or foresees the probability, the possibility, of its existence. He saw that Miss Nugent might love him tenderly, passionately; but that duty, habit, the prepossession that it was impossible that she could marry her cousin Colambre—a prepossession instilled into her by his mother—had absolutely prevented her from ever yet thinking of him as a lover. He saw the hazard for her, he felt the danger for himself. Never had she appeared so attractive to him as at this moment, when he felt the hope that he could obtain the return of love.

"But St. Omar! Why, why is she a St. Omar! . . . 'No St. Omar *sans reproche*.' My wife she cannot be—I will not engage her affections."

Swift as thoughts in moments of strong feeling pass in the mind without being put into words, our hero thought all this, and determined, cost what it would, to act honorably.

"You spoke of my returning to Ireland, my dear Grace. I have not yet told you my plans."

"Plans! are not you returning with us?" said she, precipitately.

"Are not you going to Ireland—home—with us?"

"No, I am going to serve a campaign or two abroad. I think every young man in these times——"

"Good heavens! What does this mean? What can you mean?" cried she, fixing her eyes upon his, as if she would read his very soul.

"Why? what reason? Oh, tell me the truth, and at once!"

His change of color, his hand that trembled, and withdrew from hers—the expression of his eyes as they met hers, revealed the truth to her at once. As it flashed across her mind, she started back; her face grew crimson, and in the same instant pale as death.

"Yes; you see, you feel the truth now," said Lord Colambre.

"You see, you feel that I love you—passionately."

"Oh, let me not hear it!" said she; "I must not—ought not. Never till this moment did such a thought cross my mind—I thought it impossible—oh, make me think so still!"

"I will—it *is* impossible that we can ever be united."

"I always thought so," said she, taking breath with a deep sigh.

"Then why not live as we have lived?"

"I cannot—cannot answer for myself. I will not run the risk; and therefore I must quit you, knowing as I do that there is an invincible obstacle to our union; of what nature I cannot explain; I beg you not to inquire."

"You need not beg it—I shall not inquire—I have no curiosity—none," said she, in a passive, dejected tone; "that is not what I am thinking of in the least. I know there are invincible obstacles; I wish

it to be so. But, if invincible, you, who have so much sense, honor and virtue——"

"I hope, my dear cousin, that I have honor and virtue. But there are temptations to which no wise, no good man will expose himself. Innocent creature! you do not know the power of love. I rejoice that you have always thought it impossible—think so still—it will save you from—all I must endure. Think of me but as your cousin, your friend; give your heart to some happier man. Marry, if you can feel love; marry, and be happy. Honor! Virtue! Yes, I have both; and I will not forfeit them. Yes, I will merit your esteem and my own—by actions, not words; and I give you the strongest proof, by tearing myself from you at this moment. Farewell!"

MISS EDGEWORTH, "*The Absentee*."

HE soon found an excuse for advancing from his position in the rear, and rode close by her side. They had gone two or three miles in the moonlight, speaking desultorily across the wheel of her gig concerning the fair, farming, Oak's usefulness to them both, and other indifferent subjects, when Boldwood said suddenly and simply,—

"Mrs. Troy, you will marry again some day?"

This point-blank query unmistakably confused her, and it was not till a minute or more had elapsed that she said, "I have not seriously thought of any such subject."

"I quite understand that. Yet your late husband has been dead nearly one year, and——"

"You forget that his death was never absolutely proved, and so I suppose I am not legally a widow," she said, catching at the straw of escape that the fact afforded.

"Not absolutely proved, perhaps, but it was proved circumstantially." . . .

They were silent now awhile, and having struck into an unfrequented track across a common, the creaks of Boldwood's saddle and her gig



springs were all the sounds to be heard. Boldwood ended the pause. . . .

"I have always this dreary pleasure in thinking over those past times with you—that I was something to you before *he* was anything, and that you belonged *almost* to me. But of course that's nothing. You never liked me."

"I did; and respected you, too."

"Do you now?"

"Yes."

"Which?"

"How do you mean which?"

"Do you like me, or do you respect me?"

"I don't know—at least, I cannot tell you. It is difficult for a woman to define her feelings in language which is chiefly made by men to express theirs. My treatment of you was thoughtless, inexcusable, wicked. I shall eternally regret it. If there had been anything I could have done to make amends I would most gladly have done it; there was nothing on earth I so longed to do as to repair the error. But that was not possible."

"Don't blame yourself; you were not so far in the wrong as you suppose. Bathsheba, suppose you had real, complete proof that you are what, in fact, you are—a widow—would you repair the old wrong to me by marrying me?"

"I cannot say. I should n't yet, at any rate."

"But you might at some future time of your life?"

"Oh, yes, I might at some time."

"Well, then, do you know that without further proof of any kind you may marry again in about six years from the present—subject to nobody's objection or blame?"

"Oh, yes," she said quickly. "I know all that. But don't talk of it—seven or six years—where may we all be by that time?"

"They will soon glide by; and it will seem an astonishingly short time to look back upon when they are past—much less than to look forward to now."

"Yes, yes; I have found that in my own experience."

"Now, listen once more," Boldwood pleaded. "If I wait that time, will you marry me? You own that you owe me amends; let that be your way of making them. . . ."

"Oh, Bathsheba, promise—it is only a little promise—that if you marry again, you will marry me!"

His tone was so excited that she almost feared him at this moment, even whilst she sympathized. . . .

"I will never marry another man whilst you wish me to be your wife, whatever comes—but to say more—you have taken me by surprise——"

"But let it stand in these simple words—that in six years' time you will be my wife? Unexpected accidents we'll not mention, because those, of course, must be given way to. Now, I know this time you will keep your word."

"That's why I hesitate to give it."

"But do give it! Remember the past, and be kind." . . .

"If you value such an act of friendship from a woman who does n't esteem herself as she did, and has a little love left, why I—I will——"

"Promise!"

"Consider, if I cannot promise soon."

"But soon is perhaps never."

"Oh, no, it is not. I mean soon. Christmas, we'll say."

"Christmas!" He said nothing further till he added, "Well! I'll say no more to you about it till that time."

THOMAS HARDY, "*Far from the Madding Crowd*."

"RENÉE, if you loved him, I, on my honor, would not utter a word for myself. Your heart's inclinations are sacred for me. I would stand by, and be your friend and his. If he were young, that I might see a chance of it!"

She murmured, "You should not have listened to Roland."

"Roland should have warned me. How could I be near you and

not—But I am nothing. Forget me; do not think I speak interestedly, except to save the dearest I have ever known from certain wretchedness. To yield yourself hand and foot for life! I warn you that it must end miserably. Your country-women—You have the habit in France; but like what are you treated? You! none like you in the whole world! You consent to be extinguished. And I have to look on! Listen to me now.”

Renée glanced at the gondola conveying her father. And he has not yet landed! she thought, and said, “Do you pretend to judge of my welfare better than my papa?”

“Yes; in this. He follows a fashion. You submit to it. His anxiety is to provide for you. But I know the system is cursed by nature, and that means by heaven.”

“Because it is not English?”

“O Renée, my beloved forever! Well, then, tell me, tell me you can say with pride and happiness that the Marquis de Rouaillont is to be your—there’s the word—husband!”

Renée looked across the water.

“Friend, if my father knew you were asking me!”

“I will speak to him.”

“Useless.”

“He is generous; he loves you.”

“He cannot break an engagement binding his honor.”

“Would you, Renée, would you—it must be said—consent to have it known to him—I beg for more than life—that you are not averse—that you support me?”

His failing breath softened the bluntness.

She replied, “I would not have him ever break an engagement binding his honor.”

“You stretch the point of honor.”

“It is our way. Dear friend, we are French. And I presume to think that our French system is not always wrong, for if my father had not broken it by treating you as one of us and leaving me with you, should I have heard——”

"I have displeased you."

"Do not suppose that. But I mean, a mother would not have left me."

"You wished to avoid it."

"Do not blame me. I had some instinct; you were very pale."

"You knew I loved you."

"No."

"Yes; for this morning——"

"This morning it seemed to me, and I regretted my fancy, that you were inclined to trifle, as, they say, young men do."

"With Renée?"

"With your friend Renée. And those are the hills of Petrarch's tomb? They are mountains."

They were purple beneath a large brooding cloud that hung against the sun, waiting for him to enfold him, and Nevil thought that a tomb there would be a welcome end, if he might lift Renée in one wild flight over the chasm gaping for her. He had no language for thoughts of such a kind, only tumultuous feeling.

She was immovable, in perfect armor. He said despairingly, "Can you have realized what you are consenting to?"

She answered, "It is my duty."

"Your duty! it's like taking up a dice-box, and flinging once, to perfect ruin!"

"I must oppose my father to you, friend. Do you not understand duty to parents? They say the English are full of the idea of duty."

"Duty to country, duty to oaths and obligations; but with us the heart is free to choose."

"Free to choose, and when it is most ignorant?"

"The heart? Ask it. Nothing is surer."

"That is not what we are taught. We are taught that the heart deceives itself. The heart throws your dice-box; not prudent parents."

She talked like a woman, to plead the cause of her obedience as a girl, and now silenced in the same manner that she had previously excited him.



"Then you are lost to me," he said.

They saw the gondola returning.

GEORGE MEREDITH, "*Beauchamp's Career*."

MARY COLLET listened with ever-increasing surprise, and the light in her eyes died away to coldness as she continued to look at Inglesant. Her calm look suffered no other change; but that acute perception which Inglesant's training had given him—perception which the purest love does not always give—showed him what was passing in his friend's mind; he stopped suddenly in his pleading, and knew that he had said too much not to say more. He sank on the ground before the chair, and rested his hands upon the carved elbow, with his face, to which excitement gave increased beauty, raised to Mary Collet's eyes.

"It is all true, Mary," he said. It was the first time he had called her by her name, and it sounded so sweetly that he said it again. "It is all true, Mary; I might have spoken to you of another, would many times have spoken, if all this had not been true. As he said to me, dark days are coming on, the State is shaken to its base, the highest in the realm are disgraced and ruined, and even harried to death. What will happen the wisest heads cannot think; the king is a fugitive; I am all but penniless, should be homeless but for you. This even is not all; if it had been, I might have spoken, but there is more which must be told. I am not my own. I am but the agent of a mighty will, of a system which commands unhesitating obedience—obedience which is part of my very being. I cannot even form the thought of violating it. This is why, often, when I tried to speak, my tongue refused its office, my conscience roused itself to keep me still. But if, happily for me, I have been wrong; if, even for me, the gates of heaven may still open—the gates that I have thought were inexorably closed—I dare not face the radiance that even now issues through the opening space. Mary, you know me better than I know myself; I am ignorant and sinful and worldly; you are holy as a saint of God. Do with me what you will, if there is anything in me worthy of you, take me, and make it more worthy; if not, let me go. Either way I am yours; my life belongs to

you—neither life nor death is anything to me except as it may advantage you."

The light shone full on Mary Collet's face, looking down on him as he spoke. The odor of the garden flowers filled the room. The stillness of the late afternoon was unbroken save by the murmur of insect life. Her eyes—those wonderful eyes that had first attracted him in the Church—grew larger and more soft as they looked down on him with a love and tenderness which he had never seen before, and saw only once again. For some seconds she did not—perhaps could not—speak, for the great lustrous eyes were moist with tears. He would have lain there forever with no thought but of those kindly eyes. At last she spoke, and her voice was tender, but low and calm: "Johnny,"—it was the first time she had called him so, and she said it twice—"Johnny, you are right, I know you better than you know yourself. Your first instinct was right; but it was not your poverty, nor the distraction of the time, nor yet this mysterious fate that governs you, which kept you silent. Poverty and the troubles of the times we might have suffered together; this mysterious fate we might have borne together, or have broken through. No," she continued with a radiant smile, "cavalier and courtier as you are, you also, in spite of Mr. Thorne, have heard a voice behind you saying, 'This is the way; walk in it.' That way, Johnny, you will never leave for me. As this voice told you, this is not a time for us to spend our moments like two lovers in a play; we have both of us other work to do, work laid out for us, from which we may not shrink; a path to walk in where there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage. As for me, if I can follow in any degree in the holy path my uncle walked in, growing more into the life of Jesus as he grew into it, it is enough for me; as for you, you will go on through the dark days that are at hand, as your way shall lead you, and as the divine voice shall call; and when I hear your name, as I shall hear it, Johnny, following as the divine call shall lead, you may be sure that my heart will beat delightedly at the name of a very noble gentleman who loves me, and whom—I love."

J. H. SHORTHOUSE, "*John Inglesant*."

THADDEUS saw all this, and with a fluttering hope, instead of surrendering the hand he had retained, he made it a yet closer prisoner by clasping it in both his. Pressing it earnestly to his breast, he said in a hurried voice, whilst his earnest eyes poured all their beams upon her averted cheek, "Surely, Miss Beaufort will not deny me the dearest happiness I possess,—the privilege of being grateful to her?"

He paused. His soul was too full for utterance; and raising Mary's hand from his heart to his lips, he kissed it fervently. Almost fainting, Miss Beaufort leaned her head against a tree of the thicket where they were standing. The thought of the confession which Pembroke had extorted from her, and dreading that its fullness might have been imparted to him, and that all this was rather the tribute of gratitude than of love, she waved her other hand in sign for him to leave her.

Such extraordinary confusion in her manner palsied the warm and blissful emotions of the count. He, too, began to blame the sanguine representation of his friend; and fearing that he had offended her, that she might suppose he presumed on her kindness, he stood for a moment in silent astonishment; then dropping on his knee (hardly conscious of the action), declared in an agitated voice his sense of having given this offense; at the same time he ventured to repeat, with equally modest energy, the soul-devoted passion he had so long endeavored to seal up in his lonely breast.

"But forgive me!" added he, with increased earnestness; "forgive me, in justice to your own virtues. In what has just passed, I feel I ought to have only expressed thanks for your goodness to an unfortunate exile; but if my words or manner have obeyed the more fervid impulse of my soul, and declared aloud what is its glory in secret, blame my nature, most respected Miss Beaufort, not my presumption. I have not dared to look steadily on any aim higher than your esteem."

Mary knew not how to receive this address. The position in which he uttered it, his countenance when she turned to answer him, were both demonstrative of something less equivocal than his speech. He

was still grasping the drapery of her cloak, and his eyes, from which the wind blew back his fine hair, were beaming upon her full of that piercing tenderness which at once dissolves and assures the soul.

She passed her hand over her eyes. Her soul was in a tumult. She too fondly wished to believe that he loved her to trust the evidence of what she saw. His words were ambiguous, and that was sufficient to fill her with uncertainty. Jealous of that delicacy which is the parent of love, and its best preserver, she checked the overflowings of her heart, and while her concealed face streamed with tears, conjured him to rise. Instinctively she held out her hand to assist him. He obeyed; and hardly conscious of what she said, she continued—

"You have done nothing, Count Sobieski, to offend me. I was fearful of my own conduct—that you might have supposed—I mean, unfortunate appearances might lead you to imagine that I was influenced—was so forgetful of myself——"

"Cease, madam! Cease, for pity's sake!" cried Thaddeus, starting back, and dropping her hand. Every emotion which faltered on her tongue had met an answering pang in his breast.

Fearing that he had set his heart on the possession of a treasure totally out of his reach, he knew not how high had been his hope until he felt the depth of his despair. Taking up his hat, which lay on the grass, with a countenance from which every gleam of joy was banished, he bowed respectfully, and in a lower tone continued: "The dependent situation in which I appeared at Lady Dundas's being ever before my eyes, I was not so absurd as to suppose that any lady could then notice me from any other sentiment than humanity. That I excited this humanity, where alone I was proud to awaken it, was, in these hours of dejection, my sole comfort. It consoled me for the friends I had lost; it repaid me for the honors which were no more. But that is past! Seeing no further cause for compassion, you deem the delusion no longer necessary. Since you will not allow me an individual distinction in having attracted your benevolence, though I am to ascribe it all to a charity as diffused as effective, yet I must ever acknowledge with the deepest gratitude that I owe my present home and happiness



to Miss Beaufort. Further than this, I shall not—I dare not—presume.”

JANE PORTER, “*Thaddeus of Warsaw*.”

HE instantly rose, and came toward her. She rose too, and mechanically put out her hand. He took it as if to say good-night. “I did n’t mean to send you away,” she besought him.

“Oh, I’m not going,” he answered simply. “I wanted to say—to say that it’s I who make her talk about you. To say I— There is something I want to say to you; I’ve said it so often to myself that I feel as if you must know it.” She stood quite still, letting him keep her hand, and questioning his face with a bewildered gaze. “You *must* know—she must have told you—she must have guessed—” Penelope turned white, but outwardly quelled the panic that sent the blood to her heart. “I—I did n’t expect—I hoped to have seen your father—but I must speak now, whatever—I love you!”

She freed her hand from both of those he had closed upon it, and went back from him across the room with a sinuous spring. “*Me!*” Whatever potential complicity had lurked in her heart, his words brought her only immeasurable dismay.

He came toward her again. Yes, *you*. Who else?”

She fended him off with an imploring gesture. “I thought—I—it was——”

She shut her lips tight, and stood looking at him where he remained in silent amaze. Then her words came again shudderingly. “Oh, what have you done?”

“Upon my soul,” he said with a vague smile, “I don’t know. I hope no harm.”

“Oh, don’t laugh!” she cried, laughing hysterically herself. “Unless you want me to think you the greatest wretch in the world!”

“I?” he responded. “For Heaven’s sake tell me what you mean!”

"You know I can't tell you. Can you say—can you put your hand on your heart and say—that—you—say you never meant—that you meant me—all along?"

"Yes!—Yes! Who else? I came here to see your father, and to tell him that I wished to tell you this—to ask him— But what does it matter? You must have known it—you must have seen—and it's for you to answer me. I've been abrupt, I know, and I've startled you; but if you love me you can forgive that to my loving you so long before I spoke."

She gazed at him with parted lips.

"Oh, mercy! What shall I do? If it's true—what you say—you must go!" she said. "And you must never come any more. Do you promise that?"

"Certainly not," said the young man. "Why should I promise such a thing—so abominably wrong? I could obey if you did n't love me——"

"Oh, I don't! Indeed I don't! Now will you obey?"

"No, I don't believe you."

"Oh!"

He possessed himself of her hand again.

"My love—my dearest! What is this trouble, that you can't tell it? It can't be anything about yourself. If it is anything about any one else, it wouldn't make the least difference in the world, no matter what it was. I would be only too glad to show by any act or deed I could that nothing could change me toward you."

"Oh, you don't understand!"

"No, I don't. You must tell me."

"I will never do that."

"Then I will stay here until your mother comes, and ask her what it is."

"Ask her?"

"Yes! Do you think I will give you up till I know why I must?"

"You force me to it! Will you go if I tell you, and never let any human creature know what you have said to me?"

"Not unless you give me leave."

"That will be never. Well, then—" she stopped, and made two or three ineffectual efforts to begin again. "No, no! I can't. You must go!"

"I will not go!"

"You said you—loved me. If you do, you will go."

He dropped the hands he had stretched toward her, and she hid her face in her own.

"There!" she said, turning it suddenly upon him. "Sit down there. And will you promise me—on your honor—not to speak—not to try to persuade me—not to—touch me? You won't touch me?"

"I will obey you, Penelope."

"As if you were never to see me again? As if I were dying?"

"I will do what you say. But I shall see you again; and don't talk of dying. This is the beginning of life."

"No. It's the end," said the girl, resuming at last something of the hoarse drawl which the tumult of her feeling had broken into those half-articulate appeals. She sat down too, and lifted her face toward him. "It's the end of life for me, because I know now that I must have been playing false from the beginning. You don't know what I mean, and I can never tell you. It isn't my secret—it's someone else's. You—you must never come here again. I can't tell you why, and you must never try to know. Do you promise?"

"You can forbid me. I must do what you say."

"I do forbid you. And you shall not think me cruel——"

"How could I think that?"

"Oh, how hard you make it!"

Corey laughed for very despair. "Can I make it easier by disobeying you?"

"I know I am talking crazily; but I'm not crazy."

"No, no," he said, with some wild notion of comforting her; "but try to tell me this trouble! There is nothing under heaven—no calamity, no sorrow—that I wouldn't gladly share with you, or take all upon myself if I could!"

"I know! But this you can't. Oh, my——"

"Dearest, wait; think! Let me ask your mother—your father——"

She gave a cry.

"No! If you do that, you will make me hate you! Will you——"

The rattling of a latch-key was heard in the outer door.

"Promise!" cried Penelope.

"Oh, I promise!"

"Good-bye!" She suddenly flung her arms round his neck, and pressing her cheek tight against his, flashed out of the room by one door as her father entered it by another.

W. D. HOWELLS, "*Silas Lapham*."

"YOU said just now," said John Merton, in rather a husky voice, "that you were not annoyed at my calling upon you, because you had known me so long, and because you were so intimate with my sister. I think I might allege those two reasons as the cause of my being here now. All the time I have known you I have had but one feeling toward you, and all that I have heard my sister say of you—and she seems never to be talking of anybody else—has deepened and concentrated that feeling. What that feeling is," continued John, "I don't think I need try to explain. I don't think I could if I tried, unless—unless I were to say that I would lay down my life to save you from an ache or a pain, that I worship the very ground you tread on, and that I look upon you like an angel from heaven!"

His voice shook as he said these words, but the fervor which possessed him lit up his features; and as Daisy stole an upward glance at him, and saw his pleading eyes and working mouth, she forgot the homeliness of his appearance, and wondered how her most recent thoughts about him had ever found a place in her mind.

He caught something of her feeling, and said quickly, "You are not angry with me?"

She shook her head in dissent.

"You mustn't be that," he said, "whatever answer you may give



me. I know how inferior I am to you in every possible way. I know, I can't help knowing, I couldn't help hearing even at that girl's the other evening, the last time we met, how you were noticed and admired by people in a very different position from mine; have known this and borne it all, and never spoken—shouldn't have spoken now, but that there is come a chance in my life which I must either accept or relinquish, and I want you to decide it for me."

"You want me to decide it!"

"You, and you alone can do it. This is how it comes about, Miss Stafford. You know I am what they call a 'counter-jumper,'" said he, with a little bitter laugh; "but I know that, though it is a distinction without a difference, I suppose, to those who are not in the trade, I am one of the first hands with perhaps the largest silk-mercers in London, and I have been taken frequently abroad by one of the firm when he has gone to buy goods in a foreign market. I must have pleased them, I suppose, for now they are going to set up an agency in Lyons; and they have offered it to me; and I shall take it if you will come with me as my wife."

He paused, and Daisy was silent. After a minute he said hurriedly,—

"You don't speak. It is not a bad thing pecuniarily. They would make it about three hundred a year, I think, and I should get very good introductions, and it would be like beginning life again for both of us. I thought it would be a good chance of shaking off any old associations; and as the position would be tolerable, it would be only me—myself, I mean—that you would have to put up with, and—you don't speak still! I haven't offended you?"

She looked up at him. Her face was very pale, and her hands fluttered nervously before her; but there was no break in her voice as she said,—

"Offended me! you have done me the greatest honor in your power, and you talk about offence! You must not ask me for an answer now; I cannot give it; the whole thing has been so sudden. I will think it over, and write to you in a day or two at most. Meantime, I think it

would be advisable for both our sakes that you should not speak of what has occurred even to your sister. . . .

"I did not pretend to misunderstand you," said the girl. "You are waiting for my answer to the proposition you made to me when you called at my lodgings the other day."

"I am."

"You have placed me—unwillingly, I know—in a very painful position," said Daisy; "for it is really painful to me to have to say or do anything which I feel would give you pain."

"Don't say any more," he said in a hoarse voice; "I can guess your meaning perfectly. Don't say any more."

"But, Mr. Merton, you must hear me; you must understand——"

"I do understand that you say 'No' to what I asked you; that you reject my suit—I believe that is the proper society phrase! I don't want to know," continued he, with a sudden outburst of passion, "of the esteem in which you hold me, and the recollection which you will always have of the delicacy of my behavior toward you. I know the rubbish with which it is always thought necessary to gild the pill in similar cases; but I'd rather be without it."

"You are becoming incoherent, and I can scarcely follow you," said Daisy, setting her lips, and looking very stony. "I don't think I was going to say anything of the kind that you seem to have anticipated. I don't see that I have laid myself open to rudeness because I have been compelled to tell you that it did n't suit me to marry you; and as to our being friends hereafter, I really don't think that there is the remotest chance of such a thing."

"I must again beg your pardon, Miss Stafford," said John, taking off his hat—he was quite calm now—"and I will take care that I don't commit myself in any similar, ridiculous manner. I am perfectly aware that our lines in life lie very wide apart, and after the decision which you have arrived at and just communicated to me, I can only be glad that it is so; and though we are not to be friends, you say, I shall always have the deepest regard for you. You cannot prevent that, even if you would; and I only trust that some day I may have the

chance of proving the continuance of that regard by being able to serve you."

EDMUND YATES, "*Dr. Wainwright's Patient.*"

HE saw that look and movement, and took despair to his heart, although he went on manfully to the end with his confession. Lit up by an earnestness that was new to it, by an expression which his excitement gave to it, his was a face that any woman might have loved. There was a nobleness of look, a tenderness of feeling there that was worth observing, and from which one might have argued a brighter future for Paul Essenden.

"Unless," he continued, speaking very rapidly, as though anxious to end all and be gone, "you ask me to stay for your sake, fearing that you should miss me too much. Ask me to stay because I love you, and because you see that in leaving you, Nella, I leave behind the one hope that I have ever had in life—that I have ever set my heart upon."

"Oh, why—why have you thought of me like this?" cried Nella, letting her Bible fall to the ground, and spreading her hands before her face; of all the world to think of me."

"Because you are a girl devoid of all affectation, simple-minded, pure, honest and true."

"Don't say any more; for mercy's sake don't say any more!" almost shrieked Nella, as she shrank still farther away from him. "I can never marry you; I—I can never love you back again."

"Yes, I know that now," said Paul, in a hoarse voice; "of course you can't, and I ought to have seen that for myself, and not have pained you thus. I see the immeasurable inferiority of my position, my nature, to your own, and no one knows better than I what a moneyless vagabond I am. But, Nella, I only wanted one hope, one legitimate ambition, to change all this, and I could have come back presently—oh, far more worthy of you." . . .

"Oh, you do not know—you will never know, I hope," she said sadly. "It is a cruel story, and I am glad there is no necessity to speak

of it—to ask your charity, your sympathy. Perhaps I have already told you by these words, Paul," she added nervously; "and if, thinking of them afterward, you guess the truth, why, pity what I have been."

"What has the past to do with me?" he cried; "tell me what it is, that I may show you how I value it against the love I have for you. Ah, if you loved me, Nella, ever so little, you would have told me."

"Yes, I might have done that at all risks," she added thoughtfully; "but I cannot love you, and there's an end of it. I am proud, Paul, to think that you could see anything in me worth your loving, although very, very sorry that it has come to this confession. I had begun to fear it—to pray against it latterly, though I had hoped by degrees to let you see that it could not end in any good, and thus have spared your feelings more. I had not expected you to act so hastily."

"I am a hasty man—I think what is best for me, and leap toward it at once, caring not for others. This is only one more mistake."

"A disappointment, too, from which you will speedily recover," said Nella, rising, an action in which he followed her at once; "for in the sphere apart from mine you will meet the one more fitting for you."

"Pray do not try to console me with these commonplaces," said Paul, almost sternly. "What my disappointment is, leave me to find out for myself, Nella. I am not a boy, to forget it, that is all. We will say no more about it."

F. W. ROBINSON, "*Poor Humanity*."

THEN, with a sudden change of tone, "Erica, do you remember the first day you spoke to me?"

"Under murky London skies very unlike these," she said, laughing a little, but nervously. "You mean the day when our umbrellas collided!"

"You must n't abuse the murky skies," said Brian, smiling. "If the sun had been shining, the collision would never have occurred. Oh, Erica, what a lifetime it seems since that day in Gower Street! I little thought then that I should have to wait more than seven years to



tell you of my love, or that at last I should tell you in a Roman amphitheater under these blue skies. Erica, I think you have known it of late. Have you, my darling? Have you known how I loved you?"

"Yes," she said, looking down at her sketch-book with glowing cheeks.

"Oh, if you knew what a paradise of hope you opened to me that day last December, and how different life has been ever since! Those were gray years, Erica, when I dared not even hope to gain your love. But lately, darling, I have hoped. Was I wrong?"

"No," she said with a little quiver in her voice.

"You will love me?"

She looked up at him for a moment in silence, a glorious light in her eyes, her whole face radiant with joy.

"I do love you," she said softly.

He drew nearer to her, held both her hands in his, waiting only for the promise which would make her indeed his own.

"Will you be my wife, darling?"

But the words had scarcely passed his lips when a look of anguish swept over Erica's face; she snatched away her hands.

"Oh, God help me!" she cried. "What have I done? I've been living in a dream! It's impossible, Brian! Impossible!"

A gray look came over Brian's face. "How impossible?" he asked in a choked voice.

"I can't leave home," she said, clasping her hands tightly together. "I never can leave my father."

"I will wait," said Brian, recovering his voice. "I will wait any time for you—only give me hope."

"I can't," she sobbed. "I dare n't!"

"But you have given it me!" he exclaimed. "You have said you loved me!"

"I do! I do!" she cried passionately. "But, O Brian, have pity on me—don't make me say it again—I must not think of it—I can never be your wife!"

Her words were broken with sobs which she could not restrain.

"My darling," he said, growing calm and strong again at the sight of her agitation, and once more possessing himself of her hand, "you have had a great many troubles lately, and I can quite understand that just now you could not leave your father. But I will wait till less troubled times; then surely you will come to me?"

"No," she said quickly, as if not daring to pause, "it will always be the same; there never will be quiet times for us. I can't leave my father! It isn't as if he had other children—I am the only one, and I must stay."

"Is this, then, to be the end of it all?" cried Brian. "My darling, you cannot be so cruel to me! It cannot be the end—there is no end to love—and we know that we love each other. Erica, give me some future to look to—some hope!"

The terrible pain expressed in every line of his face wrung her heart.

"Oh, wait!" she exclaimed. "Give me one moment to think."

She buried her face in her hands, shutting out the sunny Italian landscape, the very beauty of which seemed to weaken her powers of endurance. . . .

When at length Erica lifted her face, she found that Brian was no longer beside her. He was pacing to and fro in the arena; the waiting had grown unbearable to him. She went down to him, moving neither quickly nor hurriedly, but at the steady "right onward" pace which suited her whole aspect.

"Brian," she said in a low voice, "do you remember telling me that day that I must try to show them what the Father is? You must help me now, not hinder. You will help me just because you do indeed love me?"

"You will give me no promise even for the most distant future?"

"I can't," she replied, faltering a little as she saw him turn deadly white. "If there were any engagement between us, I should have to tell my father of it, and that would only make our trouble his, and defeat my whole object. O Brian, forgive me, and just leave me! I can have given you nothing but pain all these years. Don't let me spoil your whole life!"

His face caught something of the noble purpose which made hers shine in spite of the sadness.

"Darling," he said quickly, "I can thank God for you, though you are never to be mine. God bless you, Erica!"

EDNA LYALL, "*We Two*."

"Is YOUR life my mother's?" said Pen, beginning to tremble, and speak in a very agitated manner. "You know, Laura, what the great object of hers is?" And he took her hand once more.

"What, Arthur?" she said, dropping it, and looking at him, at the window again, and then dropping her eyes to the ground, so that they avoided Pen's gaze. She, too, trembled, for she felt that the crisis for which she had been secretly preparing was come.

"Our mother has one wish above all others in the world, Laura," Pen said, "and I think you know it. I own to you that she has spoken to me of it; and if you will fulfil it, dear sister, I am ready. I am but very young as yet; but I have had so many pains and disappointments, that I am old and weary. I think I have hardly got a heart to offer. Before I have almost begun the race in life I am a tired man. My career has been a failure; I have been protected by those whom I by right should have protected. I own that your nobleness and generosity, dear Laura, shame me, whilst they render me grateful. When I heard from our mother what you had done for me; that it was you who armed me and bade me go out for one struggle more; I longed to go and throw myself at your feet, and say, 'Laura, will you come and share the contest with me? Your sympathy will cheer me while it lasts. I shall have one of the tenderest and most generous creatures under heaven to aid and bear me company.' Will you take me, dear Laura, and make our mother happy?"

"Do you think mamma would be happy if you were otherwise, Arthur?" Laura said in a low, sad voice.

"And why should I not be," asked Pen, eagerly, "with so dear a creature as you by my side? I have not my first love to give you. I

am a broken man. But, indeed, I would love you fondly and truly. I have lost many an illusion and ambition, but I am not without hope still. Talents I know I have, wretchedly as I have misapplied them; they may serve me yet; they would, had I a motive for action. Let me go away and think that I am pledged to return to you. Let me go and work and hope that you will share my success, if I gain it. You have given me so much, dear Laura, will you take from me nothing?"

"What have you got to give, Arthur?" Laura said, with a grave sadness of tone, which made Pen start, and see that his words had committed him. Indeed, his declaration had not been such as he would have made it two days earlier, when, full of hope and gratitude, he had run over to Laura, his liberatress, to thank her for his recovered freedom. Had he been permitted to speak then, he had spoken, and she, perhaps, had listened, differently. It would have been a grateful heart asking for hers; not a weary one offered to her, to take or to leave. Laura was offended with the terms in which Pen offered himself to her. He had, in fact, said that he had no love, and yet would take no denial. "I give myself to you to please my mother," he had said; "take me, as she wishes that I should make this sacrifice." The girl's spirit would brook a husband under no such conditions; she was not minded to run forward because Pen chose to hold out the handkerchief, and her tone, in reply to Arthur, showed her determination to be independent.

"No, Arthur," she said, "our marriage would not make mamma happy, as she fancies; for it would not content you very long. I, too, have known what her wishes were; for she is too open to conceal anything she has at heart; and once, perhaps, I thought—but that is over now—that I could have made you—that it might have been as she wished."

"You have seen somebody else?" said Pen, angry at her tone, and recalling the incidents of the past days.

"That allusion might have been spared," Laura replied, flinging up her head. "A heart which has worn out love at three-and-twenty, as yours has, you say, should have survived jealousy too. I do not con-



descend to say whether I have seen or encouraged any other person. I shall neither admit the charge, nor deny it; and beg you also to allude to it no more."

"I ask your pardon, Laura, if I have offended you; but if I am jealous, does it not prove that I have a heart?"

"Not for me, Arthur. Perhaps you think you love me now; but it is only for an instant, and because you are foiled. Were there no obstacle, you would feel no ardor to overcome it. No, Arthur, you don't love me. You would weary of me in three months, as—as you do of most things; and mamma, seeing you tired of me, would be more unhappy than at my refusal to be yours. Let us be brother and sister, Arthur, as heretofore—but no more. You will get over this little disappointment."

"I will try," said Arthur, in a great indignation.

"Have you not tried before?" Laura said, with some anger, for she had been angry with Arthur for a very long time, and was now determined, I suppose, to speak her mind. "And the next time, Arthur, when you offer yourself to a woman, do not say as you have done to me, 'I have no heart—I do not love you; but I am ready to marry you because my mother wishes for the match.' We require more than this in return for our love—that is, I think so. I have had no experience hitherto, and have had not the—the practice which you supposed me to have, when you spoke but now of my having seen somebody else. Did you tell your first love that you had no heart, Arthur? or your second that you did not love her, but that she might have you if she liked?"

"What—what do you mean?" asked Arthur, blushing, and still in great wrath.

"I mean Blanche Amory, Arthur Pendennis," Laura said, proudly. "It is but two months since you were sighing at her feet—making poems to her—placing them in hollow trees by the river side. I knew all. I watched you—that is, she showed them to me. Neither one nor the other was in earnest perhaps; but it is too soon now, Arthur, to begin a new attachment. Go through the time of your—your widow-

hood at least, and do not think of marrying until you are out of mourning."—(Here the girl's eyes filled with tears, and she passed her hand across them.) "I am angry and hurt, and I have no right to be so, and I ask your pardon in my turn now, dear Arthur. You had a right to love Blanche. She was a thousand times prettier and more accomplished than—than any girl near us here; and you could not know that she had no heart; and so you were right to leave her too. I ought not to rebuke you about Blanche Amory, and because she deceived you. Pardon me, Pen,"—and she held the kind hand out to Pen once more.

"We were both jealous," said Pen. "Dear Laura, let us both forgive"—and he seized her hand and would have drawn her toward him. He thought that she was relenting, and already assumed the airs of a victor.

But she shrank back, and her tears passed away; and she fixed on him a look so melancholy and severe, that the young man in his turn shrunk before it.

"Do not mistake me, Arthur," she said; "it cannot be. You do not know what you ask, and do not be too angry with me for saying that I think you do not deserve it. What do you offer in exchange to a woman for her love, honor and obedience? If ever I say these words, dear Pen, I hope to say them in earnest, and by the blessing of God to keep my vow. But you—what tie binds you? You do not care about many things which we poor women hold sacred. I do not like to think or ask how far your incredulity leads you. You offer to marry to please our mother, and own that you have no heart to give away. O Arthur, what is it you offer me? What a rash compact would you enter into so lightly! A month ago, and you would have given yourself to another. I pray you do not trifle with your own or others' hearts so recklessly. Go and work; go and mend, dear Arthur, for I see your faults, and dare speak of them now; go and get fame, as you say that you can, and I will pray for my brother, and watch our dearest mother at home."

"Is that your final decision, Laura?" Arthur cried.

"Yes," said Laura, bowing her head; and once more, giving him her hand, she went away.

W. M. THACKERAY, "*Pendennis*."

MAGGIE was much impressed by the gravity of his manner; but his proposing for her was an event so far beyond the range of possibilities in her estimation, that she exclaimed, honestly enough, "I do not, indeed!" raising her eyes to his as she spoke. Whatever it was she read there, she did not look up again.

"I always believe you," he resumed; "yet I have flattered myself there was such a thorough sympathy between us, that, whether acceptable or not, you must have known I love you—that I have loved you almost ever since I knew you."

He spoke softly and very calmly; but Maggie could not reply. The astonishing confession, the terror of so much joy, struck her dumb.

"This is what I have to tell you. What I have to ask is, that you will love me?"

Maggie felt she must speak; she had turned quite pale, and now began nervously rolling up the long ends of ribbon that adorned her hat, with trembling hands.

"Everyone will think you mad," she exclaimed at last, the uppermost thought getting utterance somehow; "there is no equality between us."

"For God's sake," said Trafford, with great earnestness, "do not let any false pride stand between us. I have not acted with either sense or judgment; but now—let nothing separate us. My life is in your hands!"

"And mine in yours," said Maggie; the supreme importance of the moment lifting her over smaller doubts and shyness.

"If you are not sure of your own courage and constancy, let what you have said be forgotten. Oh! look into your soul and see if I am really worth to you all you imagine. I can bear a good deal; but

not to lose you once!"—She stopped abruptly, the enthusiasm which had nerved her to speak so boldly dying out.

Trafford caught her hand in both of his. "I am not quite unworthy of you, dearest," he said, while his eyes lit up and a dark flush passed over his cheek. "I know well how necessary you are to me. I have suffered enough from sacrificing natural instinct to conventionality. Then, Maggie, if you believe that I am true and loyal, you will not refuse to be my wife?" he pressed her hand almost painfully, and went on hastily, "I must confess that I deeply, bitterly regret not having sought you in my comparative prosperity, as my heart prompted. Now I have but broken fortunes to offer you! I do not set myself up as a hero; I am a very fallible mortal. Will you take me with all my imperfections?"

"I understand," said Maggie, slowly, but leaving her hand in his. "You did not think it possible to raise me to your own level before troubles came. Well, I am a fitter helpmate for a real worker than for a fine gentleman; but——"

"I acknowledge that you would have been braver and truer had you been in my place," interrupted Trafford.

"No," replied Maggie, looking down; "I should then have been a man, and felt the force of more worldly motives."

Trafford smiled, and ventured to kiss the hand he held so closely. Maggie withdrew it, as he continued,—

"But, if you have even a little liking for me, grant me plenary absolution; besides, I must remind you that you never granted me a glimpse of anything like preference. At Grantham, I thought you were absolutely indifferent. Since that, I have imagined another motive had its share in your obstinate avoidance of me; but now—give me your hand again, give me your heart!"

"Ah!" said Maggie, her lips quivering, and great unshed tears brimming up in her eyes, as she gave it to him. "I have tried so hard not to love you. . . ."

MRS. ALEXANDER, "*The Wooing O't*."



SHE waved him to a seat; but he stood before her and pleaded his cause.

"Miss Jolly, your father has already prepared you for my visit?" Her bowed head bent a little lower in affirmation. "I am glad of that, for I should not have liked to startle you by my abruptness." A little smile flickered across the hidden features at this statement. Poor Gerard thought that this virgin fortress was here for the first time assailed. Constance remembered a score of such scenes, and almost the only difference between them and this was that she had always said "No," and was now to say "Yes." There was the least possible quiver of earnestness in his voice. "I suppose," he said, with unintentional quaintness, "to tell anybody straight out, 'I love you,' would be a little hard; and I think the truer it is, the harder it is." Constance, who was perfectly self-possessed, smiled again at this. The simplicity was manly; it even touched her a little. "If I speak clumsily, I will ask you to excuse me. I have only known you for three months, and that is but a little time. I should have laughed three months ago to think that such a love"—the word cost him a great and evident effort, and it was plain that it was sacred to him; the listener knew it—"could have grown in a man's heart in such a time. But it *has* grown there, and my life is in your hands. I ask a great thing—I ask a thing of which I know I am unworthy—I ask you to share my life with me. It shall be my continual study to make you happy." There his very earnestness broke him down.

"Mr. Lumby," said Constance—she could say nothing ungracefully, and though she was as cool as a cucumber, he thought she looked and spoke like a pitying angel,—“you ask a great thing—a great thing on both sides. Let me ask a little one. Give me a day to think of your offer.”

"Give me an answer now!" he pleaded.

She was sitting before him looking upward, and for the first time in this interview he saw her eyes and looked into them. There is no exaggerating the matter—he was head over ears in love—and love, even in a man who means to be self-possessed, will have its way. One white

hand was stretched a little toward him. He took it in both his. "Give me an answer now!" he murmured, with pleading eyes fastened on her face—"give me an answer now!" This was a phase of love-making on which Constance had not counted, and it was new to her. The man was kissing one hand, and had possessed himself of the other,—a prodigious and unheard-of situation. It was not unpleasant, though at first a little alarming. "Say Yes," said this audacious Gerard, murmuring with his breath upon her cheek, and both her hands in his.

And it was wonderful and strange—if Nature were ever wonderful and strange—to see how the stronger male nature triumphed; for caught in this unexpected snare, wooed for once like a woman, by a man who loved her, in place of being talked to by an automaton as though she were an elegant wax-work, she answered "Yes;" and for one bewildered minute her head lay on Gerard's shoulder, and the first kiss that ever love had planted there was warm upon her lips.

D. CHRISTIE MURRAY, "*Val Strange*."

"I WONDER," said he, after another interval of silence, "that, with all your taste for match-making, you never got married yourself!"

"For two good reasons, sir. In the first place, though you persist in asserting the contrary, I have no taste for match-making. In the second place, I have never had an offer of marriage in my life."

I spoke with some irritation, for M. Alexander generally contrived, somehow or another, to put me out of temper. He listened gravely, continued to stare at the pebble, and said,—

"Never had an offer! Humph! I'm surprised at that."

"The first polite observation I ever heard you make, monsieur!"

He gave a sort of grunt and smoked on, never looking up or changing his position. A silence longer than any of the others now ensued. At length I again gathered up my work, and prepared to go in; but he, without even turning his head, once more put out his hand, and said,—

"Not yet."

So I sat down with an impatient sigh, and began to stitch diligently.

"You think yourself a mighty clever accountant, don't you!" he next asked, in the same musing tone.

"Not at all," I replied, surprised at the change of subject. "I know the multiplication and addition tables, and a little of book-keeping; but I pretend to nothing more."

"Well, that's enough. Now, make this calculation for me:—you are, let me see, how old? Thirty-five?"

"Thirty-two, if you please."

"Oh! thirty-two. *Eh bien!* how many years do you think you have to live?"

"How can I guess? Perhaps as many more," I answered, laughing, and wondering what would come next.

Uncle Alexander nodded twice or thrice, with the air of a man who adds up figures in his mind.

"I am forty-six," said he; "and, as I come of a long-lived family, it is just possible that I may last thirty or thirty-two years longer. My father died at ninety-four. . . . What do you think, hey?"

"I should say it was very likely indeed, sir, and I'm sure Marguerite . . ."

"Never mind Marguerite," interrupted he, plucking at the moustache. "Make the calculation—add up the items—and tell me if you don't think it a pity that you and I should live alone for thirty-two years, when we might as well be happy and comfortable together?"

I was struck dumb, and the needle dropped from my fingers.

"Well, what do you say?" said Uncle Alexander, laying down his pipe, and looking up suddenly in my face. "Shall we be married to-morrow fortnight?"

AMELIA B. EDWARDS, "*Hand and Glove.*"

"RORY," said Kathleen, rather sadly, "don't be talkin' this way to me—it's good for neither of us."

"Kathleen darling!" said Rory, "what's the matther with you?" and he approached her, and gently took her hand.

"Nothing," said she, "nothing—only it's foolishness."

"Don't call honest love foolishness, Kathleen dear. Sure, why would we have hearts in our bodies if we didn't love? Sure, our hearts would be of no use at all without we wor fond of one another. Arrah! what's the matther with you, Kathleen?"

"I must go home, Rory;—let me go, Rory dear," said she, with a touching tone of sadness on the *dear*, as she strove to disengage from her waist the hand that Rory had stolen round it.

"No, I won't let you go, Kathleen *marourneen*," said Rory, with passion and pathos, as he held her closer in his embrace. "Now or never, Kathleen, I must have your answer. You are the girl that is, and ever was, in the very core of my heart, and I'll never love another but yourself. Don't be afraid that I'll change; I'm young, but I'm thrue; the blessed sun that sees us both this minit is not thruer; and he's a witness to what I say to you now, Kathleen *asthore*, that you are the pulse o' my heart, and I'll never rest aisy till you're my wife."

Kathleen could not speak. She trembled while Rory made his last address to her; her lip quivered as he proceeded; two big tear-drops sprang to her eyes, and hung on their long, dark lashes, when he called her "pulse of his heart;" but when he named the holy name of wife, she fell upon his neck and burst into a violent flood of tears.

Rory felt this was a proof of his being beloved; but it was not the way in which, from Kathleen's sportive nature, he thought it likely she would accept a husband to whom there was no objection; and while he soothed the sobbing of the agitated girl, he wondered what could be the cause of her violent emotion. When she became calm, he said, "Kathleen dear, don't be vexed with me if I took you too sudden:—you know I'm none of the coolest, and so forgive me, jewel! I'll say no more to you now; only give me an answer at your own good time, my darling."

Kathleen wiped the tears from her eyes, and said, "No, Rory dear; you've been plain with me, and I'll be plain with you. As for myself—" she looked up in his eyes, and their soft and confiding expression, and the gentle pressure of the hand that accompanied the look, told more than the words could have done which her maiden modesty forbade her utter.

SAMUEL LOVER, "*Rory O' More.*"

THEN she looked up at Deronda, who had not dared to speak to her in her white agitation. She looked up at him, unable to utter a word—the look seemed a tacit acceptance of the humiliation she felt in his presence. But he, taking her clasped hands between both his, said, in reverent adoration,

"Mirah, let me think that he is my father as well as yours—that we can have no sorrow, no disgrace, no joy apart. I will rather take your grief to be mine than I would take the brightest joy of another woman. Say you will not reject me—say you will take me to share all things with you. Say you will promise to be my wife—say it now. I have been in doubt so long—I have had to hide my love so long. Say that now and always I may prove to you that I love you with a complete love."

The change in Mirah had been gradual. She had not passed at once from anguish to the full, blessed consciousness that, in this moment of grief and shame, Deronda was giving her the highest tribute man can give to woman. With the first tones and the first words, she had only a sense of solemn comfort, referring this goodness of Deronda's to his feeling for Ezra. But by degrees the rapturous assurance of unhopedor good took possession of her frame; her face glowed under Deronda's as he bent over her; yet she looked up still with intense gravity, as when she had first acknowledged with religious gratitude that he thought her "worthy of the best;" and when he had finished, she could say nothing—she could only lift up her lips to his and just kiss them, as if that were the simplest "Yes."

GEORGE ELIOT, "*Daniel Deronda.*"



"GUARDIAN," I said, rather hesitating and trembling, "when would you like to have the answer to the letter Charley came for?"

"When it's ready, my dear," he replied.

"I think it is ready," said I.

"Is Charley to bring it?" he asked pleasantly.

"No. I have brought it myself, Guardian," I returned.

I put my two arms round his neck and kissed him; and he said was this the mistress of Bleak House; and I said yes.

CHARLES DICKENS, "*Bleak House*."

POPINOT, emboldened by his aunt, who told him to dare all, ventured to tell his love to the charming girl, during the pauses of the quadrille, using, however, the roundabout terms of a timid lover.

"My fortune depends on you, mademoiselle."

"And how?"

"There is but one hope that can enable me to make it."

"Then hope."

"Do you know what you have said to me in those two words?" murmured Popinot.

"Hope for fortune," said Césarine, with an arch smile. . . .

"You spoke to him of me?" said Popinot; "you have read my heart? Have you read all that is there?"

"Perhaps."

"I am very happy," said Popinot. "If you would lighten all my fears—in a year I shall be so prosperous that your father cannot object when I speak to him of our marriage. From henceforth I will sleep only five hours a night."

"Do not injure yourself," said Césarine, with an inexpressible accent, and a look in which Popinot was suffered to read her thoughts.

HONORÉ DE BALZAC, "*César Birotteau*."

SOOTH to say, Mr. Rokesmith not only passed the window, but came into the counting-house. And not only came into the counting-house, but, finding himself alone there with Bella and her father, rushed at Bella and caught her in his arms, with the rapturous words, "My dear, dear girl; my gallant, generous, disinterested, courageous, noble girl!" And not only that even (which one might have thought astonishment enough for one dose), but Bella, after hanging her head for a moment, lifted it up and laid it on his breast, as if that were her head's chosen and lasting resting-place!

"I knew you would come to him, and I followed you," said Rokesmith. "My love! my life! You *are* mine?"

To which Bella responded, "Yes, I am yours if you think me worth taking!"

CHARLES DICKENS, "*Our Mutual Friend*."

"ROMOLA mia, thou wilt reach the needful volumes—thou knowest them—on the fifth shelf of the cabinet."

Tito rose at the same moment with Romola, saying, "I will reach them, if you will point them out," and followed her hastily into the adjoining small room, where the walls were also covered with ranges of books in perfect order.

"There they are," said Romola, pointing upward; "every book is just where it was when my father ceased to see them."

Tito stood by her without hastening to reach the books. They had never been in this room together before.

"I hope," she continued, turning her eyes full on Tito, with a look of grave confidence,— "I hope he will not weary you; this work makes him so happy."

"And me too, Romola—if you will only let me say, I love you—if you will only think me worth loving a little."

His speech was the softest murmur, and the dark, beautiful face, nearer to hers than it had ever been before, was looking at her with beseeching tenderness.

"I do love you," murmured Romola; she looked at him with the same simple majesty as ever, but her voice had never in her life before sunk to that murmur. It seemed to them both that they were looking at each other a long while before her lips moved again; yet it was but a moment till she said, "I know *now* what it is to be happy."

The faces just met, and the dark curls mingled for an instant with the rippling gold. Quick as lightning after that, Tito set his foot on a projecting ledge of the book-shelves, and reached down the needful volumes. They were both contented to be silent and separate, for that first blissful experience of mutual consciousness was all the more exquisite for being unperturbed by immediate sensation.

GEORGE ELIOT, "*Romola*."

WE all went together into the drawing-room. After a short and unentertaining conversation, Mrs. Selwyn said she must prepare for her journey, and begged me to see for some books she had left in the parlor.

And here, while I was looking for them, I was followed by Lord Orville. He shut the door after he came in, and approaching me with a look of anxiety, said, "Is this true, Miss Anville? are you going?"

"I believe so, my lord," said I, still looking for the books.

"So suddenly, so unexpectedly must I lose you?"

"No great loss, my lord," cried I, endeavoring to speak cheerfully.

"Is it possible," said he, gravely, "Miss Anville can doubt my sincerity?"

"I can't imagine," cried I, "what Mrs. Selwyn has done with these books."

"Would to Heaven," continued he, "I might flatter myself you would allow me to prove it!"

"I must run upstairs," cried I, greatly confused, "and ask what she has done with them."

"You are going, then," cried he, taking my hand, "and you give

me not the smallest hope of your return!—will you not, then, my too lovely friend!—will you not, at least, teach me, with fortitude like your own, to support your absence?”

“My lord,” cried I, endeavoring to disengage my hand, “pray let me go!”

“I will,” cried he, to my inexpressible confusion, dropping on one knee, “if you wish to leave me!”

“Oh, my lord,” exclaimed I, “rise, I beseech you, rise!—such a posture to me!—surely your lordship is not so cruel as to mock me!”

“Mock you!” repeated he, earnestly, “no, I revere you! I esteem and admire you above all human beings! you are the friend to whom my soul is attached as to its better half! you are the most amiable, the most perfect of women! and you are dearer to me than language has the power of telling.”

I attempt not to describe my sensations at that moment; I scarce breathed; I doubted if I existed—the blood forsook my cheeks, and my feet refused to sustain me. Lord Orville, hastily rising, supported me to a chair, upon which I sunk, almost lifeless.

For a few minutes we neither of us spoke; and then, seeing me recover, Lord Orville, though in terms hardly articulate, entreated my pardon for his abruptness. The moment my strength returned, I attempted to rise, but he would not permit me.

I cannot write the scene that followed, though every word is engraven on my heart; but his protestations, his expressions, were too flattering for repetition; nor would he, in spite of my repeated efforts to leave him, suffer me to escape:—in short, my dear sir, I was not proof against his solicitations—and he drew from me the most sacred secret of my heart!

MISS BURNEY, “*Evelina*.”

"AND now," he went on, "I ask you, as the greatest favor possible, to reflect seriously on the many disadvantages of the marriage that I hope one day to propose to you again."

"The disadvantages?"

"Yes; as you remarked yourself, the disadvantages are sometimes what reconcile. (They satisfy, I suppose, the craving for self-sacrifice.) I thought it was very sweet of you."

"You have many singular thoughts; but I had better hear the disadvantages."

"There's my temper—I am afraid my temper is sometimes rather stormy."

"Is it? I shall not allow you to call that a disadvantage; not an *attractive* one, at least. I do not like a man to be so tame that he cannot fire up on any occasion whatever."

"Then I am so ugly."

"You don't think so yourself."

"Some allowance must be made for the self-conceit of man."

"And nobody else does."

"That shows nobody else's bad taste."

"And I don't."

"You don't! I understood that you did, and I have been hideously ugly ever since." After a pause, "We have caused you nothing but misery, both Valentine and I."

"Have you?"

"But you do not want to forget?" . . .

"I am not willing to forget you on any terms—on any terms whatever."

"If that be so," he answered, "I will venture to ask you one question more. Have you any wish that you could care more for me—should you be glad to love me if you could?"

Perhaps that was a singular question to ask; but, however that may be, it was a question that I found suitable, and to which I could answer frankly, "Yes."



"Then," he answered, gravely and gently, "I will teach you to love me, my sweet, if you will let me."

JEAN INGELow, "*Off the Skelligs.*"

In another moment the door which led from the upper storey was flung open, and Véronique, in holiday costume, with red ribbons twisted in her black plaits of hair, had set her foot upon the staircase, and meeting the glowing, ardent glance directed upward to attend her coming, stood there, blushing and trembling from head to foot, too bashful to advance, and too delighted to retreat.

"Come here, Véronique," said Gordon Romilly, holding out his arms to receive her, "come here, and tell me, if you'll be my little wife?"

"*Votre femme,*" exclaimed the girl, without moving from her position, "*Monsieur! c'est impossible, je ne peux pas le croire.*"

"Say that it shall be so, Véronique, and I'll soon make you believe it! But, perhaps, you would rather not?"

"Monsieur!" in a tone of remonstrance.

"Well, come down here, then, and tell me what you wish."

She advanced a few steps timidly toward him, and he put out his hand and pulled her down the remainder of the flight, until she rested in the circle of his embrace.

"Will you marry me, Véronique?" kissing her.

"*Mais oui, Monsieur.*"

"Will you be my wife?" kissing her again.

"*Mais oui, Monsieur.*"

"Will you ever call me 'Monsieur' again?"

"*Mais oui, Monsieur,*" replied Véronique, not knowing what she said.

FLORENCE MARRYATT, "*Véronique.*"

"I AM glad for father's sake," she said to Philip, "that thee has come. I can see that he depends greatly upon what thee can do. He thinks women won't hold out long," added Ruth, with the smile that Philip never exactly understood.

"And aren't you tired sometimes of the struggle?"

"Tired? Yes, everybody is tired, I suppose. But it is a glorious profession. And would you want me to be dependent, Philip?"

"Well, yes, a little," said Philip, feeling his way toward what he wanted to say.

"On what, for instance, just now?" asked Ruth, a little maliciously, Philip thought.

"Why on—" He couldn't quite say it, for it occurred to him that he was a poor stick for anybody to lean on in the present state of his fortune, and that the woman before him was at least as independent as he was.

"I don't mean depend," he began again. "But I love you, that's all. Am I nothing to you?" And Philip looked a little defiant, and as if he had said something that ought to brush away all the sophistries of obligation on either side, between man and woman.

Perhaps Ruth saw this. Perhaps she saw that her own theories of a certain equality of power, which ought to precede a union of two hearts, might be pushed too far. Perhaps she had felt sometimes her own weakness and the need after all of so dear a sympathy and so tender an interest confessed, as that which Philip could give. Whatever moved her—the riddle is as old as creation—she simply looked up to Philip and said in a low voice,—

"Everything."

And Philip, clasping both her hands in his, and looking down into her eyes, which drank in all his tenderness with the thirst of a true woman's nature—

"Oh Philip! come out here," shouted young Eli, throwing the door wide open.

MARK TWAIN, "*The Gilded Age*."

As HE took his hat, another discharge was heard, almost instantly followed by a brisk running fire.

"There is fighting going on, I am sure of it," cried Lucy, terrified, and shaking all over. "Do not go, for mercy's sake!" . . .

"I *must* go," he said. It was as if Fate had spoken. Lucy felt at once unequal to struggle with that iron will. She joined her hands like a child about to pray, looked up into his face, and said, "Oh, Antonio!" There was a world of things in this simple appeal.

The Italian drew her to him, pressed her closely to his bosom. "Lucy," said he, solemnly, "this is no moment for many words." (The firing never slackened while he spoke.) "Lucy, I love you—I have loved you dearly all these long eight years—I shall love you to my grave. But my country has claims on me prior to yours. These claims I vowed more solemnly than ever to respect on that day, when prejudice, armed with a pedigree, stood between you and me. On that day I pledged myself anew to my country. Let me redeem that pledge—let me do my duty—help me to do it, Lucy! Lucy, my noble friend, help me to be worthy of you and myself. In the name of all that is holy, let me depart without a painful struggle!"

The heroic spirit that dictated his self-immolation, in the sweetest moment of his life, shone out in his face and thrilled in his voice. He stood transfigured to more than man in Lucy's eyes. Her more feeble nature raised itself in this supreme instant, to a height at which every sacrifice of self is possible.

"Noble heart!" she said, with a burst of enthusiasm. "Go! and God be with you and preserve you. I will try to be worthy of you;" and she loosened her hold of him.

"And God bless you for those words!" cried Antonio, almost unmanned, clasping her hands and holding them to his heart. "God bless you!—your love shall be my buckler!" . . . He stood for a second to look on the now dejected, prostrate form before him, passed his hand over his eyes, and went without another word.

J. RUFFINI, "*Doctor Antonio.*"

THEN the door of Sabine's room opens. "Is it you, Franz?" said she, interrupting her song. No one answered. She turned round, her eyes fixed wistfully upon the figure at the door. Then her hand trembled and clasped the back of the chair, while he hurried toward her, and in passionate emotion, not knowing what he was doing, knelt down near the chair into which she had sunk, and laid his head on her hand. That was Anton. Not a word was spoken. Sabine gazed on the kneeling form, as at some beatific vision, and gently laid her hand on his shoulder.

She does not ask why he is come, nor whether he is free from the glamor that led him away. As he kneels before her, and she looks into his eyes, that tenderly and anxiously seek hers, she understands that he is returning to the firm, to her brother, and to her.

"How long you have been away!" said she, reproachfully, but with a blissful smile upon her face.

"Ever have I been here!" said Anton, passionately. "Even in the hour when I left these walls, I knew that I was giving up all of joy—all of happiness that I could hope to know; and now I am irresistibly impelled to come and tell you how it is with me. I worshipped you as a holy image while living near you. The thought of you has been my safety when far away. It has protected me in solitude, in an irregular life, in great temptation. Your form has ever risen protectingly between me and that of another. Often have I seen your eyes fixed upon me as of yore—often have you raised your hand to warn me of the danger I was in. If I have not lost myself, Sabine, I owe it to you."

And again he bent over her hand. Sabine held him fast, and whispered, "My friend! my dear friend! we must both feel that we have dreamed and struggled—that we have resolved and overcome. What must you not have suffered, my friend!"

"No," cried Anton, "it was not the same suffering nor the same strength. I saw and revered you at the time when you were silently conquering yourself. I was a weak, wilful man. I do not know what would have become of me had not your memory lived in my

soul. When far away the influence you exerted over me went on increasing, and only because I thought of you became I free."

"And how do you know that it may not have been the same in my case?" asked Sabine, looking lovingly at him.

GUSTAV FREYTAG, "*Debit and Credit*."

In a moment after, the Countess Isabelle entered on the other side of the grate, and no sooner saw Quentin alone in the parlor, than she stopped short, and cast her eyes on the ground for the space of half-a-minute. "Yet why should I be ungrateful," she said, "because others are unjustly suspicious? My friend—my preserver, I may almost say, so much have I been beset by treachery—my only faithful and constant friend!"

As she spoke thus, she extended her hand to him through the grate, nay, suffered him to retain it until he had covered it with kisses, not unmingled with tears. She only said, "Durward, were we ever to meet again, I would not permit this folly." . . .

But the Countess extricated her hand at length, and stepping a pace back from the grate, asked Durward, in a very embarrassed tone, what boon he had to ask of her? "For that you have a request to make, I have learned from the old Scottish lord who came here but now with my cousin of Crèvecoeur. Let it be but reasonable," she said, "but such as poor Isabelle can grant with duty and honor unincumbered, and you cannot tax my slender powers too highly. But, oh! do not speak hastily—do not say," she added, looking around with timidity, "aught that might, if overheard, do prejudice to us both!"

"Fear not, noble lady," said Quentin, sorrowfully, "it is not *here* that I can forget the distance which fate has placed between us, or expose you to the censures of your proud kindred, as the object of the most devoted love to one, poorer and less powerful—not perhaps less noble than themselves. Let that pass like a dream of the night to all but one bosom, where, dream as it is, it will fill up the room of all existing realities."



"Hush ! hush !" said Isabelle ; " for your own sake—for mine—be silent on such a theme. Tell me rather what it is you have to ask of me."

"Forgiveness to one," replied Quentin, " who, for his own selfish views, hath conducted himself as your enemy." . . .

"I think I understand you," said the Countess Isabelle.

"I will make my meaning plainer," said Quentin ; and was illustrating it accordingly by more than one instance, when the convent bell tolled.

"That," said the Countess, "is a signal that we must part—part forever!—But do not forget me, Durward ; I will never forget you,—your faithful services——"

She could not speak more, but again extended her hand, which was again pressed to his lips ; and I know not how it was that, in endeavoring to withdraw her hand, the Countess came so close to the grating, that Quentin was encouraged to press the adieu on her lips. The young lady did not chide him—perhaps there was no time ; for Crèvecoeur and Crawford, who had been from some loop-hole eye-witnesses, if not ear-witnesses also, of what was passing, rushed into the apartment. . . .

SIR WALTER SCOTT, "*Quentin Durward*."

" ' I HAVE to tell you that for four years you have been growing into your tutor's heart, and that you are rooted there now. I have to declare that you have bewitched me, in spite of sense and experience and difference of station and estate. You have so looked, and spoken, and moved ; so shown me your faults and your virtues—beauties, rather ; they are hardly so stern as virtues—that I love you—love you with my life and strength. It is out now.' "

"She sought what to say, but could not find a word ; she tried to rally, but vainly. I passionately repeated that I loved her.

" ' Well, Mr. Moore, what then ? ' was the answer I got, uttered in a tone that would have been petulant, if it had not faltered.

" ' Have you nothing to say ? Have you no love for me ? ' "

“ ‘A little bit.’

“ ‘I am not to be tortured ; I will not even play at present.’

“ ‘I don’t want to play ; I want to go.’

“ ‘I wonder you dare speak of going at this moment. *You go !* What ! with my heart in your hand, to lay it on your toilet and pierce it with your pins ? From my presence you do not stir ; out of my reach you do not stray, till I receive a hostage—pledge for pledge—your heart for mine.’

“ ‘The thing you want is mislaid—lost some time since. Let me go and seek it.’

“ ‘Declare that it is where your keys often are—in my possession.’

“ ‘You ought to know. And where are my keys, Mr. Moore ? Indeed and truly, I have lost them again ; and Mrs. Gill wants some money, and I have none, except this sixpence.’

“ ‘She took the coin out of her apron pocket, and showed it in her palm. I could have trifled with her, but it would not do ; life and death were at stake. Mastering at once the sixpence and the hand that held it, I demanded, ‘Am I to die without you, or am I to live for you ?’

“ ‘Do as you please ; far be it from me to dictate your choice.’

“ ‘You shall tell me with your own lips whether you doom me to exile or call me to hope.’

“ ‘Go. I can bear to be left !’

“ ‘Perhaps I too can bear to leave you ; but reply, Shirley, my pupil, my sovereign—reply.’

“ ‘Die without me if you will. Live for me if you dare.’

“ ‘I am not afraid of you, my leopardess. I *dare* live for and with you, from this hour till my death. Now, then, I have you ; you are mine ; I will never let you go. Wherever my home be, I have chosen my wife. If I stay in England, in England you will stay ; if I cross the Atlantic, you will cross it also ; our lives are riveted ; our lots intertwined.’ ”

CHARLOTTE BRONTE, “*Shirley*.”

THIS was Mr. Casaubon's letter :—

MY DEAR MISS BROOKE,— I have your guardian's permission to address you on a subject than which I have none more at heart. I am not, I trust, mistaken in the recognition of some deeper correspondence than that of date, in the fact that a consciousness of need in my own life had arisen contemporaneously with the possibility of my becoming acquainted with you. For in the first hour of meeting you, I had an impression of your eminent and perhaps exclusive fitness to supply that need (connected, I may say, with such activity of the affections as even the preoccupations of a work too special to be abdicated could not uninterruptedly dissimulate); and each succeeding opportunity for observation has given the impression an added depth by convincing me more emphatically of that fitness which I had preconceived, and thus evoking more decisively those affections to which I have but now referred. Our conversations have, I think, made sufficiently clear to you the tenor of my life and purposes—a tenor unsuited, I am aware, to the commoner order of minds. But I have discerned in you an elevation of thought and a capability of devotedness, which I had hitherto not conceived to be compatible either with the early bloom of youth or with those graces of sex that may be said at once to win and to confer distinction when combined, as they notably are in you, with the mental qualities above indicated. It was, I confess, beyond my hope to meet with this rare combination of elements both solid and attractive, adapted to supply aid in graver labors and to cast a charm over vacant hours; and but for the event of my introduction to you (which, let me again say, I trust not to be superficially coincident with foreshadowing needs, but providentially related thereto as stages toward the completion of a life's plan), I should presumably have gone on to the last without any attempt to lighten my solitariness by a matrimonial union.

Such, my dear Miss Brooke, is the accurate statement of my feelings; and I rely on your kind indulgence in venturing now to ask you how far your own are of a nature to confirm my happy presentiment. To be accepted by you as your husband and the earthly guardian of your welfare, I should regard as the highest of providential gifts. In

return, I can at least offer you an affection hitherto unwasted, and the faithful consecration of a life which, however short in the sequel, has no backward pages whereon, if you choose to turn them, you will find records such as might justly cause you either bitterness or shame. I await the expression of your sentiments with an anxiety which it would be the part of wisdom (were it possible) to divert by a more arduous labor than usual. But in this order of experience I am still young, and in looking forward to an unfavorable possibility, I cannot but feel that resignation to solitude will be more difficult after the temporary illumination of hope. In any case, I shall remain,

Yours, with sincere devotion,

EDWARD CASAUBON.

MY DEAR MR. CASAUBON,—I am very grateful to you for loving me, and thinking me worthy to be your wife. I can look forward to no better happiness than that which would be one with yours. If I said more, it would only be the same thing written out at greater length, for I cannot now dwell on any other thought than that I may be through life,

Yours devotedly,

DOROTHEA BROOKE.

GEORGE ELIOT, "*Middlemarch*."

"I INTEND," John said, "as soon as I am able, to leave Norton Bury, and go abroad for some time."

"Where?"

"To America. It is the best country for a young man who has neither money, nor kindred, nor position—nothing, in fact, but his own right hand with which to carve out his own fortunes—as I will, if I can."

She murmured something, about this being "quite right."

"I am glad you think so." But his voice had resumed that formal tone which ever and anon mingled strangely with its low, deep tender-

ness. "In any case, I must quit England. I have reasons for so doing."

"What reasons?"

The question seemed to startle John—he did not reply at once.

"If you wish, I will tell you, in order that, should I ever come back—or if I should not come back at all, you who were kind enough to be my friend will know I did not go away from mere youthful recklessness, or love of change."

He waited, apparently for some answer—but it came not, and he continued,—

"I am going, because there has befallen me a great trouble, which, while I stay here, I cannot get free from or overcome. I do not wish to sink under it—I had rather, as you said, 'do my work in the world,' as a man ought. No man has a right to say unto his Maker: 'My burden is heavier than I can bear.' Do you not think so?"

"I do."

"Do you not think I am right in thus meeting, and trying to conquer an inevitable ill?"

"Is it inevitable?"

"Hush!" John answered wildly. "Don't reason with me—you cannot judge—you do not know. It is enough that I must go. If I stay I shall become unworthy of myself, unworthy of— Forgive me, I have no right to talk thus; but you called me 'Friend,' and I would like you to think kindly of me always. Because—because—" And his voice shook—broke down utterly. "God love thee, and take care of thee, wherever I may go!"

"John, stay!"

It was but a low, faint cry, like that of a little bird. But he heard it—felt it. In the silence of the dark she crept up to him, like a young bird to its mate, and he took her into the shelter of his love forevermore. At once, all was made clear between them; for whatever the world might say, they were in the sight of heaven equal, and she received as much as she gave.

MISS MULOCK, "*John Halifax*."



Now, THOUGHT Christmas, I cannot stop; now all must be said.

"Because I loved *you*, Miss Challoner, and because I do love you, and shall love you all my life! Because I am all wild with love of you! No—don't draw away from me, or be angry. That's all I have to say. It is all over now—and I'll leave you this moment."

"But why do you tell me this?" Marie asked, all palpitating between fear and joy.

"Heaven knows—I don't know! Because I couldn't help telling you. I couldn't live if I hadn't told you. After all, what harm has it done you?"

"But if it were true—if you really felt all that for me—" she began, not unwilling, perhaps, to tempt him to say it all over again, that she might hear it again.

"If it is true? Shall I tell you a thousand times over, Miss Challoner, that I love you? I will say it a thousand times over rather than go away without knowing that you believe me. I love you—I——"

"Oh, hush!" said Marie, almost borne down by his vehemence, and a little afraid of such emotion, which was so very unlike Ronald Vidal's way. "I do believe you, if you say so. But why do you tell this to me? It must make me unhappy to think that I am the cause of your being unhappy."

"I should be ten thousand times more unhappy if I had not told you. Besides, it isn't any fault of yours. You can't help my falling in love with you. I insist upon my right," Christmas said, with an attempt at a smile, "to love you if I like, and as much as I like, and as long, and you can't prevent that. It's a free country! Well, that's all. I should be perfectly wretched if you thought I loved or cared a rush for anybody else but you; and so in listening to me, Miss Challoner, and hearing me out, you have done all you could do to make my life endurable."

"That is not much," said Marie. "You know I would do a great deal to make you happy, if I could."

"Oh, yes!" Christmas hastened to say, with something like genuine

and manly cheerfulness. "I know all that. I know that you never felt anything but the kindest friendship toward me." . . .

"Well," and she drew a long breath, "it's no matter. I meant well. And you are really going to Japan?"

"Yes, I am going."

"I wish you could take me with you."

"You wouldn't care to be there. You are much happier here." He thought she was only jesting about her love for travel and seeing the world.

"I shall not be happy here."

"But you have everything to make you happy—and when you are married—you can travel again, and——"

"I am not going to be married. No—you need not look surprised. It is quite true—I am not going to be married. I have broken all that off—this long time—yesterday—I don't know when. But I am free."

"Why did you do this?" the wondering youth asked.

"Why? Because I had made a mistake in life. Am I the first girl who didn't know her own mind? Because people persuaded me, and I didn't know myself—not in the least. Now I do—and I am free. But this is only personal talk—about myself, and I must not detain you. Good-by, Mr. Pembroke."

Our hero was for the moment all puzzled.

"You changed your mind?"

"Yes. No, though—I don't think I did. I only found out my mind—found what I ought to have known long ago."

Was any faint idea breaking in now on the mist of Christmas's mind?

"What ought you to have known long ago? Is it wrong to ask you?"

"I ought to have known that I cared for—for somebody else."

Christmas was standing with his hat in his hand. He tossed his hat on the table near, and moved toward her, half in hope, half in fear, hardly knowing what he did or felt.

"Yes," she said, "I am very sorry; it was very wrong and

thoughtless of me to him; but I didn't know—and they told me you were in love with *her*. . . . I'll go with you to Japan or anywhere if you like!"

JUSTIN MCCARTHY, "*Dear Lady Disdain*."

MRS. BENNETT and Katy walked off, and as soon as they were gone, Mr. Collins began,—

"Believe me, my dear Miss Elizabeth, that your modesty, so far from doing you any dis-service, rather adds to your other perfections. You would have been less amiable in my eyes had there *not* been this little unwillingness; but allow me to assure you that I have your respected mother's permission for this address. You can hardly doubt the purport of my discourse, however your natural delicacy may lead you to dissemble. My attentions have been too marked to be mistaken. Almost as soon as I entered the house I singled you out as the companion of my future life. But before I am run away with by my feelings on this subject, perhaps it will be advisable for me to state my reasons for marrying—and moreover, for coming into Hertfordshire with the design of selecting a wife, as I certainly did."

The idea of Mr. Collins, with all his solemn composure, being run away with by his feelings, made Elizabeth so near laughing that she could not use the short pause he allowed in any attempt to stop him further, and he continued,—

"My reasons for marrying are, first, that I think it a right thing for every clergyman in easy circumstances (like myself) to set the example of matrimony in his parish. Secondly, that I am convinced it will add very greatly to my happiness; and thirdly—which perhaps, I ought to have mentioned earlier, that it is the particular advice and recommendation of the very noble lady whom I have the honor of calling patroness. Twice has she condescended to give me her opinion (unasked too!) on this subject; and it was but the very Saturday night before I left Hunsford—between our pools at quadrille, while Mrs. Jenkinson was

arranging Miss De Bourgh's footstool—that she said, ‘Mr. Collins, you must marry. A clergyman like you must marry. Choose properly, choose a gentlewoman for *my* sake, and for your *own*, let her be an active, useful sort of person; not brought up high, but able to make a small income go a good way. This is my advice. Find such a woman as soon as you can, bring her to Hunsford, and I will visit her.’ Allow me, by the way, to observe, my fair cousin, that I do not reckon the notice and kindness of Lady Catherine de Bourgh as among the least of the advantages in my power to offer you. You will find her manners beyond anything I can describe; and your wit and vivacity, I think, must be acceptable to her, especially when tempered with the silence and respect which her rank will inevitably excite. Thus much for my general intention in favor of matrimony; it remains to be told why my views were directed to Longbourn instead of my own neighborhood, where I assure you there are many amiable young women. But the fact is, that being, as I am, to inherit this estate after the death of your honored father (who, however, may live many years longer), I could not satisfy myself without resolving to choose a wife from among his daughters, that the loss to them might be as little as possible, when the melancholy event takes place—which, however, as I have already said, may not be for several years. This has been my motive, my fair cousin, and I flatter myself it will not sink me in your esteem. And now nothing remains for me but to assure you, in the most animated language, of the violence of my affection. To fortune I am perfectly indifferent, and shall make no demand of that nature on your father, since I am well aware that it could not be complied with; and that one thousand pounds in the four per cents, which will not be yours until after your mother's decease, is all that you may ever be entitled to. On that head, therefore, I shall be uniformly silent; and you may assure yourself that no ungenerous reproach shall ever pass my lips when we are married.”

It was absolutely necessary to interrupt him now.

“You are too hasty, sir,” she cried. “You forget that I have made no answer. Let me do it without further loss of time. Accept my thanks for the compliment you are paying me. I am very sensible of

the honor of your proposals, but it is impossible for me to do otherwise than decline them."

"I am not now to learn," replied Mr. Collins, with a formal wave of the hand, "that it is usual with young ladies to reject the addresses of the man whom they secretly mean to accept when he first applies for their favor; and that sometimes the refusal is repeated a second or even a third time. I am, therefore, by no means discouraged by what you have just said, and shall hope to lead you to the altar ere long."

"Upon my word, sir," cried Elizabeth, "your hope is rather an extraordinary one after my declaration. I do assure you that I am not one of those young ladies (if such young ladies there are) who are so daring as to risk their happiness on the chance of being asked the second time. I am perfectly serious in my refusal. You could not make *me* happy, and I am convinced that I am the last woman in the world who would make *you* so. Nay, were your friend Lady Catherine to know me, I am persuaded she would find me in every respect ill qualified for the situation."

"Were it certain that Lady Catherine would think so," said Mr. Collins, very gravely—"but I cannot imagine that her Ladyship would at all disapprove of you. And you may be certain that when I have the honor of seeing her again, I shall speak in the highest terms of your modesty, economy and other amiable qualifications."

"Indeed, Mr. Collins, all praise of me will be unnecessary. You must give me leave to judge for myself, and pay me the compliment of believing what I say. I wish you very happy and very rich, and by refusing your hand, do all in my power to prevent your being otherwise. In making me the offer, you must have satisfied the delicacy of your feelings with regard to my family, and may take possession of Longbourn estate, whenever it falls, without any self-reproach. This matter may be considered, therefore, as finally settled." And rising as she thus spoke, she would have quitted the room, had not Mr. Collins thus addressed her,—

"When I do myself the honor of speaking to you next on the subject, I shall hope to receive a more favorable answer than you have



now given me; though I am far from accusing you of cruelty at present, because I know it to be the established custom of your sex to reject a man on the first application, and perhaps you have even now said as much to encourage my suit as would be consistent with the true delicacy of the female character."

"Really, Mr. Collins," cried Elizabeth, with some warmth, "you puzzle me exceedingly. If what I have hitherto said can appear to you in the form of encouragement, I know not how to express my refusal in such a way as may convince you of its being one."

"You must give me leave to flatter myself, my dear cousin, that your refusal of my addresses is merely a thing of course. My reasons for believing it are briefly these:—It does not appear to me that my hand is unworthy your acceptance, or that the establishment I can offer would be any other than highly desirable. My situation in life, my connections with the family of De Bourgh, and my relationship to your own, are circumstances highly in my favor; and you should take it into further consideration that, in spite of your manifold attractions, it is by no means certain that another offer of marriage may ever be made you. Your portion is unhappily so small, that it will in all likelihood undo the effects of your loveliness and amiable qualifications. As I must, therefore, conclude that you are not serious in your rejection of me, I shall choose to attribute it to your wish of increasing my love by suspense, according to the usual practice of elegant females."

"I do assure you, sir, that I have no pretensions whatever to that kind of elegance which consists in tormenting a respectable man. I would rather be paid the compliment of being believed sincere. I thank you again and again for the honor you have done me in your proposals, but to accept them is absolutely impossible. My feelings in every respect forbid it. Can I speak plainer? Do not consider me now as an elegant female intending to plague you, but as a rational creature speaking the truth from her heart."

"You are uniformly charming!" said he, with an air of awkward gallantry; "and I am persuaded that, when sanctioned by the express

authority of both your excellent parents, my proposals will not fail of being acceptable."

To such perseverance in wilful self-deception, Elizabeth would make no reply, and immediately and in silence withdrew.

MISS AUSTEN, "*Pride and Prejudice*."

A FEW days after they had quitted Besa, he was sitting alone with the poetess on the deck of the Nile boat, which, borne by the current and propelled by a hundred oars, was rapidly and steadily nearing its destination. . . .

. . . "Can you forgive me for my conduct?"

"I never was angry with you."

"But I lost your esteem."

"No, Balbilla. Beauty, which is dear to us all, and which the Muse has kissed, attracted your easily moved poet's soul, and it fluttered off at random. Let it fly! My friend's true womanly nature was never carried away by it. She stands on a rock, that I am sure of."

"How good and kind in you to say so—too good, too kind! for I am a feeble creature, turned by every breeze that blows; a vain little fool, who does not know one hour what she may do the next; a spoilt child that likes best to do the thing it ought to leave undone; a weak girl who finds a pleasure in doing battle with men. For all in all——"

"For all in all a darling of the gods, who to-day can climb the rocks with a firm step, and to-morrow lies dreaming in the sunshine among flowers—for all in all a nature that has no equal and which lacks nothing, nothing whatever that constitutes a true woman, excepting——"

"I know what I lack," cried Balbilla. "A strong man on whom I can depend, whose warnings I can respect. You, you are that man; you and none other, for as soon as I feel you by my side, I find it difficult to do what I know to be wrong. Here I am, Pontius! Will you have me with all my moods, with all my faults and weaknesses?"

"Balbilla!" cried the architect, beside himself with heartfelt agitation and surprise, and he pressed her hand long and fervently to his lips.

"You will? You will take me? You will never leave me, you will warn, support me and protect me?"

"Till my last day, till death, as my child, as the apple of my eye, as—dare I say it and believe it?—as my love, my second self, my wife."

"Oh! Pontius, Pontius," she exclaimed, grasping his broad right hand in both her own. "This hour restores to the orphaned Balbilla, father and mother, and gives her beside the husband that she loves."

"Mine, mine!" cried the architect. "Immortal gods! During half a lifetime I have never found time, in the midst of labor and fatigue, to indulge in the joys of love; and now, you give me with interest and compound interest the treasure you have so long withheld."

"How can you, a reasonable man, so overestimate the value of your possession? But you shall find some good in it. Life can no longer be conceived of as worth having without the possessor."

"And to me it has so long seemed empty and cold without you, you strange, unique, incomparable creature."

GEORGE EBERS, "*The Emperor*."

"THIS may prove our last meal on board the 'Grosvenor,'" I added, to Miss Robertson, as the boatswain left us.

She looked at me inquiringly, but did not speak.

"Before we knew," I continued, "that poor Cornish was dying, the boatswain and I resolved that we should all of us leave the ship. We have no longer the strength to man the pumps. The water is coming in at the rate of a foot an hour, and we have found latterly that even three of us cannot pump more at a time out of her than six or seven

inches, and every spell at the pumps leaves us more exhausted. But even though we had hesitated to leave her, yet now that Cornish is gone, and the steward has fallen imbecile, we have no alternative."

"I understand," she said, glancing at the boat and compressing her lips.

"You are not afraid—you who have shown more heart and courage than all of us put together?"

"No—I am not much afraid. I believe that God is looking down upon us, and that He will preserve us. But," she cried, taking a short breath, and clasping her hands convulsively, "it will be very, very lonely on the great sea in that little boat!"

"Why more lonely in that little boat than on this broken and sinking ship? I believe, with you, that God is looking down upon us, and that He has given us that pure and beautiful sky as an encouragement and a promise. Contrast the sea now with what it was this morning. In a few hours hence it will be calm; and believe me when I say that we shall be a thousand-fold safer in that boat than we are in this strained and leaking ship. Even while we talk now the water is creeping into the hold, and every hour will make her sink deeper and deeper until she disappears beneath the surface. On the other hand, we may have many days together of this fine weather. I will steer the boat for the Bermuda Islands, which we cannot miss by heading the boat west, even if I should lack the means of ascertaining our exact whereabouts, which you may trust me will not be the case. Moreover, the chance of our being rescued by a passing ship will be much greater when we are in the boat than it is while we remain here; for no ship, though she were commanded by a savage, would refuse to pick a boat up and take its occupants on board; whereas vessels, as we have already discovered to our cost, will sight distressed ships and leave them to shift for themselves."

"I do not doubt you are right," she replied with a plaintive smile. "I should not say or do anything to oppose you. And believe me," she exclaimed earnestly, "that I do not think more of my own life than of that of my companions. Death is not so terrible but that we may

meet it, if God wills, calmly. And I would rather die at once, than win a few short years of life on hard and bitter terms."

She looked at the steward as she spoke, and an expression of beautiful pity came into her face. . . .

"Miss Robertson," I said, "in my heart I am pledged to save your life. If you die, we both die—of that be sure."

"I know what I owe you," she answered in a low and broken voice. "I know that my life is yours, won by you from the very jaws of death, soothed and supported by you afterward. What my gratitude is God only knows. I have no words to tell you."

"Do you give me the life I have saved?" I asked, wondering at my own breathless voice as I questioned her.

"I do," she replied, lifting up her eyes and looking at me.

"Do you give it to me because your sweet and generous gratitude makes you think it my due?—not knowing I am poor, not remembering that my station in life is humble, without a question as to my past?"

"I give it to you because I love you!" she answered, extending her hand.

I drew her toward me and kissed her forehead. "God bless you, Mary darling, for your faith in me! God bless you for your priceless gift of your love to me! Living or dead, dearest, we are one!"

And she, as though to seal these words, which our danger invested with an entrancing mysteriousness, raised my hand to her spotless lips, and then held it for some moments to her heart.

W. CLARK RUSSELL, "*The Wreck of the 'Grosvenor.'*"

"BUT suppose, Maggie—suppose it was a man who was not conceited—who felt that he had nothing to be conceited about—who had been marked from childhood for a peculiar kind of suffering—and to whom you were the day-star of his life—who loved you, worshipped you, so entirely that he felt it happiness enough for him if you would let him see you at rare moments——"



Philip paused with a pang of dread lest his confession should cut short this very happiness—a pang of the same dread that had kept his love mute through long months. A rush of self-consciousness told him that he was besotted to have said all this. Maggie's manner this morning had been as unconstrained and indifferent as ever. . . .

She was quite silent. . . .

"Maggie," said Philip, getting more and more alarmed in every fresh moment of silence, "I was a fool to say it—forget that I've said it. I shall be contented if things can be as they were."

The distress with which he spoke urged Maggie to say something. "I am so surprised, Philip—I had not thought of it." And the effort to say this brought the tears down too.

"Has it made you hate me, Maggie?" said Philip, impetuously. "Do you think I'm a presumptuous fool?"

"Oh, Philip!" said Maggie, "how can you think I have such feelings?—as if I were not grateful for *any* love. But . . . but I never thought of your being my lover. It seemed so far off—like a dream—only like one of the stories one imagines—that I should ever have a lover."

"Then can you bear to think of me as a lover, Maggie?" said Philip, seating himself by her and taking her hand, in the elation of a sudden hope. "*Do* you love me?"

Maggie turned rather pale; this direct question seemed not easy to answer. But her eyes met Philip's, which were in this moment liquid and beautiful with beseeching love. She spoke with hesitation, yet with sweet, simple, girlish tenderness.

"I think I could hardly love any one better; there is nothing but what I love you for." . . .

They stopped to part among the Scotch firs.

"Then my life will be filled with hope, Maggie—and I shall be happier than other men, in spite of all? We *do* belong to each other—for always—whether we are apart or together."

"Yes, Philip; I should like never to part. I should like to make your life very happy."

"I am waiting for something else—I wonder whether it will come."

Maggie smiled, with glistening tears, and then stooped her tall head to kiss the pale face that was full of pleading, timid love—like a woman's.

She had a moment of real happiness then—a moment of belief that, if there were sacrifice in this love, it was all the richer and more satisfying.

GEORGE ELIOT, "*The Mill on the Floss*."

He remained silent till she had closed the door, and then he gave his message.

"He has sent me with a request to you," he said, "but I hardly know how to make it. I am such a stranger to you that it seems almost like impertinence—" He had begun to speak without looking at her, with his eyes on the ground. "But I have no choice in the matter. I have learned from Mr. Faulkner that a few weeks ago he made you a proposal of marriage. He tells me that you rejected it, but now—he has a dying man's fancy—he has sent me here to ask you if you could face the thought of becoming—if you could possibly consent to become—his wife on his death-bed."

He raised his head as he reached the last part of his sentence; their eyes met for a moment as he ceased to speak, and from Anne's lips some murmured sound escaped—not words, but a low half-cry of mingled pain and pity.

He paused uneasily for a second or two, but she made no other answer to him, and then he went on speaking again.

"He is quite aware how great and how unusual a thing he is asking from you. Of course nothing but his firm belief that he is dying could justify him in asking it for a moment, or me in being his messenger; but the desire has taken such a hold upon him—he sends such entreaties that you will yield to it—that you will let him call you his wife before he dies. Miss Warwick, I am most unwilling to urge you—I feel how utterly I am without any right to do it—but I have been

forced to bring this message to you ; and I can only say that if it is possible for you to do what he asks you—if you can consent to become his wife in this strange way—you will be doing a very generous thing, for you will comfort his last hours as no one else can comfort them.”

The color had gone from her face ; she was sitting quite still, with her eyes fixed on Mr. Travers’s face, with a kind of terror in them. What was she to say ?

“ Why need I marry him ? ” she asked suddenly and almost breathlessly. “ I am ready to go to him—this moment, if he will let me. Did he think I would only come to him if I was his wife ? Oh, tell him he is wrong. I am ready to come and stay at Sutton. Tell him that. Will not that be enough ? ”

And then Mr. Travers cleared his throat and changed his attitude uneasily, for he did not know how to answer her.

“ Well, yes—of course it would be enough, if he was in a condition to listen to reason—if he could be argued with like an ordinary healthy man,” he replied after a few moments’ silence ; “ but there is the difficulty, you see, for the point he has set his heart on is the getting you to be his wife—the getting you to bear his name. Of course I have no right to offer you any advice—no one could feel that more than I do ; but I think if you could possibly prevail upon yourself to give him at least a kind of provisional promise, something that would have the effect of soothing him—the tendency to excitement, you see, is so great : if you could send back some message by me—worded as carefully as you like—that should have the effect of calming him for the present, of course we would take every care——”

Mr. Travers’s hesitating speech broke off here without coming to any end, and there was a pause for almost a minute. At the end of that time Anne spoke in a low, unnatural voice.

“ Tell him—tell him that I will do what he asks,” she said.

“ The words came quickly, but almost with a shudder ; her color had blazed up, and was burning in a hot, bright spot on both her cheeks.

“ May I really tell him that ? ” Mr. Travers joyfully asked.

“ I will come when he likes—and at the end—if he wishes it—I will

marry him. But it must be *only* at the end—not before; you understand that?" she said hurriedly.

"Certainly. That is all that even he asks."

GEORGIANA M. CRAIK, "*Anne Warwick.*"

AS THIS was a great deal for the carrier (whose name was Mr. Barkis) to say—he being, as I observed in a former chapter, of a phlegmatic temperament, and not at all conversational—I offered him a cake as a mark of attention, which he ate at one gulp, exactly like an elephant, and which made no more impression on his big face than it would have done on an elephant's.

"Did *she* make 'em now!" said Mr. Barkis, always leaning forward, in his slouching way, on the foot-board of the cart, with an arm on each knee.

"Peggotty, do you mean, sir?"

"Ah!" said Mr. Barkis. "Her."

"Yes. She makes all our pastry, and does all our cooking."

"Do she, though?" said Mr. Barkis.

He made up his mouth as if to whistle, but he didn't whistle. He sat looking at the horse's ears as if he saw something new there; and sat so for a considerable time. By-and-by he said:

"No sweethearts, I b'lieve?"

"Sweetmeats did you say, Mr. Barkis?" For I thought he wanted something else to eat, and had pointedly alluded to that description of refreshment.

"Hearts," said Mr. Barkis. "Sweethearts; no person walks with her?"

"With Peggotty?"

"Ah!" he said. "Her."

"Oh, no. She never had a sweetheart."

"Didn't she, though?" said Mr. Barkis.

Again he made up his mouth to whistle, and again he didn't whistle, but sat looking at the horse's ears.

"So she makes," said Mr. Barkis, after a long interval of reflection, "all the apple parsties, and doos all the cooking, do she?"

I replied that such was the fact.

"Well, I'll tell you what," said Mr. Barkis. "P'raps you might be writin' to her?"

"I shall certainly write to her," I rejoined.

"Ah!" he said, slowly turning his eyes toward me. "Well! If you was writin' to her, p'raps you'd recollect to say that Barkis was willin'; would you?"

"That Barkis is willing," I repeated innocently. "Is that all the message?"

"Ye-es," he said, considering. "Ye-es. Barkis is willin'."

"But you will be at Blunderstone again to-morrow, Mr. Barkis," I said, faltering a little at the idea of my being far away from it then, "and could give your own message so much better."

As he repudiated this suggestion, however, with a jerk of his head, and once more confirmed his previous request by saying with profound gravity, "Barkis is willin'. That's the message," I readily undertook its transmission. While I was waiting for the coach in the hotel at Yarmouth that very afternoon, I procured a sheet of paper and an ink-stand, and wrote a note to Peggotty which ran thus: "My dear Peggotty. I have come here safe. Barkis is willing. My love to mama. Yours affectionately.—P.S. He says he particularly wants you to know—*Barkis is willing.*"

. . . . .

Mr. Barkis was to call for me in the morning at nine o'clock. I got up at eight, a little giddy from the shortness of my night's rest, and was ready for him before the appointed time. He received me exactly as if not five minutes had elapsed since we were last together, and I had only been into the hotel to get change for sixpence, or something of that sort.

As soon as I and my box were in the cart, and the carrier seated, the lazy horse walked away with us all at his accustomed pace.



"You look very well, Mr. Barkis," I said, thinking he would like to know it.

Mr. Barkis rubbed his cheek with his cuff, and then looked at his cuff as if he expected to find some of the bloom upon it; but made no other acknowledgment of the compliment.

"I gave your message, Mr. Barkis," I said; "I wrote to Peggotty."

"Ah!" said Mr. Barkis. Mr. Barkis seemed gruff, and answered dryly.

"Wasn't it right, Mr. Barkis?" I asked, after a little hesitation.

"Why, no," said Mr. Barkis.

"Not the message?"

"The message was right enough, perhaps," said Mr. Barkis. "But it come to an end there."

Not understanding what he meant, I repeated inquisitively, "Came to an end, Mr. Barkis?"

"Nothing come of it," he explained, looking at me sideways. "No answer."

"There was an answer expected, was there, Mr. Barkis?" said I, opening my eyes. For this was a new light to me.

"When a man says he's willin'," said Mr. Barkis, turning his glance slowly on me again, "it's as much as to say, that man's a-waitin' for a answer."

"Well, Mr. Barkis?"

"Well," said Mr. Barkis, carrying his eyes back to his horse's ears; "that man's been a-waitin' for a answer ever since."

"Have you told her so, Mr. Barkis?"

"N-no," growled Mr. Barkis, reflecting about it. "I a'n't got no call to go and tell her so. I never said six words to her myself. I a'n't a-goin' to tell her so."

"Would you like me to do it, Mr. Barkis?" said I, doubtfully.

"You might tell her, if you would," said Mr. Barkis, with another slow look at me, "that Barkis was a-waitin' for a answer. Says you—what name is it?"

"Her name?"

"Ah!" said Mr. Barkis, with a nod of his head.

"Peggotty."

"Chrisen name, or nat'r'al name?" said Mr. Barkis.

"Oh, it's not her Christian name. Her Christian name is Clara."

"Is it though!" said Mr. Barkis.

He seemed to find an immense fund of reflection in this circumstance, and sat pondering and inwardly whistling for some time.

"Well!" he resumed at length. "Says you, 'Peggotty! Barkis is a-waitin' for a answer.' Says she, perhaps, 'Answer to what?' Says you, 'To what I told you.' 'What is that?' says she. 'Barkis is willin',' says you."

This extremely artful suggestion Mr. Barkis accompanied with a nudge of his elbow that gave me quite a stitch in my side. After that, he slouched over his horse in his usual manner; and made no other reference to the subject except, half an hour afterward, taking a piece of chalk from his pocket, and writing up inside the tilt of the cart, "Clara Peggotty,"—apparently as a private memorandum.

CHARLES DICKENS, "*David Copperfield*."

"BUT what is the use of my saying all this?" I broke off. "I believe you know it all; I believe you know everything."

"Know everything?" she repeated, turning round with raised eyebrows.

"I mean everything that there is to know about me. You know that—" I came to a full stop here, checked by the thumping of my heart, and by the sinking sensation which always precedes a leap or a plunge. However, I conquered it at once, and ended my sentence in a perfectly unequivocal manner,—“You know that I love you.”

She made no reply, but sat perfectly motionless, with her head still turned away from me; and so long did this silence continue that at last I was obliged to repeat, in a tone of entreaty, "You do know it, don't you?"

"Yes, I know you think so," she said, quietly.

"Think so!" I cried—"think so! You might as well say that I *think* I am alive. If I can be sure of anything in the world, I am sure of my love for you. It began the very first day that I saw you; it has always been the same ever since, and it always will be the same as long as I live."

"I suppose people always say that when they are in love," Maud remarked, bending over the side of the boat, and drawing her fingers absently through the water. And I doubt whether she heard much of the eager asseverations which I proceeded to pour forth; for she jumped up abruptly, while I was in the midst of my harangue, and said it was time to go home. "Will you pull the punt to the bank, please, and let me get out?"

"Very well," I said, "but you will give me an answer before you go?"

"Let me land first." And presently she laid her hand lightly on my shoulder, and sprang ashore, saying calmly, "Good-night, Charley."

"And my answer?" said I.

She laughed, as she looked down upon me from the bank. "You haven't asked me anything," she observed. "You have only been making statements; and they don't require an answer."

"Then," I returned, "I will ask you something now. Maud, whatever you may say, you know that I love you. Do you?—can you?"

"That's enough," she interrupted, "don't want you to ask any more. Supposing—only you are not to suppose anything of the kind, please—that I had an inclination to—to feel in the way you mean, I should consider it an imperative duty to stifle that inclination."

W. E. NORRIS, "*Thirlby Hall*."

AFTER a pause, the young man added, "I am going away."

His voice sounded so blank and melancholy that an uninterested spectator might have laughed at its unconscious pathos; but it was no laughing matter to poor Agnes. She felt giddy as she continued to go on, no longer seeing clearly where she was going. The light paled sud-

denly out of the evening atmosphere, and her heart sank in her breast. "Yes," said Agnes, and as soon as she could go on, "I heard you were going away."

"You heard?" said Roger, turning round to look at her. He was wonderfully cheered and encouraged by the the faint tones of her voice; and yet perhaps it meant only acquiescence in this banishment to which everybody made up their minds so easily. "Agnes, do *you* bid me go like the rest?" said the troubled young man.

"I?" the poor girl faltered. "I have nothing to do with it, Mr. Trevelyan; it was because your father and your sister had come to the Hall. They said at home that you were not likely to come to us any more."

"But neither my father, nor my sister, nor anybody in the world, is half so much to me as you are," said young Trevelyan, who even forgot that he had his love to tell in the eagerness of his anxiety for an answer. "If it is for *your* peace or comfort I will go, though it kills me; but, Agnes, you must tell me yourself," said the excited youth; "I will not take it from any one else. If I must go, it is you who must send me away."

"Oh, Mr. Trevelyan, hush! hush!" said Agnes; "you don't know what you are saying." *She* did not know, poor soul; her face had become utterly pale; her voice sank almost to a whisper; it was all she could do to keep from crying. And beside her was this face which she could not help seeing, and which seemed to hang upon her decision. What had brought this mystery about? Wonder and a certain awe mingled with the exquisite anguish in her heart. She did not think what was coming; only that the world was going to end—that he was going away. They had both strayed out of the path with their slow, uncertain steps, and had got into the heart of the gorse, and paused there, not knowing why.

"Agnes," said the young squire, with agitated, breathless lips, "nobody else in the world can love you as I do. I would die before vexation or harm should come near you. I would guard you with my life; and why—why should *you* join with all the rest? I could be content with

any kind of life if you would share it," cried the young lover. He grew bolder as he saw how little prepared she was, and how confused and tremulous she was before him. He took the shy maiden hand, which was too much startled by the sudden touch to know how to withdraw itself, and held it fast. "Agnes, you have not the heart to send me away?"

And then the blue eyes rose, which were full of depths unfathomable even to Roger's love. "How could you think it? It would be like—dying," she said, with a sudden fall in her voice, so that he could scarcely make out the sound of the last word; but the sense was not difficult to realize. Then Agnes discovered what it was she had said. She drew herself away from him with a start of terror. "We should not speak so to each other," she said, in the first shock of perception—"not you and I. Oh, Mr. Trevelyan, I forgot—I did not think;" and the tears, which would fain have come much sooner, ended the sentence in a confusion which was sweeter to Roger than the most coherent avowal of love.

MRS. OLIPHANT, "*Agnes.*"

HE made up his mind that, come of it what might, he would not leave Hollywell that day till the truth was told. Just as he was turning to find Mrs. Edmonstone and "put his fate to the touch," a little figure stood beside him, and Amy's own sweet, low tones were saying, imploringly,—

"Guy, I wanted to tell you how sorry I am you were so teased last night."

"Don't think of it!" said he, taken extremely by surprise.

"It was our fault, I could not stop it; I should have kept Charlotte in better order; but they would not let her hear me. I knew it was what you dislike particularly, and I was very sorry."

"You—I was—I was. But no matter now. Amy," he added, earnestly, "may I ask you to walk on with me a little way? I must say something to you."



Was this what "mamma" objected to? Oh, no! Amy felt she must stay now, and, in truth, she was glad it was right, though her heart beat fast, fast, faster, as Guy, pulling down a long, trailing branch of Noisette rose, and twisting it in his hand, paused for a few moments, then spoke collectedly, and without hesitation, though with the tremulousness of subdued agitation, looking the while not at her, but straight before him.

"You ought to be told why your words and looks have such effect on me as to make me behave as I did last night. Shame on me for such conduct! I know its evil, and how preposterous it must make what I have to tell you. I don't know how long it has been, but almost ever since I came here, a feeling has been growing up in me toward you such as I can never have for any one else."

The flame rushed into Amy's cheeks, and no one could have told what she felt, as he paused again, and then went on speaking more quickly, as if his emotion was less under control.

"If ever there is to be happiness for me on earth, it must be through you; as you, for the last three years, have been all my brightness here. What I feel for you is beyond all power of telling you, Amy! But I know full well all there is against me—I know I am untried, and how can I dare to ask one born to brightness and happiness to share the doom of my family?"

Amy's impulse was that anything shared with him would be welcome; but the strength of the feeling stifled the power of expression, and she could not utter a word.

"It seems selfish even to dream of it," he proceeded; "yet I must—I cannot help it. To feel that I had your love to keep me safe, to know that you watched for me, prayed for me, were my own, my Verena—oh, Amy! it would be more joy than I have ever dared to hope for. But mind," he added, after another brief pause, "I would not even ask you to answer me now, far less to bind yourself, even if—if it were possible. I know my trial is not come; and were I to render myself, by positive act, unworthy even to think of you, it would be too dreadful to have entangled you, and made you unhappy. No. I speak

now, because I ought not to remain here with such feelings unknown to your father and mother."

At that moment, close on the other side of the box-tree clump, were heard the wheels of Charles's garden-chair, and Charlotte's voice talking to him, as he made his morning tour round the garden. Amy flew off, like a little bird to its nest, and never stopped till, breathless and crimson, she darted into the dressing-room, threw herself on her knees, and with her face hidden in her mother's lap, exclaimed in panting, half-smothered whispers, which needed all Mrs. Edmonstone's intuition to make them intelligible,—

"Oh, mamma, mamma, he says—he says he loves me!" Perhaps Mrs. Edmonstone was not so very much surprised; but she had no time to do more than raise and kiss the burning face, and see, at a moment's glance, how bright was the gleam of frightened joy in the downcast eye and troubled smile, when two knocks, given rapidly, were heard, and almost at the same moment the door opened, and Guy stood before her, his face no less glowing than that which Amy buried again on her mother's knee.

"Come in, Guy," said Mrs. Edmonstone, as he stood doubtful for a moment at the door; and there was a sweet smile of proud, joyful affection on her face, conveying even more encouragement than her tone. Amy raised her head, and moved as if to leave the room.

"Don't go," he said, earnestly, "unless you wish it."

Amy did not wish it, especially now that she had her mother to save her confusion, and she sat on a footstool, holding her mother's hand, looking up to Guy whenever she felt bold enough, and hanging down her head when he said what showed how much more highly he prized her than silly little Amy could deserve.

"You know what I am come to say," he began, standing by the mantel-shelf, as was his wont in his conferences with Mrs. Edmonstone; and he repeated the same in substance as he had said to Amy in the garden, though with less calmness and coherence, and far more warmth of expression, as if, now that she was protected by her mother's presence, he exercised less force in self-restraint.

Never was any one happier than was Mrs. Edmonstone. . . . When Guy spoke of himself as unproved, and undeserving of trust, it was all she could do to keep from declaring there was no one whom she thought so safe.

"Will you go on as you have begun, Guy?"

"If you tell me to hope! Oh, Mrs. Edmonstone! is it wrong that an earthly incentive to persevere should have power which sometimes seems greater than the true one?"

"There is the best and strongest ground of all for trusting you," said she. "If you spoke of keeping right only for Amy's sake, then I might fear; but when she is second, there is confidence indeed."

"If speaking were all!" said Guy.

"There is one thing I ought to say," she proceeded. "You know you are very young, and though—though I don't know that I can say so in my own person, a prudent woman would say, that you have seen so little of the world, that you may easily meet a person you would like better than such a quiet little dull thing as your guardian's daughter."

The look that he cast on Amy was worth seeing; and then, with a smile, he answered,—

"I am glad you don't say it in your own person."

"It is very bold and presumptuous in me to say anything at all in papa's absence," said Mrs. Edmonstone, smiling; "but I am sure he will think in the same way, that things ought to remain as they are, and that it is our duty not to allow you to be, or to feel, otherwise than entirely at liberty."

"I dare say it may be right in you," said Guy, grudgingly. "However, I must not complain. It is too much that you should not reject me altogether."

CHARLOTTE M. YONGE, "*Heir of Redclyffe*."

A MONTH of Elysium. And then one day George asked Susan, plump, when it would be agreeable to her to marry him.

"Marry you, George?" replied Susan, opening her eyes; "why, never! I shall never marry any one after—you must be well aware of that." Susan proceeded to inform George that, though fullishness was a part of her character, selfishness was not; recent events had destroyed an agreeable delusion under which she had imagined herself worthy to be Mrs. George Fielding; she therefore, though with some reluctance, intended to resign that situation to some wiser and better woman than she had turned out. In this agreeable resolution she persisted, varying it occasionally with little showers of tears unaccompanied by the slightest convulsion of the muscles of the face. But as I am not, like George Fielding, in love with Susan Merton, or with self-deception (another's), I spare the reader all the pretty things this young lady said, and believed, and did, to postpone her inevitable happiness. Yes, inevitable; for this sort of thing never yet kept lovers long apart, since the world was, except in a novel worse than common. I will but relate how that fine fellow George dried "these fullish drops" on one occasion.

"Susan," said he, "if I had found you going to be married to another man with the roses on your cheek, I should have turned on my heel and back to Australia; but a look in your face was enough; you were miserable, and any old fool could see your heart was dead against it; look at you now blooming like a rose, so what is the use of us two fighting against human nature? we can't be happy apart—let us come together"—"Ah! George, if I thought your happiness depended on having—a fullish wife——"

"Why, you know it does," replied the inadvertent Agricola. "That alters the case; sooner than *you* should be unhappy, I think—I—"—"Name the day then."

CHARLES READE, "*It Is Never Too Late to Mend.*"

As SHE spoke, she rose with weak and trembling limbs, and falling at his feet, she clasped his knees : “ Oh ! if thou really lovest me—if thou art human—remember my father’s ashes, remember my childhood, think of all the hours we passed happily together, and save my Glaucus ! ”

Strange convulsions shook the frame of the Egyptian ; his features worked fearfully—he turned his face aside, and said, in a hollow voice, “ If I could save him, even now, I would ; but the Roman law is stern and sharp. Yet if I *could* succeed—if I *could* rescue and set him free—wouldst thou be mine—my-bride ? ”

“ Thine ! ” repeated Ione, rising ; “ thine !—thy bride ? My brother’s blood is unavenged ; *who* slew him ? O Nemesis, can I ever sell, for the life of Glaucus, thy solemn trust ? Arbaces—*thine* ? Never.”

“ Ione, Ione ! ” cried Arbaces, passionately ; “ why these mysterious words ?—why dost thou couple my name with the thought of thy brother’s death ? ”

“ My dreams couple it—and dreams are from the gods.”

“ Vain fantasies all ! Is it for a dream that thou wouldst wrong the innocent, and hazard the sole chance of saving thy lover’s life ? ”

“ Hear me ! ” said Ione, speaking firmly, and with a deliberate and solemn voice ; “ if Glaucus be saved by thee, I will never be bornè to his home a bride. But I cannot master the horror of other rites ; I cannot wed with thee. Interrupt me not ; but mark me, Arbaces !—if Glaucus die, on that same day I baffle thine arts, and leave to thy love only my dust ! Yes—thou mayst put the knife and the poison from my reach—thou mayst imprison—thou mayst chain me, but the brave soul resolved to escape is never without means. These hands, naked and unarmed though they be, shall tear away the bonds of life. Fetter them, and these lips shall firmly refuse the air. Thou art learned—thou hast read how women have died rather than meet dishonor. If Glaucus perish, I will not unworthily linger behind him. By all the gods of the heaven, and the ocean, and the earth, I devote myself to death ! I have said ! ”

High, proud, dilating in her stature, like one inspired, the air and voice of Ione struck an awe into the breast of her listener.



"Brave heart!" said he, after a short pause; "thou art indeed worthy to be mine. Oh! that I should have dreamed of such a partner in my lofty destinies, and never found it but in thee! Ione," he continued, rapidly, "dost thou not see that we are born for each other? Canst thou not recognize something kindred to thine own energy—thine own courage—in this high and self-dependent soul? We are formed to unite our sympathies—formed to breathe a new spirit into this hackneyed and gross world—formed for the mighty ends which my soul, sweeping down the gloom of time, foresees with a prophet's vision. With a resolution equal to thine own, I defy thy threats of an inglorious suicide. I hail thee as my own! Queen of climes undarkened by the eagle's wing, unravaged by his beak, I bow before thee in homage and in awe—but I claim thee in worship and in love! Together we will cross the ocean—together we will found our realm; and far-distant ages shall acknowledge the long race of kings born from the marriage-bed of Arbaces and Ione!"

BULWER, "The Last Days of Pompeii."

A PRETTY golden-haired little girl, with the neatest of figures, tiniest of hands and feet, and longest of eyelashes, Dollie Greyson, as she stands at the counter, nominally turning over gloves for his inspection, but in reality chattering with Gerald Rockingham, by no means warrants the epithet of "little peacock," which her uncle has applied to her. She is attired in a soft gray serge, trimmed with braid to match, with snowy collar and cuffs. William Greyson, who loved his daughter better than anything in this world, had sent her, not a dress, but a pretty check, "to buy fallals for herself," as he expressed it, wisely concluding that a girl's millinery was a little beyond his comprehension; though the old trainer was wont to asseverate, "I don't know how it's done; but, blame me, I do know whether they're turned out all right when I see 'em, and mean my girl to look as fit as any of 'em, I tell you."

Gerald is telling Miss Greyson all about the race, and relating with

all a school-boy's glee how he won twenty-eight pounds over Phaeton, and finally he produces from his pocket a little morocco case, and handing it across the counter, says, in a low voice :

"You must wear that, Dollie, just to remind you of me and the cheery gallops we have had together."

"Oh, how lovely !" exclaimed the girl, as she opened the case, drew from it a pretty diamond and emerald half-hoop ring, and slipped it on her finger. "How good of you, Gerald ; but what nonsense to think I should want anything to remind me of you ! Is it likely ?"

"I hope not. Say it's to remind you of Phaeton's Leger. Say it's an 'engaged ring,' if you like."

"If you talk like that, Gerald, I won't keep it," returned Dollie, her face flushing slightly, and speaking seriously. "I like you very much, am very fond of you ; but don't think I forget that you are a Rockingham of Cranley Chase, while I am," and here she gave a significant little shrug of her shoulders, "the daughter of William Greyson, the trainer. Don't speak, Gerald, for a moment," she continued. "I'm just as fond and proud of my father as you can be of yours ; but anything of that sort between us would be ridiculous. Good comrades ever, firm friends, if you will, dear Gerald ; but not that last. Say it is so, or take back your ring."

"You're making too much fuss about it, Dollie," he replied ; "it will be some of these days all the same. You are as much a lady as any of the girls I meet in society, and much jollier. Never mind now ; call the ring a remembrance of Phaeton, but think a little of me when you look at it."

"I shall do that, Gerald, without looking at it."

HAWLEY SMART, "*From Post to Finish.*"

THAT very afternoon he started, in accordance with this design, to pay a visit at the castle. The squire was out, but Miss de la Molle was at home, the servant said, and accordingly he was ushered into the drawing-room, where Ida was working, for it was a wet and windy afternoon.

She rose to greet him coldly enough, and he sat down, and then came a pause which she did not seem inclined to break.

At last he spoke. "Did the squire get my letter, Miss de la Molle?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered, rather icily. "Colonel Quaritch sent it up."

"I am very sorry," he added, confusedly, "that I should have put myself in such a false position. I hope that you will give me credit for having believed my accusation when I made it."

"Such accusations should not be lightly made, Mr. Cossey," was her answer, and, as though to turn the subject, she rose and rang the bell for tea.

It came, and the bustle connected with it prevented any further conversation for awhile. At length, however, it subsided, and once more Edward found himself alone with Ida. He looked at her and felt afraid. The woman was of a different clay to himself, and he knew it—he loved her, but he did not understand her in the least. However, if the thing was to be done at all, it must be done now; so, with a desperate effort he screwed himself up to the point.

"Miss de la Molle," he said; and Ida, knowing full surely what was coming, felt her heart jump within her bosom and then stand still, "Miss de la Molle," he repeated, "perhaps you will remember a conversation that we had some weeks ago in the conservatory?"

"Yes," she said, "I remember—about the money."

"About the money and other things," he said, gathering courage. "I hinted to you then that I hoped in certain contingencies to be allowed to make my addresses to you, and I think that you understood me."

"I understood you perfectly," answered Ida, her pale face set like ice, "and I gave you to understand that in the event of your lending my father the money, I should hold myself bound to—to listen to what you had to say."

"Oh, curse the money!" broke in Edward. "It is not a question of money with me, Ida; it is not, indeed. I love you with all my heart. I have loved you ever since I saw you. It was because I was jealous of

him that I made a fool of myself last night with Colonel Quaritch. I should have asked you to marry me long ago, only there were obstacles in the way. I love you, Ida; there never was a woman like you—never.”

She listened with the same set face. Obviously he was in earnest, but his earnestness did not move her; it scarcely even flattered her pride. She disliked the man intensely, and nothing that he could say or do would lessen that dislike by one jot—probably, indeed, it would only intensify it.

Presently he stopped and stood beside her, his breast heaving and his face broken with emotion, and tried to take her hand.

She withdrew it sharply.

“I do not think that there is any need for all this,” she said, coldly. “I gave a conditional promise. You have fulfilled your share of the bargain, and I am prepared to fulfill mine in due course.”

So far as her words went, Edward could find no fault with their meaning, and yet he felt more like a man who has been abruptly and finally refused than one declared chosen. He stood still, and looked at her.

“I think it right to tell you, however,” she went on in the same measured tones, “that if I marry you it will be from motives of duty, and not from motives of affection. I have no love to give you, and I do not wish for yours. I do not know if you will be satisfied with this. If you are not, you had better give up the idea,” and she for the first time looked up at him with more anxiety in her face than she would have cared to show.

But if she hoped that her coldness would repel him, she was destined to be disappointed. On the contrary, like water thrown on burning oil, it only inflamed him the more.

“The love will come, Ida,” he said, and once more he tried to take her hand.

“No, Mr. Cossey,” she said, in a voice that checked him; “I am sorry to have to speak so plainly, but till I marry I am my own mistress. Pray understand me.”

"As you like," he said, drawing back from her sulkily. "I am so fond of you that I will marry you on any terms, and that is the truth. I have one thing to ask of you, Ida, and it is that you will keep our engagement secret for the present, and get your father (I suppose I must speak to him) to do the same. I have reasons," he went on by way of explanation, "for not wishing it to become known."

"I do not see why I should keep it secret," she said; "but it does not matter to me."

"The fact is," he explained, "my father is a very curious man, and I doubt if he would like my engagement because he thinks I ought to marry a great deal of money."

"Oh, indeed," answered Ida. She had believed, as was indeed the case, that there were other reasons, not unconnected with Mrs. Quest, on account of which he was anxious to keep the engagement secret. "By the way," she went on, "I am sorry to have to talk of business, but this is a business matter, is it not? I suppose it is understood that, in the event of our marriage, the mortgage you hold over this place will not be enforced against my father."

"Of course not," he answered. "Look here, Ida, I will give you those mortgage bonds as a wedding present, and you can put them in the fire; and I will make a good settlement on you."

"Thank you," she said, "but I do not require any settlement on myself; I had rather none was made; but I consent to the engagement only on the express condition that the mortgages shall be canceled before marriage, and as the property will ultimately come to me, this is not much to ask. And now one more thing, Mr. Cossey; I should like to know when you would wish this marriage to take place; not at once, I presume."

"I should wish it to take place to-morrow," with an attempt at a laugh; "but I suppose that between one thing and another it can't come off at once. Shall we say this time six months, that will be in May?"

"Very good," said Ida, "this day six months I shall be prepared to become your wife, Mr. Cossey. I believe," she added, with a flash of



bitter sarcasm, "it is the time usually allowed for the redemption of a mortgage."

"You say very hard things," he answered, wincing.

"Do I? I dare say. I am hard by nature. I wonder that you can wish to marry me."

"I wish it beyond everything in the world," he answered, earnestly. "You can never know how much. By the way, I know I was foolish about Colonel Quaritch; but, Ida, I cannot bear to see that man near you. I hope you will drop his acquaintance as much as possible now."

Once more Ida's face set like a flint. "I am not your wife yet, Mr. Cossey," she said; "when I am, you will have a right to dictate to me as to whom I shall associate with. At present you have no such right, and if it pleases me to associate with Colonel Quaritch, I shall do so. If you disapprove of my conduct, the remedy is simple—you can break off the engagement."

He rose, absolutely crushed, for Ida was by far the stronger of the two, and, besides, his passion gave her an unfair advantage over him. Without attempting any reply, he held out his hand, and said good-night, for he was afraid to attempt any demonstration of affection, adding that he would come to see her father in the morning.

She touched his outstretched hand with her fingers, and then fearing lest he should change his mind, promptly rang the bell.

In another minute the door had closed behind him, and she was left alone.

RIDER HAGGARD, "*Colonel Quaritch, V. C.*"

THERE is no use in shamming to-day. But, indeed, his own condition leaves him no right to criticise hers. Perhaps he is in even worse case than she; for she can speak, and he can not.

"You are not gone!" she says with a gasp, such as one might give whose reprieve met him at the scaffold-foot. "I thought you would be gone!"

For answer, he grips her two hands in his (never before in all his life

has he been master, and for how few poor minutes, but of one), and looks at her with a white fixity of passion to whose relief no words come. Even when they are both seated on their bench—neither ever quite knows how they reached it—it is still she who speaks; nor when she does so, is it to ask him to release her hands. Perhaps in her agitation she is not aware that they are still in his keeping.

"It was Miss Watson!" she says, with that gasping staccato utterance, as of one who, after long running, has not yet recovered his wind. "She came—she stayed four hours. She had seen you!"

He nods his head in acquiescence.

"Yes."

He is plainly incapable of anything beyond a monosyllable.

"She asked why you came here," says Belinda; the words fluttering out on greatly quickened breath, but still with more coherence.

"Yes?"

One would say that he were scarcely attending, so distant and dreamful is his voice. He is conscious of nothing but the warmth of those wonderful sweet hands lying in his. If he could realize Miss Watson at all, it would probably be with gratitude; for it is she virtually who has given them to him.

"She said," continues Belinda, trembling exceedingly, and looking guiltily down on their locked hands, "that you must come here for some intrigue." She pauses, and then adds in a whisper, "She must not say that again."

He is attending now. There is a significance, both in her look and in her low words, that can not escape him.

"What do you mean?" he says, thickly.

"I mean," she says, still scarcely above a whisper, "that you must not come here again."

She looks away from him as she says it, unwilling, perhaps, to see the immense consternation that her fiat will have brought into his face; but he observes for so long a dead silence, that she grows uneasy. Has her blow killed him? or is it possible (this latter suggestion is a scarcely less bitter one than the former) that he already acquiesces?

She is just making up her mind to steal a glance at him, when he speaks, and the tone of his voice tells her that her first idea of his case was nearer the mark than her last.

"I am not to come here again?"

"No, I think not; no!"

"I am not to come to Oxbridge again?"

"No."

"I am not to meet you again?"

"No."

"Not anywhere?"

She bows her head, unable to speak.

"*Never?*"

She repeats the gesture.

There is such a rising strain of unbelieving agony in his voice, culminating in his last words, that speech has wholly forsaken her.

"We are to live out the rest of our lives without each other?"

Again that acquiescent motion of the head.

"And you can bear it?—of course," correcting himself, with a bitter humility, "why should not you? it is not much for you to bear. Well then, I suppose I must bear it too!"

He has let go her hands, and covered his face with his own. She is free to depart. He has always obeyed her; and he is obeying her now. What is there to keep her? And yet she does not stir. Her aching eyes stare vacantly down the long, straight alley. Sweet green walk! Dear solemn tower! Kind chattering birds! Good-by! for never, never can she bear to look upon any of you again!

She stirs restlessly in her misery; and in an instant he has dropped his shrouding hands, and is looking at her with a haggard apprehension in his eyes.

"Are you going now?"

"Not at once—not this moment," she answers, faintly; "there is no hurry. I can stay as long as usual, if you wish."

*If he wishes!* He laughs outright in his pain.

There is a long, long silence.

St. Bridget's is even emptier than its wont. Not one visitor beside themselves breaks its entire seclusion. Only the grave tower-clock deals out time's little parcels.

She speaks first.

"I do not want you to be unhappy," she says, with a sort of sob of compassion for his spoiled youth. "I should like you to be happy."

"So should I. Will you show me how?"

"Oh, if I could!" she cries, in a heart-wrung accent. "Oh, if we could but be as we were before——"

She stops.

"Before Wesenstein?" he says.

The word seems to have roused him out of his lethargy or wretchedness. Ere she knows it, he has won back her hands; and before the strangeness of his eyes her own waver.

"We might almost fancy ourselves at Wesenstein, might not we?" he says, with a thrilling, feverish smile; "it was a green, quiet, woody place like this. Do you remember it well? It is odd that we have never talked of it since—is not it? Why should not we talk of it now? You sat on the grass, and I lay at your feet! Do you recollect? Yes" (with a heart-rending inflection), "I see that you do. You gave me your hand! No! my Ice Queen, you would never have given it me! I took it and kissed it; shall I show you where I kissed it? Just there—and there—and there!" (passionately fastening his lips upon palm and fingers); "and then—*then* I took you in my arms! Can you believe it?—and yet I am speaking truth—once I had you in my arms, and *I let you go!*—*I let you go!* Would to God" (with a terrible burst of agony) "that I had been struck dead there before I let you go!"

The storm of his passion had carried her away.

"Would to God you had!" she says, frenziedly; and so unresisting—nay, passionately complying; she gives him that two years and a half ago foregone kiss. One kiss! That is all. One drunk, oblivious moment, and then the awaking! She, but now so consentingly embraced, has wrenched herself out of his arms.

"What—has—happened—to—us?" she says, staggering away from him.

But he awakens slower than she.

"You have owed it to me since Wesenstein!" he cries, wildly, and with a sort of triumph.

And there is silence. If indeed the loud blood dinning in their ears and hammering their temples can be so called.

"I suppose," she says, after a while, speaking as if speech were a new weapon, and she ill at handling it, "that—it—has been—coming to this—all along—only—I did not—see it. I suppose that no one would believe me—but I did not see it; did you?"

He makes no answer.

He is still lapped in the Elysium of that long promised and at last fulfilled embrace.

"Is it possible," she says, looking piercingly at him, and with a somber reproach in her voice, "that you saw all along—you knew—you thought——"

"I thought nothing!" he cries, brought back to his senses by the sternness of her tone. "Oh, my dear, do you think so ill of me as to suppose that I was willingly leading you on? I tell you, I thought nothing! I only knew that for two hours in every fortnight you allowed me to live! you let me into the heaven of your sweet company—was not that enough for me? Was I likely to look beyond?"

She has tottered to the bench, and now sits half crouched in the corner of it.

"I suppose," she says, shaking her head hopelessly, "that, in point of fact, we have both been living upon our Sundays." Then after a pause, with a sort of groan, "Oh, I thought we might have been trusted!"

He has not sat down again, but stands before her in guilty, miserable humility, waiting for his doom.

"I am not very sorry for you," she says, after a while, lifting her dull eyes to his face. "You are mistaken if you think that I pity you very much. You have your work—often before now have I been jealous



of it, and of the hold it is gaining over you! This is the best thing that could have happened to you—a sort of thing that your mother would rejoice at—the best test, after all. No more distractions! No more senseless outlay in railway journeys! it is almost as good as being taken into partnership?"

She glances up at him at intervals, as she plants her stabs, to see how much he can bear. He is not yet at the end of his endurance, apparently, for he still stands before her bent-headed and ash-white, in motionless patience.

"But will any one tell me," she says, dropping her arms hopelessly to her sides, and looking distractedly upward, as if to win a response from that sky to which we, in trouble never answered, ever look, "what is to become of *me*!"

Her cruelty toward himself he had taken like a man; but her self-pity is beyond his sufferance.

"I will tell you what will become of you," he says, in a rapid broken whisper, sitting down again beside her. "Will you let me tell you? Are you listening? After all, they are only a few beggarly hours that we have had to live upon; I do not know how we have subsisted upon such a pittance for so long. What is there to prevent us—why should not we——"

"Stop!" she cries, hoarsely, thrusting out her spread hands, and pushing him away from her. "I know what you are going to say! I know it as well as if you had already said it."

The terror in her eyes, the shrinking gesture, have set him almost beside himself.

"You say that you are not at all sorry for me," he says, with a sort of hard sob, "and I dare say you are right; but I must ask you to—to—make a little allowance for me! I am not in my right wits. It was unmanly of me—I had no right to shock—to outrage you."

"I am not in the least shocked," she says, with a slow distinctness; "*that* shows, I suppose, to what a depth I must have fallen. I stopped you because—because I knew that if I let you finish your sentence I should—not—have—said—no—to—you. I—should—have—said—yes."

She pauses, unable to fetch her breath. And yet, despite the confession in her words, of her own defeat and his victory, something in her air holds him aloof.

"But if—" she goes on, presently, fixing him with the terrible appeal of her eyes, while her face grows sharp and thin—"if you are—what I have always thought you—if I know you right, you—will—never—finish it!"

There is a dead silence; she still holding him with that look, until she knows that in her dreary battle she has vanquished.

"And now," she says, with a tearless decision, "go! I did not tell the truth when I said I was not sorry for you! Oh, I *am* sorry! I *AM*! There! go—what is the use of crying? I hate to see a man cry! God bless you! God be with you! Go!"

And he, obedient, goes.

RHODA BROUGHTON, "*Belinda*."

NOTHING was hinted at as to the object of the visit, but I knew it could be connected with only one thing—the desire of my heart. Teresa, after all, had not played me false. Pauline would be mine. I waited with feverish impatience until this unknown Manuel Ceneri should make his appearance.

A few minutes after twelve he was announced and shown into my room. I recognized him at once. He was the middle-aged man with rather round shoulders who had talked to Teresa under the shade of San Giovanni at Turin. Doubtless he was "*il dottore*," spoken of by the old woman as being the arbiter of Pauline's fate.

He bowed politely as he entered, cast one quick look at me, as if trying to gather what he could from my personal appearance, then seated himself in the chair I offered him.

"I make no apology for calling," he said; "you will no doubt guess why I come." His English was fluent, but the foreign accent very marked.

"I hope I guess correctly," I replied.

"I am Manuel Ceneri. I am a doctor by profession. My sister was Miss March's mother. I have come from Geneva on your account."

"Then you know what the wish—the great wish of my life is?"

"Yes, I know. You want to marry my niece. Now, Mr. Vaughan, I have many reasons for wishing my niece to remain single, but your proposal has induced me to reconsider the matter."

Pauline might have been a bale of cotton, so impassively did her uncle speak of her future.

"In the first place," he went on, "I am told you are well born and rich. Is that so?"

"My family is respectable. I am well connected and may be called rich."

"You will satisfy me on the latter point, I suppose."

I bowed stiffly, and taking a sheet of paper wrote a line to my solicitors asking them to give the bearer the fullest information as to my resources. Ceneri folded up the note and placed it in his pocket. Perhaps I showed the annoyance I felt at the mercenary exactness of his inquiries.

"I am bound to be particular in this matter," he said, "as my niece has nothing."

"I expect nothing or wish for nothing."

"She had money once—a large fortune. It was lost long ago. You will not ask how or where?"

"I can only repeat my former words."

"Very well—I feel I have no right to refuse your offer. Although she is half Italian her manners and habits are English. An English husband will suit her best. You have not yet, I believe, spoken of love to her?"

"I had no opportunity. I should no doubt have done so, but as soon as our acquaintance commenced she was taken away."

"Yes, my instructions to Teresa were strict. It was only on condition she obeyed her that I allowed Pauline to live in England."

Although this man spoke as one who had absolute authority over

his niece, he had not said one word which evinced affection. So far as that went, she might have been a stranger to him.

"But now, I suppose," I said, "I shall be allowed to see her?"

"Yes—on conditions. The man who marries Pauline March must be content to take her as she is. He must ask no questions, seek to know nothing of her birth and family, nothing of her early days. He must be content to know that she is a lady, that she is very beautiful, and that he loves her.. Will this suffice?"

The question was such a strange one that even in the height of my passion I hesitated.

"I will say this much," added Ceneri, "she is good and pure—her birth is equal to your own. She is an orphan and her only near relative is myself."

"I am content," I cried, holding out my hand to seal the compact. "Give me Pauline, I ask no more."

Why should I not be content? What did I want to know about her family, her antecedents or her history? So madly did I long to call that beautiful girl mine that, I believe, had Ceneri told me she was worthless and disgraced among women, I should have said, "Give her to me and let her begin life anew as my wife." Men do such things for love!

"Now, Mr. Vaughan," said the Italian, drawing his hand from mine, "my next question will astonish you. You love Pauline and I believe she is not indifferent to you——"

He paused, and my heart beat at the thought.

"Will your arrangements permit of an early marriage? Can I upon my return to the Continent in a few days leave her future in your hands entirely?"

"I would marry her to-day if it were possible," I cried.

"We need not be so impetuous as that—but could you arrange for—say the day after to-morrow?"

I stared at him—I could scarcely believe I heard correctly.

To be married to Pauline within a few hours! There must be something in the background of such bliss! Ceneri must be a madman!

Yet even from the hands of a madman how could I refuse my happiness?

"But I don't know if she loves me—would she consent?" I stammered.

"Pauline is obedient, and will do as I wish. You can woo her after marriage instead of before it."

"But can it be done on so short a notice?"

"I believe there are such things as special licenses to be bought. You are wondering at my suggestion. I am bound to return to Italy almost at once. Now, I put it to you—can I, under the present circumstances, leave Pauline here with only a servant to look after her? No, Mr. Vaughan, strange as it may seem, I must either see her your wife before I leave or I must take her back with me. The latter may be unfortunate for you, as here I have only myself to consider, whilst abroad there may be others to consult, and perhaps I must change my mind."

"Let us go to Pauline and ask her," I said, rising impatiently.

"Certainly," said Ceneri, gravely, "we will go at once." Till now I had been sitting with my back to the window. As I faced the light, I noticed the Italian doctor look very straightly at me.

"Your face seems quite familiar to me, Mr. Vaughan, although I cannot recall where I have seen you."

I told him he must have seen me outside San Giovanni whilst he was talking to old Teresa. He remembered the occurrence, and appeared satisfied. Then we called a cab and drove to Pauline's new abode.

It was not so very far away. I wondered I had not encountered either Pauline or Teresa in my rambles. Perhaps they had both kept to the house to avoid the meeting.

"Would you mind waiting in the hall a minute?" asked Ceneri, as we entered the house. "I will go and prepare Pauline for your coming."

I would have waited a month in a dungeon for the reward in prospect; so I sat down on the polished mahogany chair and wondered if I was in my right senses.



Presently old Teresa came to me. She looked scarcely more amiable than before.

"Have I done well?" she whispered, in Italian.

"You have done well—I will not forget."

"You will pay me and blame me for nothing. But listen—once more I say it—the signorina is not for love or marriage."

Superstitious old fool! Were Pauline's charms to be buried in a nunnery?

Then a bell rang and Teresa left me. In a few minutes she reappeared and conducted me upstairs to a room in which I found my beautiful Pauline and her uncle. She raised her dark, dreamy eyes and looked at me—the most infatuated man could not have flattered himself that the light of love was in them.

I fully expected that Dr. Ceneri would have left us to arrange matters alone; but no—he took me by the hand and in a stately manner led me to his niece.

"Pauline, you know this gentleman?"

She bowed. "Yes, I know him."

"Mr. Vaughan," continued Ceneri, "does us the honor of asking you to be his wife."

I could not permit all my wooing to be done by proxy, so I stepped forward and took her hand in mine.

"Pauline," I whispered, "I love you—since first I saw you I have loved you—will you be my wife?"

"Yes, if you wish it," she replied, softly, but without even changing color.

"You can not love me now, but you will by and by—will you not, my darling?"

She did not respond to my appeal, but then she did not repulse me, neither did she strive to withdraw her hand from mine; she remained calm and undemonstrative as ever; but I threw my arm round her, and, in spite of Ceneri's presence, kissed her passionately. It was only when my lips touched her own that I saw the color rise to her cheek and knew that she was moved.

She disengaged herself from my embrace, glanced at her uncle, who stood impassive as if he had witnessed nothing out of the common, and then she fled from the room.

"I think you had better go now," said Ceneri. "I will arrange everything with Pauline. You must do on your part all that is necessary for the day after to-morrow."

"It is very sudden," I said.

"It is, but it must be so—I can not wait an hour longer. You had better leave me now and return to-morrow."

HUGH CONWAY, "*Called Back.*"

WHAT was my confusion to discover that, instead of Charles O'Malley, I had written the name, Lucy Dashwood. I could bear no more. The laughing and raillery of my friends came upon my wounded and irritated feelings like the most poignant sarcasm. I seized my cap and rushed from the room. Desirous of escaping from all that knew me, anxious to bury my agitated and distracted thoughts in solitude and quiet, I opened the first door before me, and, seeing it an empty and unoccupied room, threw myself upon a sofa, and buried my head within my hands. O! how often had the phantom of happiness passed within my reach, but still, glided from my grasp. How often had I beheld the goal I aimed at, as it were, before me, and the next moment all the bleak reality of my evil fortune was lowering around me.

"Oh, Lucy! Lucy!" I exclaimed aloud; "but for you, and a few words carelessly spoken, I had never trod that path of ambition, whose end has been the wreck of all my happiness. But for you I had never loved so fondly; had never filled my mind with one image which, excluding every other thought, leaves no pleasure but in it alone. Yet, Lucy, but for you I should have gone tranquilly down the stream of life with naught of grief or care, save such as are inseparable from the passing chances of mortality; loved, perhaps, and cared for by some one who would have deemed it no disgrace to have linked her fortune with my own. But for you and I had never been——"

"A soldier you would say," whispered a soft voice, as a light hand gently touched my shoulder. "I had come," continued she, "to thank you for a gift no gratitude can repay—my father's life; but, truly I did not think to hear the words you have spoken, nor, having heard them, can I feel their justice. No, Mr. O'Malley, deeply grateful as I am to you for the service you once rendered myself, bound as I am by every tie of thankfulness, by the greater one to my father, yet do I feel that in the impulse I have given to your life, if so be that to me you owe it, I have done more to repay my debt to you, than by all the friendship, all the esteem I owe you; if, indeed, by my means you became a soldier, if my few and random words raised within your breast that fire of ambition which has been your beacon-light to honor and to glory, then I am indeed proud."

"Alas! alas! Lucy—Miss Dashwood, I would say—forgive me if I know not the very words I utter. How has my career fulfilled the promise that gave it birth? For you, and you only, to gain your affection, to win your heart, I became a soldier; hardship, danger, even death itself were courted by me, supported by the one thought, that you had cared for, or had pitied me; and now, now——"

"And now," said she, while her eyes beamed upon me with a very flood of tenderness, "is it nothing that in my woman's heart I have glowed with pride at triumphs I could read of but dared not share in? Is it nothing that you have lent to my hours of solitude and of musing the fervor of that career, the maddening enthusiasm of that glorious path my sex denied me? I have followed you in my thoughts across the burning plains of the Peninsula, through the long hours of the march in the dreary nights, even to the battlefield. I have thought of you; I have dreamed of you; I have prayed for you."

"Alas! but not loved me."

The very words, as I spoke them, sank with a despairing cadence upon my heart. Her hand, which had fallen upon mine, trembled violently; I pressed my lips upon it, but she moved it not. I dared to look up, her head was turned away, but her heaving bosom betrayed her emotion.

"No, no, Lucy," cried I, passionately, "I will not deceive myself, I ask for more than you can give me. Farewell!"

Now, and for the last time, I pressed her hand once more to my lips, my hot tears fell fast upon it. I turned to go, and threw one last look upon her. Our eyes met—I cannot say what it was—but, in a moment, the whole current of my thoughts was changed; her look was bent upon me beaming with softness and affection, her hand gently pressed my own, and her lips murmured my name.

The door burst open at this moment and Sir George Dashwood appeared; Lucy turned one fleeting look upon her father, and fell fainting into my arms.

"God bless you, my boy," said the old General, as he hurriedly wiped a tear from his eye. "I am now indeed a happy father."

CHARLES LEVER, "*Charles O'Malley*."

"I HAVE forgotten my flowers," said the spinster aunt.

"Water them now," said Mr. Tupman, in accents of persuasion.

"You will take cold in the evening air," urged the spinster aunt, affectionately.

"No, no," said Mr. Tupman, rising; "it will do me good. Let me accompany you."

The lady paused to adjust the sling in which the left arm of the youth was placed, and taking his right arm led him to the garden. There was a bower at the further end, with honeysuckle, jasmine and creeping plants—one of those sweet retreats, which humane men erect for the accommodation of spiders.

The spinster aunt took up a large watering-pot which lay in one corner, and was about to leave the arbor. Mr. Tupman detained her, and drew her to a seat beside him.

"Miss Wardle!" said he.

The spinster aunt trembled, till some pebbles, which had accidentally found their way into the large watering-pot, shook like an infant's rattle.

"Miss Wardle!" said Mr. Tupman, "you are an angel."

"Mr. Tupman!" exclaimed Rachel, blushing as red as the watering-pot itself.

"Nay," said the eloquent Pickwickian—"I know it but too well."

"All women are angels, they say," murmured the lady, playfully.

"Then what can *you* be; or to what, without presumption, can I, compare you?" replied Mr. Tupman. "Where was the woman ever seen, who resembled you? Where else could I hope to find so rare a combination of excellence and beauty? Where else could I seek to—Oh!" Here Mr. Tupman paused, and pressed the hand which clasped the handle of the happy watering-pot.

The lady turned aside her head. "Men are such deceivers," she softly whispered.

"They are, they are," ejaculated Mr. Tupman; "but not all men. There lives at least one being who can never change—one being who would be content to devote his whole existence to your happiness—who lives but in your eyes, who breathes but in your smiles—who bears the heavy burden of life itself, only for you."

"Could such an individual be found——," said the lady.

"But he *can* be found," said the ardent Mr. Tupman, interposing. "He *is* found. He is here, Miss Wardle." And ere the lady was aware of his intention, Mr. Tupman had sunk upon his knees at her feet.

"Mr. Tupman, rise," said Rachael.

"Never!" was the valorous reply. "Oh, Rachael!"—He seized her passive hand, and the watering-pot fell to the ground as he pressed it to his lips.—"Oh, Rachael! say you love me."

"Mr. Tupman," said the spinster aunt, with averted head—"I can hardly speak the words; but—but you are not wholly indifferent to me."

Mr. Tupman no sooner heard this avowal, than he proceeded to do what his enthusiastic emotions prompted, and what, for aught we know (for we are but little acquainted with such matters), people so circumstanced always do. He jumped up, and, throwing his arms round the



neck of the spinster aunt, imprinted upon her lips numerous kisses, which, after a due show of struggling and resistance, she received so passively, that there is no telling how many more Mr. Tupman might have bestowed, if the lady had not given a very unaffected start and exclaimed, in an affrighted tone,—

"Mr. Tupman, we are observed!—we are discovered!"

CHARLES DICKENS, "*Pickwick Papers*."

"MISS WARDLE," said Mr. Jingle, with affected earnestness, "forgive intrusion—short acquaintance—no time for ceremony—all discovered."

"Sir!" said the spinster aunt, rather astonished by the unexpected apparition and somewhat doubtful of Mr. Jingle's sanity.

"Hush!" said Mr. Jingle, in a stage whisper;—"large boy—dumping face—round eyes—rascal!" Here he shook his head expressively, and the spinster aunt trembled with agitation.

"I presume you allude to Joseph, sir?" said the lady, making an effort to appear composed.

"Yes, ma'am—damn that Joe!—treacherous dog, Joe—told the old lady—old lady furious—wild—raving—arbor—Tupman—kissing and hugging—all that sort of thing—eh, ma'am—eh?"

"Mr. Jingle," said the spinster aunt, "if you come here, sir, to insult me——"

"Not at all—by no means," replied the unabashed Mr. Jingle;—"overheard the tale—came to warn you of your danger—tender my services—prevent the hubbub. Never mind—think it an insult—leave the room"—and he turned, as if to carry the threat into execution.

"What *shall* I do?" said the poor spinster, bursting into tears. "My brother will be furious!"

"Of course he will," said Mr. Jingle pausing—"outrageous."

"Oh, Mr. Jingle, what *can* I say!" exclaimed the spinster aunt, in another flood of despair.

"Say he dreamt it," replied Mr. Jingle, coolly.

A ray of comfort darted across the mind of the spinster aunt at this suggestion. Mr. Jingle perceived it, and followed up his advantage.

"Pooh, pooh!—nothing more easy—blackguard boy—lovely woman—fat boy horsewhipped—you believed—end of the matter—all comfortable."

Whether the probability of escaping from the consequences of this ill-timed discovery was delightful to the spinster's feelings, or whether the hearing herself described as a "lovely woman" softened the asperity of her grief, we know not. She blushed slightly, and cast a grateful look on Mr. Jingle.

That insinuating gentleman sighed deeply, fixed his eyes on the spinster aunt's face for a couple of minutes, started melodramatically, and then suddenly withdrew them.

"You seem unhappy, Mr. Jingle," said the lady, in a plaintive voice. "May I show my gratitude for your kind interference, by inquiring into the cause, with a view, if possible, to its removal?"

"Ha!" exclaimed Mr. Jingle, with another start—"removal! remove *my* unhappiness, and your love bestowed upon a man who is insensible to the blessing—who even now contemplates a design upon the affections of the niece of the creature who—but no; he is my friend; I will not expose his vices. Miss Wardle—farewell!" At the conclusion of this address, the most consecutive he was ever known to utter, Mr. Jingle applied to his eyes the remnant of a handkerchief before noticed, and turned toward the door.

"Stay, Mr. Jingle!" said the spinster aunt emphatically. "You have made an allusion to Mr. Tupman—explain it."

"Never!" exclaimed Jingle, with a professional (i.e. theatrical) air. "Never!" and, by way of showing that he had no desire to be questioned further, he drew a chair close to that of the spinster aunt and sat down.

"Mr. Jingle," said the aunt, "I entreat—I implore you, if there is any dreadful mystery connected with Mr. Tupman, reveal it."

"Can I?" said Mr. Jingle, fixing his eyes on the aunt's face—"Can I see—lovely creature—sacrificed at the shrine—heartless avarice!"

He appeared to be struggling with various conflicting emotions for a few seconds, and then said in a low deep voice—

"Tupman only wants your money."

"The wretch!" exclaimed the spinster, with energetic indignation. (Mr. Jingle's doubts were resolved. She *had* money.)

"More than that," said Jingle—"loves another."

"Another!" ejaculated the spinster. "Who?"

"Short girl—black eyes—niece Emily."

There was a pause.

Now, if there were one individual in the whole world, of whom the spinster aunt entertained a mortal and deeply-rooted jealousy, it was this identical niece. The color rushed over her face and neck, and she tossed her head in silence with an air of ineffable contempt. At last, biting her thin lips, and bridling up, she said,—

"It can't be. I won't believe it."

"Watch 'm," said Jingle.

"I will," said the aunt.

"Watch his looks."

"I will."

"His whispers."

"I will."

"He'll sit next her at table."

"Let him."

"He'll flatter her."

"Let him."

"He'll pay her every possible attention."

"Let him."

"And he'll cut you."

"Cut *me!*" screamed the spinster aunt. "*He cut me ;—will he!*" and she trembled with rage and disappointment.

"You will convince yourself?" said Jingle.

"I will."

"You'll show your spirit?"

"I will."

"You'll not have him afterward?"

"Never."

"You'll take somebody else?"

"Yes."

"You shall."

Mr. Jingle fell on his knees, remained thereupon for five minutes thereafter, and rose the accepted lover of the spinster aunt; conditionally upon Tupman's perjury being made clear and manifest.

CHARLES DICKENS, "*Pickwick Papers*."

THEY had never been in this room together before.

"I hope," she continued, turning her eyes full on Tito, with a look of grave confidence—"I hope he will not weary you; this work makes him so happy."

"And me too, Romola—if you will only let me say, I love you—if you will only think me worth loving a little."

His speech was the softest murmur, and the dark, beautiful face, nearer to hers than it had ever been before, was looking at her with beseeching tenderness.

"I do love you," murmured Romola; she looked at him with the same simple majesty as ever, but her voice had never in her life before sunk to that murmur. It seemed to them both that they were looking at each other a long while before her lips moved again; yet it was but a moment till she said, "I know now what it is to be happy."

GEORGE ELIOT, "*Romola*."

IN the room where the dressing-table stood, and where the wax candles burned on the wall, I found Miss Havisham and Estella; Miss Havisham seated on a settee near the fire, and Estella on a cushion at her feet. Estella was knitting, and Miss Havisham was looking on. They both raised their eyes as I went in, and both saw an alteration in me. I derived that from the look they interchanged.

"And what wind," said Miss Havisham, "blows you here, Pip?"

Though she looked steadily at me, I saw that she was rather confused. Estella pausing for a moment in her knitting with her eyes upon me, and then going on, I fancied that I read in the action of her fingers, as plainly as if she had told me in the dumb alphabet, that she perceived I had discovered my real benefactor.

"Miss Havisham," said I, "I went to Richmond yesterday, to speak to Estella; and, finding that some wind had blown *her* here, I followed."

Miss Havisham motioning to me for the third or fourth time to sit down, I took the chair by the dressing-table which I had often seen her occupy. With all that ruin at my feet and about me, it seemed a natural place for me that day.

"What I had to say to Estella, Miss Havisham, I will say before you presently—in a few moments. It will not surprise you, it will not displease you. I am as unhappy as you can ever have meant me to be."

Miss Havisham continued to look steadily at me. I could see, in the action of Estella's fingers as they worked, that she attended to what I said; but she did not look up.

"I have found out who my patron is. It is not a fortunate discovery, and is not likely ever to enrich me in reputation, station, fortune, anything. There are reasons why I must say no more of that. It is not my secret, but another's."

As I was silent for awhile, looking at Estella and considering how to go on, Miss Havisham repeated, "It is not your secret, but another's. Well?"

"When you first caused me to be brought here, Miss Havisham; when I belonged to the village over yonder, that I wish I had never left; I suppose I did really come here, as any other chance boy might have come—as a kind of servant, to gratify a want or a whim, and to be paid for it?"

"Ay, Pip," replied Miss Havisham, steadily nodding her head; "you did."



"And that Mr. Jaggers——".

"Mr. Jaggers," said Miss Havisham, taking me up in a firm tone, "had nothing to do with it, and knew nothing of it. His being my lawyer, and his being the lawyer of your patron, is a coincidence. He holds the same relation toward numbers of people, and it might easily arise. Be that as it may, it did arise, and was not brought about by any one."

Any one might have seen in her haggard face that there was no suppression or evasion so far.

"But, when I fell into the mistake I have so long remained in, at least you led me on?" said I.

"Yes," she returned, again nodding steadily. "I let you go on."

"Was that kind?"

"Who am I?" cried Miss Havisham, striking her stick upon the floor and flashing into wrath so suddenly that Estella glanced up at her in surprise, "who am I, for God's sake, that I should be kind?"

It was a weak complaint to have made, and I had not meant to make it. I told her so, as she sat brooding after this outburst.

"Well, well, well!" she said. "What else?"

"I was liberally paid for my old attendance here," I said to soothe her, "in being apprenticed, and I have asked these questions only for my own information. What follows has another (and I hope more disinterested) purpose. In humoring my mistake, Miss Havisham, you punished — practiced on — perhaps you will supply whatever term expresses your intention, without offense — your self-seeking relations?"

"I did. Why, they would have it so! So would you. What has been my history, that I should be at the pains of entreating either them or you not to have it so? You made your own snares. I never made them."

Waiting until she was quiet again—for this, too, flashed out of her in a wild and sudden way—I went on.

"I have been thrown among one family of your relations, Miss Havisham, and have been constantly among them since I went to Lon-

don. I know them to have been as honestly under my delusion as I myself. And I should be false and base if I did not tell you, whether it is acceptable to you or no, and whether you are inclined to give credence to it or no, that you deeply wrong both Mr. Matthew Pocket and his son Herbert, if you suppose them to be otherwise than generous, upright, open, and incapable of anything designing or mean."

"They are your friends," said Miss Havisham.

"They made themselves my friends," said I, "when they supposed me to have superseded them; and when Sarah Pocket, Miss Georgiana, and Mistress Camilla were not my friends, I think."

This contrasting of them with the rest seemed, I was glad to see, to do them good with her. She looked at me keenly for a little while, and then said, quietly:

"What do you want for them?"

"Only," said I, "that you would not confound them with the others. They may be of the same blood, but, believe me, they are not of the same nature."

Still looking at me keenly, Miss Havisham repeated:

"What do you want for them?"

"I am not so cunning, you see," I said in answer, conscious that I reddened a little, "as that I could hide from you, even if I desired, that I do want something. Miss Havisham, if you would spare the money to do my friend Herbert a lasting service in life, but which from the nature of the case must be done without his knowledge, I could show you how."

"Why must it be done without his knowledge?" she asked, settling her hands upon her stick, that she might regard me the more attentively.

"Because," said I, "I began the service myself, more than two years ago, without his knowledge, and I don't want to be betrayed. Why I fail in my ability to finish it I can not explain. It is a part of the secret which is another person's and not mine."

She gradually withdrew her eyes from me, and turned them on the fire. After watching it for what appeared, in the silence and by the

light of the slowly-wasting candles, to be a long time, she was roused by the collapse of some of the red coals, and looked toward me again—at first, vacantly—then, with a gradually concentrating attention. All this time Estella knitted on. When Miss Havisham had fixed her attention on me, she said, speaking as if there had been no lapse in our dialogue :

“What else?”

“Estella,” said I, turning to her now, and trying to command my trembling voice, “you know I love you. You know that I have loved you long and dearly.”

She raised her eyes to my face on being thus addressed, and her fingers plied their work, and she looked at me with an unmoved countenance. I saw that Miss Havisham glanced from me to her, and from her to me.

“I should have said this sooner, but for my long mistake. It induced me to hope that Miss Havisham meant us for one another. While I thought you could not help yourself, as it were, I refrained from saying it. But I must say it now.”

Preserving her unmoved countenance, and with her fingers still going, Estella shook her head.

“I know,” said I, in answer to that action; “I know. I have no hope that I shall ever call you mine, Estella. I am ignorant what may become of me very soon, how poor I may be, or where I may go. Still, I love you. I have loved you ever since I first saw you in this house.”

Looking at me perfectly unmoved, and with her fingers busy, she shook her head again.

“It would have been cruel in Miss Havisham, horribly cruel, to practice on the susceptibility of a poor boy, and to torture me through all these years with a vain hope and an idle pursuit, if she had reflected on the gravity of what she did. But I think she did not. I think that, in the endurance of her own trial, she forgot mine, Estella.”

I saw Miss Havisham put her hand to her heart, and hold it there, as she sat looking by turns at Estella and at me.

"It seems," said Estella very calmly, "that there are sentiments, fancies—I don't know how to call them—which I am not able to comprehend. When you say you love me, I know what you mean, as a form of words; but nothing more. You address nothing in my breast, you touch nothing there. I don't care for what you say at all. I have tried to warn you of this; now, have I not?"

I said, in a miserable manner, "Yes."

"Yes. But you would not be warned, for you thought I did not mean it. Now, did you not think so?"

"I thought and hoped you could not mean it. You, so young, untried and beautiful, Estella! Surely it is not in Nature."

"It is in *my* nature," she returned. And then she added, with a stress upon the words, "It is in the nature formed within me. I make a great difference between you and all other people when I say so much. I can do no more."

"Is it not true," said I, "that Bentley Drummle is in town here, and pursuing you?"

"It is quite true," she replied, referring to him with the indifference of utter contempt.

"That you encourage him, and ride out with him, and that he dines with you this very day?"

She seemed a little surprised that I should know it, but again replied, "Quite true."

"You cannot love him, Estella?"

Her fingers stopped for the first time, as she retorted rather angrily, "What have I told you? Do you still think, in spite of it, that I do not mean what I say?"

"You would never marry him, Estella?"

She looked toward Miss Havisham, and considered for a moment, with her work in her hands. Then she said, "Why not tell you the truth? I am going to be married to him."

I dropped my face into my hands, but was able to control myself better than I could have expected, considering what agony it gave me to hear her say those words. When I raised my face again, there was

such a ghastly look upon Miss Havisham's, that it impressed me, even in my passionate hurry and grief.

"Estella, dearest, dearest Estella, do not let Miss Havisham lead you into this fatal step! Put me aside forever—you have done so, I well know—but bestow yourself on some worthier person than Drummle. Miss Havisham gives you to him, as the greatest slight and injury that could be done to the many far better men who admire you, and to the few who truly love you. Among those few, there may be one who loves you even as dearly, though he has not loved you as long, as I. Take him, and I can bear it better for your sake!"

My earnestness awoke a wonder in her that seemed as if it would have been touched with compassion, if she could have rendered me at all intelligible to her own mind.

"I am going," she said again, in a gentler voice, "to be married to him. The preparations for my marriage are making, and I shall be married soon. Why do you injuriously introduce the name of my mother by adoption? It is my own act."

"Your own act, Estella, to fling yourself away upon a brute!"

"On whom should I fling myself away?" she retorted with a smile. "Should I fling myself away upon the man who would the soonest feel (if people do feel such things) that I took nothing to him? There! It is done. I shall do well enough, and so will my husband. As to leading me into what you call this fatal step, Miss Havisham would have had me wait, and not marry yet; but I am tired of the life I have led, which has very few charms for me, and I am willing enough to change it. Say no more. We shall never understand each other."

"Such a mean brute, such a stupid brute!" I urged in despair.

"Don't be afraid of my being a blessing to him," said Estella; "I shall not be that. Come! Here is my hand. Do we part on this, you visionary boy—or man?"

"Oh, Estella!" I answered, as my bitter tears fell fast on her hand, do what I would to restrain them; "even if I remained in England, and could hold my head up with the rest, how could I see you Drummle's wife?"



"Nonsense," she returned, "nonsense! This will pass in no time."

"Never, Estella!"

CHARLES DICKENS, "*Great Expectations*."

"FLORENCE!" said Walter, passionately, "I am hurried on to say what I thought, but a few moments ago, nothing could have forced from my lips. If I had been prosperous; if I had any means or hope of being one day able to restore you to a station near your own; I would have told you that there was one name you might bestow upon me—a right above all others to protect and cherish you—that I was worthy of in nothing but the love and honor that I bore you, and in my whole heart being yours. I would have told you that it was the only claim that you could give me to defend and guard you, which I dare accept and dare assert; but that, if I had that right, I would regard it as a trust so precious and so priceless, that the undivided truth and fervor of my life would poorly acknowledge its worth."

The head was still bent down, the tears still falling, and the bosom swelling with its sobs.

"Dear Florence! dearest Florence! whom I called so in my thoughts before I could consider how presumptuous and wild it was. One last time let me call you by your own dear name, and touch this gentle hand in token of your sisterly forgetfulness of what I have said."

She raised her head, and spoke to him with such a solemn sweetness in her eyes; with such a calm, bright, placid smile shining on him through her tears; with such a low, soft tremble in her frame and voice, that the innermost chords of his heart were touched, and his sight was dim as he listened.

"No, Walter I cannot forget it. I would not forget it for the world. Are you—are you very poor?"

"I am but a wanderer," said Walter, "making voyages to live across the sea. That is my calling now."

"Are you soon going away again, Walter?"

"Very soon."

She sat looking at him for a moment; then timidly put her trembling hand in his.

"If you will take me for your wife, Walter, I will love you dearly. If you will let me go with you, Walter, I will go to the world's end without fear. I can give up nothing for you—I have nothing to resign, and no one to forsake; but all my love and life shall be devoted to you, and with my last breath I will breathe your name to God, if I have sense and memory left."

He caught her to his heart, and laid her cheek against his own, and now, no more repulsed, no more forlorn, she wept indeed upon the breast of her dear lover.

CHARLES DICKENS, "*Dombey and Son*."

"THOU'LT let me walk wi' thee at this hour, Rachael?"

"No, Stephen. 'Tis but a minute and I'm home."

"Thou'rt not fearfo'"; he said it in a low voice, as they went out at the door; "to leave me alone wi' her!"

As she looked at him, saying "Stephen?" he went down on his knee before her, on the poor, mean stairs, and put an end of her shawl to his lips.

"Thou art an angel. Bless thee, bless thee!"

"I am, as I have told thee, Stephen, thy poor friend. Angels are not like me. Between them and a working woman fu' of faults, there is a deep gulf set. My little sister is among them, but she is changed."

She raised her eyes for a moment as she said the words; and then they fell again, in all their gentleness and mildness, on his face.

"Thou changest me from bad to good. Thou mak'st me humbly wishfo' to be more like thee, and fearfo' to lose thee when this life is ower, an' a' the muddle cleared awa'. Thou'rt an angel; it may be, thou hast saved my soul alive!"

She looked at him, on his knee at her feet, with her shawl still in his hand, and the reproof on her lips died away when she saw the working of his face.

"I coom home desp'rate. I coom home wi'out a hope, and mad wi' thinking that when I said a word o' complaint I was reckoned a on-reasonable Hand. I told thee I had a fright. It were the Poison-bottle on table. I never hurt a livin' creatur; but happenin' so suddenly upon't I thowt, 'How can I say what I might ha' done to myseln or her, or both?' "

She put her two hands on his mouth, with a face of terror, to stop him from saying more. He caught them in his unoccupied hand, and holding them, and still clasping the border of her shawl, said hurriedly :

"But I see thee, Rachael, setten by the bed. I ha' seen thee, aw this night. In my troublous sleep I ha' known thee still to be there. Evermore I will see thee there. I nevermore will see her or think o' her, but thou shalt be beside her. I nevermore will see or think o' anything that angers me, but thou, so much better than me, shalt be by th' side on't. And so I will try t' look t' th' time, and so I will try t' trust t' th' time, when thou and me at last shall walk together far awa', beyond the deep gulf, in th' country where thy little sister is."

He kissed the border of her shawl again, and let her go. She bade him good night in a broken voice, and went out into the street.

The wind blew from the quarter where the day would soon appear, and still blew strongly. It had cleared the sky before it, and the rain had spent itself or traveled elsewhere, and the stars were bright. He stood bareheaded in the road, watching her quick disappearance. As the slinging stars were to the heavy candle in the window, so was Rachael, in the rugged fancy of this man, to the common experiences of his life.

CHARLES DICKENS, "*Hard Times*."

LUCY covered her face with her hands, and the tears, in spite of her, forced their way between her fingers. "Forgive me," said Ravenswood, taking her right hand, which, after slight resistance, she yielded to him, still continuing to shade her face with the left—"I am too rude, too rough—too intractable to deal with any being so soft and gentle as

you are. Forget that so stern a vision has crossed your path of life—and let me pursue mine, sure that I can meet with no worse misfortune after the moment it divides me from your side.”

Lucy wept on, but her tears were less bitter. Each attempt which the Master made to explain his purpose of departure, only proved a new evidence of his desire to stay; until, at length, instead of bidding her farewell, he gave his faith to her forever, and received her troth in return. The whole passed so suddenly, and arose so much out of the immediate impulse of the moment, that ere the Master of Ravenswood could reflect upon the consequences of the step which he had taken, their lips, as well as their hands, had pledged the sincerity of their affection.

“And now,” he said, after a moment’s consideration, “it is fit I should speak to Sir William Ashton—he must know of our engagement. Ravenswood must not seem to dwell under his roof, to solicit clandestinely the affections of his daughter.”

“You would not speak to my father on the subject?” said Lucy, doubtingly; and then added, more warmly, “Oh, do not—do not! Let your lot in life be determined—your station and purpose ascertained, before you address my father; I am sure he loves you—I think he will consent—but then my mother!—”

SIR WALTER SCOTT, “*The Bride of Lammermoor.*”

WHAT Hilda might have answered must be left to conjecture; for as she turned from the shrine, her eyes were attracted to the figure of a female penitent, kneeling on the pavement just beneath the great central eye, in the very spot which Kenyon had designated as the only one whence prayers should ascend. The upturned face was invisible, behind a veil or mask, which formed a part of the garb.

“It cannot be!” whispered Hilda, with emotion. “No; it cannot be!”

“What disturbs you?” asked Kenyon. “Why do you tremble so?”

"If it were possible," she replied, "I should fancy that kneeling figure to be Miriam!"

"As you say, it is impossible," rejoined the sculptor. "We know too well what has befallen both her and Donatello."

"Yes; it is impossible!" repeated Hilda.

Her voice was still tremulous, however, and she seemed unable to withdraw her attention from the kneeling figure. Suddenly, and as if the idea of Miriam had opened the whole volume of Hilda's reminiscences, she put this question to the sculptor:—

"Was Donatello really a Faun?"

"If you had ever studied the pedigree of the far-descended heir of Monte Beni, as I did," answered Kenyon, with an irrepressible smile, "you would have retained few doubts on that point. Faun or not, he had a genial nature, which, had the rest of mankind been in accordance with it, would have made earth a paradise to our poor friend. It seems the moral of his story, that human beings of Donatello's character, compounded especially for happiness, have no longer any business on earth, or elsewhere. Life has grown so sadly serious, that such men must change their nature, or else perish, like the antediluvian creatures, that required, as the condition of their existence, a more summer-like atmosphere than ours."

"I will not accept your moral!" replied the hopeful and happy-natured Hilda.

"Then here is another; take your choice!" said the sculptor, remembering what Miriam had recently suggested, in reference to the same point. "He perpetrated a great crime; and his remorse, gnawing into his soul, has awakened it; developing a thousand high capabilities, moral and intellectual, which we never should have dreamed of asking for, within the scanty compass of the Donatello whom we knew."

"I know not whether this is so," said Hilda. "But what then?"

"Here comes my perplexity," continued Kenyon. "Sin has educated Donatello, and elevated him. Is sin, then—which we deem such a dreadful blackness in the universe—is it, like sorrow, merely an element of human education, through which we struggle to a higher and purer



state than we could otherwise have attained? Did Adam fall, that we might ultimately rise to a far loftier paradise than his?"

"Oh, hush!" cried Hilda, shrinking from him with an expression of horror which wounded the poor, speculative sculptor to the soul. "This is terrible; and I could weep for you, if you indeed believe it. Do not you perceive what a mockery your creed makes, not only of all religious sentiments, but of moral law? and how it annuls and obliterates whatever precepts of Heaven are written deepest within us? You have shocked me beyond words!"

"Forgive me, Hilda!" exclaimed the sculptor, startled by her agitation; "I never did believe it! But the mind wanders wild and wide; and, so lonely as I live and work, I have neither pole-star above nor light of cottage-windows here below, to bring me home. Were you my guide, my counsellor, my inmost friend, with that white wisdom which clothes you as a celestial garment, all would go well. O Hilda, guide me home!"

"We are both lonely; both far from home!" said Hilda, her eyes filling with tears. "I am a poor, weak girl, and have no such wisdom as you fancy in me."

What further may have passed between these lovers, while standing before the pillared shrine, and the marble Madonna that marks Raphael's tomb whither they had now wandered, we are unable to record. But when the kneeling figure beneath the open eye of the Pantheon arose, she looked towards the pair, and extended her hands with a gesture of benediction. Then they knew that it was Miriam. They suffered her to glide out of the portal, however, without a greeting; for those extended hands, even while they blessed, seemed to repel, as if Miriam stood on the other side of a fathomless abyss, and warned them from its verge.

So Kenyon won the gentle Hilda's shy affection, and her consent to be his bride.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, "*Marble Faun*."

NOT only unashamed of grief, but much abashed with joy was I, when I saw my Lorna coming, purer than the morning dew, than the sun more bright and clear. That which made me love her so, that which lifted my heart to her, as the spring wind lifts the clouds, was the gayness of her nature, and its inborn playfulness. And yet all this with maiden shame, a conscious dream of things unknown, and a sense of fate about them.

Down the valley still she came, not witting that I looked at her, having ceased (through my own misprision) to expect me yet awhile; or, at least, she told herself so. In the joy of awakened life, and brightness of the morning, she had cast all care away, and seemed to float upon the sunrise, like a buoyant silver wave. Suddenly, at sight of me, for I leaped forth at once, in fear of seeming to watch her unawares, the bloom upon her cheeks was deepened, and the radiance of her eyes; and she came to meet me gladly.

"At last, then, you are come, John. I thought you had forgotten me. I could not make you understand—they have kept me prisoner every evening; but come into my house; you are in danger here."

Meanwhile I could not answer, being overcome with joy; but followed to her little grotto, where I had been twice before. I knew that the crowning moment of my life was coming—that Lorna would own her love for me.

She made for a while as if she dreamed not of the meaning of my gaze, but tried to speak of other things, faltering now and then, and mantling with a richer damask below her long eyelashes.

"This is not what I came to know," I whispered very softly; "you know what I am come to ask."

"If you are come on purpose to ask anything, why do you delay so?" She turned away very bravely, but I saw that her lips were trembling.

"I delay so long, because I fear; because my whole life hangs in balance on a single word; because what I have near me now may never more be near me after, though more than all the world, or than a thousand worlds, to me." As I spoke these words of passion, in a low, soft

voice, Lorna trembled more and more but she made no answer, neither yet looked up at me.

"I have loved you long and long," I pursued, being reckless now; "when you were a little child, as a boy I worshipped you; then when I saw you a comely girl, as a stripling I adored you; now that you are a full-grown maiden, all the rest I do, and more—I love you more than tongue can tell, or heart can hold in silence. I have waited long and long; and though I am so far below you, I can wait no longer; but must have my answer."

"You have been very faithful, John," she murmured to the fern and moss; "I suppose I must reward you."

"That will not do for me," I said; "I will not have reluctant liking, nor assent for pity's sake; which only means endurance. I must have all love, or none; I must have your heart of hearts; even as you have mine, Lorna."

While I spoke, she glanced up shyly through her fluttering lashes, to prolong my doubt one moment, for her own delicious pride. Then she opened wide upon me all the glorious depth and softness of her loving eyes, and flung both arms around my neck, and answered with her heart on mine:

"Darling, you have won it all. I shall never be my own again. I am yours, my own one, forever and forever."

I am sure I know not what I did, or what I said thereafter, being overcome with transport by her words and at her gaze. Only one thing I remember, when she raised her bright lips to me, like a child, for me to kiss, such a smile of sweet temptation met me through her flowing hair, that I almost forgot my manners, giving her no time to breathe.

"That will do," said Lorna gently, but violently blushing; "for the present that will do, John. And now remember one thing, dear. All the kindness is to be on my side; and you are to be very distant, as be-hooves to a young maiden; except when I invite you. But you may kiss my hand, John; oh, yes, you may kiss my hand, you know. Ah, to be sure! I had forgotten; how very stupid of me!"

For by this time I had taken one sweet hand, and gazed on it with the pride of all the world, to think that such a lovely thing was mine; and then I slipped my little ring upon the wedding finger; and this time Lorna kept it, and looked with fondness on its beauty, and clung to me with a flood of tears.

"Every time you cry," said I, drawing her closer to me, "I shall consider it an invitation not be too distant. There now, none shall make you weep. Darling, you shall sigh no more, but live in peace and happiness, with me to guard and cherish you: and who shall dare to vex you?" But she drew a long, sad sigh, and looked at the ground with the great tears rolling, and pressed one hand upon the trouble of her pure young breast.

"It can never, never be," she murmured to herself alone. "Who am I, to dream of it? Something in my heart tells me it can be so never, never."

RICHARD DODDRIDGE BLACKMORE, "*Lorna Doone*."

SLEEP came on me, without my feeling it, and amid all the distracting cares and pressing thoughts that embarrassed me, I only awoke when the roll of the caleche sounded beneath my window, and warned me that I must be stirring and ready for the road.

Since it is to be thus, thought I, it is much better that this opportunity should occur of my getting away at once, and thus obviate all the unpleasantness of my future meeting with Lady Jane; and the thousand conjectures that my departure, so sudden and unannounced, might give rise to. So be it, and I have now only one hope more—that the terms we last parted on, may prevent her appearing at the breakfast table; with these words I entered the room, where the Callonbys were assembled, all save Lady Jane.

"This is too provoking, really, Mr. Lorrequer," said Lady Callonby, with her sweetest smile, and most civil manner, "quite too bad to lose you now, that you have just joined us."

"Come, no tampering with our party," said Lord Callonby; "my

friend here must not be seduced by honied words and soft speeches, from the high road that leads to honors and distinctions—now for your instructions.” Here his lordship entered into a very deep discussion as to the conditions upon which his support might be expected, and relied upon, which Kilkee from time to time interrupted by certain quizzing allusions to the low price he put upon his services, and suggested that a mission for myself should certainly enter into the compact.

At length breakfast was over, and Lord Callonby said, “Now make your adieux, and let me see you for a moment in Sir Guy’s room; we have a little discussion there, in which your assistance is wanting.” I accordingly took my farewell of Lady Callonby, and approached to do so to Lady Jane, but much to my surprise, she made me a very distant salute, and said in her coldest tone, “I hope you may have a pleasant journey.” Before I had recovered my surprise at this movement, Kilkee came forward and offered to accompany me a few miles of the road. I accepted readily the kind offer, and once more bowing to the ladies, withdrew. And thus it is, thought I, that I leave all my long-dreamed-of happiness, and such is the end of many a long day’s ardent expectation. When I entered my uncle’s room, my temper was certainly not in the mood most fit for further trials, though it was doomed to meet them.

“Harry, my boy, we are in great want of you here, and as time presses, we must state our case very briefly. You are aware, Sir Guy tells me, that your cousin Guy has been received among us as the suitor of my eldest daughter. It has been an old compact between us to unite our families by ties still stronger than our very ancient friendship, and this match has been accordingly looked to, by us both, with much anxiety. Now, although on our parts I think no obstacle intervenes, yet I am sorry to say, there appear difficulties in other quarters. In fact, certain stories have reached Lady Jane’s ears concerning your cousin which have greatly prejudiced her against him, and we have reason to think most unfairly; for we have succeeded in tracing some of the offences in question, not to Guy, but to a Mr. Morewood, who it seems



has personated your cousin upon more than one occasion, and not a little to his disadvantage. Now we wish you to sift these matters to the bottom, by your going to Paris as soon as you can venture to leave London—find out this man, and if possible, make all straight; if money is wanting, he must of course have it; but bear one thing in mind, that any possible step which may remove this unhappy impression from my daughter's mind, will be of infinite service, and never forgotten by us. Kilkee, too, has taken some dislike to Guy. You have only, however, to talk to him on the matter, and he is sure to pay attention to you."

"And, Harry," said my uncle, "tell Guy I am much displeased that he is not here: I expected him to leave Paris with me, but some absurd wager at the Jockey Club detained him."

"Another thing, Harry, you may as well mention to your cousin, that Sir Guy has complied with every suggestion that he formerly threw out—he will understand the allusion."

"Oh, yes," said my uncle, "tell him roundly he shall have Elton Hall; I have fitted up Marsden for myself; so no difficulty lies in that quarter."

"You may add, if you like, that my present position with the government enables me to offer him a speedy prospect of a regiment, and that I think he had better not leave the army."

"And say that by next post Hamercloth's bond for the six thousand shall be paid off, and let him send me a note of any other large sum he owes."

"And above all things, no more delays. I must leave this for England inevitably, and as the ladies will probably prefer wintering in Italy——"

"Oh, certainly," said my uncle, "the wedding must take place."

"I scarcely can ask you to come to us on the occasion, though I need not say how greatly we should all feel gratified if you could do so," said my lord.

While this cross fire went on from both sides, I looked from one to the other of the speakers. My first impression being, that having perceived and disliked my attention to Lady Jane, they adopted this

"mauvaise plaisanterie" as a kind of smart lesson for my guidance. My next impression was that they were really in earnest, but about the very stupidest pair of old gentlemen that ever wore hair powder.

"And this is all?" said I, drawing a long breath, and inwardly uttering a short prayer for patience.

"Why, I believe I have mentioned everything," said Lord Callonby, "except that if anything occurs to yourself that offers a prospect of forwarding this affair, we leave you a *carte blanche* to adopt it."

"Of course, then," said I, "I am to understand that as no other difficulties lie in the way than those your lordship has mentioned, the feelings of the parties, their affections, are mutual."

"Oh, of course, your cousin, I suppose, has made himself agreeable; he is a good-looking fellow, and, in fact, I am not aware why they should not like each other, eh, Sir Guy?"

"To be sure, and the Elton estates run half the shire with your Gloucester property; never was there a more suitable match."

"Then only one point remains, and that being complied with, you may reckon upon my services; nay, more, I promise you success. Lady Jane's own consent must be previously assured to me; without this, I most positively decline moving a step in the matter; that once obtained, freely and without constraint, I pledge myself to do all you require."

"Quite fair, Harry; I perfectly approve of your scruples;" so saying, his lordship rose and left the room.

"Well, Harry, and yourself, what is to be done for you; has Callonby offered you anything yet?"

"Yes, sir, his lordship has most kindly offered me the under secretaryship in Ireland, but I have resolved on declining it, though I shall not at present say so, lest he should feel any delicacy in employing me upon the present occasion."

"Why, is the boy deranged—decline it—what have you got in the world, that you should refuse such an appointment?"

The color mounted to my cheeks, my temples burned, and what I should have replied to this taunt, I know not, for passion had com-

pletely mastered me. When Lord Callonby again entered the room, his usually calm and pale face was agitated and flushed, and his manner tremulous and hurried; for an instant he was silent, and then turning towards my uncle, he took his hand affectionately, and said,—

"My good old friend, I am deeply, deeply grieved; but we must abandon this scheme. I have just seen my daughter, and from the few words which we have had together, I find that her dislike to the match is invincible, and, in fact, she has obtained my promise never again to allude to it. If I were willing to constrain the feelings of my child, you yourself would not permit it. So here let us forget that we ever hoped for, ever calculated on a plan in which both our hearts were so deeply interested."

These words, few as they were, were spoken with deep feeling, and, for the first time, I looked upon the speaker with sincere regard. They were both silent for some minutes, Sir Guy, who was himself much agitated, spoke first.

"So be it then, Callonby, and thus do I relinquish one—perhaps the only cheering prospect my advanced age held out to me. I have long wished to have your daughter for my niece, and since I have known her, the wish has increased tenfold."

"It was the chosen dream of all my anticipations," said Lord Callonby, "and now Jane's affections only—but let it pass."

"And is there, then, really no remedy; can nothing be struck out?"

"Nothing."

"I am not quite so sure, my Lord," said I, tremulously.

"No, no, Lorrequer, you are a ready-witted fellow, I know, but this passes even your ingenuity; besides, I have given her my word."

"Even so."

"Why, what do you mean? speak out, man," said Sir Guy; "I'll give you ten thousand pounds on the spot if you'll suggest a means of overcoming this difficulty."

"Perhaps you might not accede afterwards."

“I pledge myself to it.”

“And I, too,” said Lord Callonby, “if no unfair stratagem be resorted to towards my daughter. If she only give her free and willing consent, I agree.”

“Then you must bid higher, uncle; ten thousand won’t do, for the bargain is well worth the money.”

“Name your price, boy, and keep your word.”

“Agreed, then—holding my uncle to his promise, I pledge myself that his nephew shall be the husband of Lady Jane Callonby; and now, my Lord, read Harry vice Guy, in the contract, and I am certain my uncle is too faithful to his plighted word, and too true to his promise not to say it shall be.”

The suddenness of this rash declaration absolutely stunned them both, and then recovering at the same moment, their eyes met.

“Fairly caught, Guy,” said Lord Callonby; “a bold stroke, if it only succeeds.”

“And it shall, by G—,” said my uncle. “Elton is yours, Harry; and with seven thousand a year, and my nephew to boot, Callonby won’t refuse you.”

There are moments in life in which conviction will follow a bold “coup de main,” that never would have ensued from the slow process of reasoning. Luckily for me, this was one of those happy intervals. Lord Callonby catching my uncle’s enthusiasm, seized me by the hand, and said,—

“With her consent, Lorrequer, you may count upon mine, and, faith, if truth must be told, I always preferred you to the other.”

What my uncle added, I waited not to listen to; but with one bound sprung from the room—dashed up stairs to Lady Callonby’s drawing-room—looking rapidly round to see if *she* were there, and then, without paying the slightest attention to the questions of Lady Callonby and her youngest daughter, was turning to leave the room when my eyes caught the flutter of a Cashmere shawl in the garden beneath. In an instant the window was torn open—I stood upon the sill, and though the fall was some twenty feet, with one spring I took it, and

before the ladies had recovered from their first surprise at my unaccountable conduct, put the finishing stroke to their amazement, by throwing my arms around Lady Jane, and clasping her to my heart.

I cannot remember by what process I explained the change that had taken place in my fortunes. I had some very vague recollection of vows of eternal love being mingled with praises of my worthy uncle, and the state of my affections and finances were jumbled up together, but still sufficiently intelligible to satisfy my beloved Jane—that, this time at least, I made love with something more than *my own* consent to support me. Before we had walked half round the garden, she had promised to be mine; and Harry Lorrequer, who rose that morning with nothing but despair and darkness before him, was now the happiest of men.

CHARLES LEVER, "*Confessions of Harry Lorrequer.*"

LESLIE returned to her side.

"I must speak," he said, hoarsely. "It is not cruelty at a time like this; it is the desire to help, to console, to be near you in distress. Miss Vine—Louise—you—forgive me for saying it—you must have known that for months past I have loved you."

She looked up at him wistfully, and there was a look of such pain and sorrow in her eyes that he paused, and took the hand which she resigned to him without shrinking, but only to send a thrill of pain through him, for the act was not that of one accepting the offer of his love.

"Yes," she said, after a painful pause, "I did think that you must care for me."

"As I do," he whispered, earnestly, "and this is my excuse for speaking now. No: don't shrink from me. I only ask you to think of me as one whose sole thought is of you, and of how he may help and serve you."

"You have helped us in every way," she said, sadly.



"I have tried so hard," he said, huskily; "but everything has seemed little compared to what I wished; and now—it is all I ask: you will let this formal barrier between us be cast away, so that in everything I may be your help and counsellor. Louise, it is no time to talk of love," he cried, earnestly, "and my wooing is that of a rough, blunt man; and—don't shrink from me—only tell me that some day, when all this pain and suffering has been softened by time, I may ask you to listen to me; and that now I may go away feeling you believe in my love and sympathy. You will tell me this?"

She softly drew away her hand, giving him a look so full of pity and sorrow that a feeling akin to despair made his heart swell within his breast. He had read of those who resigned the world with all its hopes and pleasures from a feeling that their time was short here, and of death-bed farewells, and there was so much of this in Louise's manner that he became stricken and chilled.

It was only by a tremendous effort over self that he was able to summon up the strength to speak; and, in place of the halting, hesitating words of a few minutes before, he now spoke out earnestly and well.

"Forgive me," he said; and she trembled as she shrank away to cover her eyes with her hand. "It was folly on my part to speak to you at such a time, but my love is stronger than worldly forms, and though I grieve to have given you pain, I cannot feel sorry that I have spoken the simple, honest truth. You are too sweet and true to deal lightly with a man's frank, earnest love. Forgive me—say good-bye. I am going away patiently—to wait."

His manner changed as he took her disengaged hand and kissed it tenderly and respectfully.

"I will not ask to see your father to-day. He is, I know, suffering and ill; but tell him from me that he has only to send a messenger to bring me here at once. I want to help him in every way. Good-bye."

"Stop!"

He was half-way to the door when that one word arrested him, and with a sense of delicious joy flooding his breast, he turned quickly to

listen to the words which would give him a life's happiness. The flash of joy died out as quickly as that of lightning, and in the same way seemed to leave the hope that had risen scathed and dead. For there was no mistaking that look, nor the tone of the voice which spoke what seemed to him the death-warrant of his love.

"I could not speak," she said, in a strange low voice full of the pain she suffered. "I tried to check you, but the words would not come. What you ask is impossible; I could not promise. It would be cruel to you—unjust, and it would raise hopes that could never be fulfilled."

"No, no. Don't say that," he cried appealingly. "I have been premature. I should have waited patiently."

"It would have been the same. Mr. Leslie, you should not have asked this. You should not have exposed yourself to the pain of a refusal, me to the agony of being forced to speak."

"I grant much of what you say," he pleaded. "Forgive me."

"Do not misunderstand me," she continued, after a brave effort to master her emotion. "After what has passed it would be impossible. I have but one duty now; that of devoting myself to my father."

"You feel this," he pleaded; "and you are speaking sincerely; but wait. Pray say no more—now. There; let me say good-bye."

"No," she said sternly; "you shall not leave me under a misapprehension. It has been a struggle that has been almost too great; but I have won the strength to speak. No; Mr. Leslie, it is impossible."

MANVILLE FENN, "*Of High Descent.*"

GEORGE DRUMMOND's voice broke the silence.

"This seems your favorite haunt, Sybil," he said.

"Yes," replied the girl, "I love the place, its beauty and its silence; I am but a lotus-eater, after all; it is a terribly lazy habit, but it is very pleasant to sit here in the shade, and to listen to the cooings of the pigeons, and to dream."

"I hope they are pleasant dreams," said the young fellow with a smile.

Sybil started, but she never answered him.

And then there was an interval of silence.

"Sybil," said George Drummond, "can you remember when I went away?"

"Remember it?" said the girl. "I remember it as if it was but yesterday. Oh! how I cried, for you were my playmate and protector, and it seemed to me so terrible that you should leave us all to go to Africa, and your mother's grief frightened me, and when I heard her sometimes say that perhaps you would never come back to us—like a child, for I was a very little thing then, George, I used to cry for company."

"I have got your keepsake still, Sybil," said the young fellow, as he took the necklet of glittering beads from his breast pocket; "I have carried them about with me ever since; they have been my talisman. When my fortunes were at their worst I used to take them out and look at them, and wonder if I should ever see again the little Sybil Ross who gave them to me."

She never looked at him, but continued to gaze out upon the sunlit landscape; and though her cheeks flushed a little and her eyes sparkled, yet she did not fling him even one cold crumb of comfort. Sybil Ross never encouraged George Drummond, nor did she look upon her childish gift.

"What am I to do with them, Sybil?" said George. "Am I to keep them still?"

"Of course you may," said the girl. "I got into terrible trouble about them at the time. Nurse Pringle was never tired of searching for them. I was examined and cross-examined, and adjured to tell the truth, and I lived in a perpetual fear of being found out. The fear of being found out, George, is a terrible thing for a child—even for a little child; but, like many other guilty people, I escaped. As time went on, Nurse Pringle herself forgot about my Indian beads. And so you kept them all those years, George," she said. And then she looked up at him and smiled.

"They were a keepsake, you know," said George. "Of course I

kept them, and they brought me luck, ay! and they kept me straight too, Sybil, and gave me hope. When I looked at the little necklace, I thought of my little playfellow at home, and of the old folks; and now," he said, "I have brought them back to you, and I have got something I want to tell you. It is a secret, though perhaps you know it already. Cannot you guess my secret, Sybil? I told it to my mother before I had been home a week. When I came back," he went on hurriedly, "I fell in love."

Sybil Ross started.

"Desperately, over head and ears, in love. I felt my chance was hopeless. What hope had I, a rough chap from the colonies, in the race with other men—men who had had the start of me? It was very hard to see those men pleading their cause with the girl I loved, while I had to stand and look on in silence. That was a dreadful time, Sybil—a dreadful time for me; and if it had not been for my mother I think I should have gone back to the colony. But that seemed a cowardly sort of thing to do, and I hung on and watched them striving for the prize, and striving, as I thought, in vain. And now, Sybil—now I have come to ask you if I may keep your necklace, dear; and if you give me leave, it will mean a good deal, you know—a great deal for both of us."

"I won't pretend to misunderstand you, George. It would be mere affectation to do that; but what you hint at can never be. There can be nothing between us, dear, but friendship. You ask me for my love. I must be honest, and say, I cannot give it you. It cuts me to the heart to hurt you; but the thing you ask for cannot be. I feel honored, George, honored far beyond my poor deserts, but I cannot marry you."

"Sybil," said the young fellow, "it is hard to bear. I had hoped, I had thought, when you dismissed those admirers of yours, that I *might* have a chance. Oh! Sibyl," cried George, with a groan, "I wish you had not a farthing in the world; but it is no good wishing that. You are an heiress, and you are ambitious; you have a right to look higher than a fellow like me. You are quite right. I was a fool

to have hoped it; I was a fool to have spoken. I have been like a little child who was crying for the moon. I see it now."

"George," said the girl, "you are cruel to talk like that. Money would never come between me and the man I loved. I won't pretend that I was surprised to hear what you told me just now. Indeed, your mother had hinted to me as much already. Keep the necklace, dearest friend; you won't refuse to do that?" she continued as she gazed up pleadingly at him. "Keep it as a remembrance of your little playmate in the old happy days that have passed away. Keep it too, dear," she said, as she took his hand, "in token of the love I bear you. Be my brother still, George, as you have ever been." And then she placed the little necklace once more in his hand. He kissed the little dimpled hand, and thrust the battered string of beads into his breast once more.

F. C. PHILLIPS, "*Sybil Ross's Marriage*."

It was for this that he did not hear my lady coming until she stood beside him, and her white gown brushed his cheek. But seeing her, he leaped to his feet, and the blood ran along his face, and then seemed all to settle in the long wound, leaving him more pale than before. And she said to him,—

"Nay, do not rise, for thou art weak yet;" but he would not be seated, so they stood there, side by side in the fair morning light. And presently she puts out her hand (no one ere reached out their hand as did my lady), and she just lays it on his sleeve, and saith she, "I am come to thank you—to thank you with all my heart and soul"—and there a sob chokes her, and she can say no more.

Again the blood swept up across his brow; and he said, "For God's love, say no more."

But she answered, saying, "Nay, I have so much to say." And she came nearer to him for a little space; and her head drooped downward, like a flower full of rain. And she did knit and unknit her white



fingers as they hung before her. And she saith, "There is no guerdon worthy such a knight, but if an thou——"

Then all on a sudden did she reach out both arms towards him, and her fair hands, palms upward, and the scarlet leaped to her very brow; but she lifted her little head proudly, albeit her eyes were dropped downward, and she said unto him, "Take me, for I am thine."

And he trembled from head to foot, and parting his lips as though to speak, reached out his arms and clasped her.

And when I realized what I had done, I did drop my cross-bow and took to my heels, like one followed by goblins.

AMELIA RIVES, "*A Brother to Dragons.*"

"WHAT have you done to annoy Mr. Hawke, Sophie?" said I.

"What have *we* done? You mean what have *you* done?" she cried. "You have *dared* to admire Florence, and for that our dear friend here," kissing her, "is commanded to drop our acquaintance."

This was a tremendous stroke on Sophie's part—I understood it—I saw its prodigious value to myself—but I confess I was awed by its audacity. That she was distressing Miss Florence to an extremity by whipping out with all this before me, I could witness in the blushing face of the girl, whose instincts were apparently helpless, for she evidently did not know whether to go or stay, or how to behave so as to give by her conduct the least possible significance to Sophie's blunt candor. But it was a noble opportunity for me, though cruelly obtained, and, trembling as I was, and my heart beating wildly, I would not lose it.

"Were ten times worse than this to follow," said I, in a low voice, to disguise the shake in it, "I should still go on admiring you, Miss Hawke. But if I am to be the only impediment to your visits here, Mr. Hawke may at once withdraw his commands, for I will leave my kind relations."

"I trust you will do nothing of the kind, Mr. Seymour," exclaimed Miss Hawke, keeping her eyes rooted to the ground. "I shall obey my

father, though I am disobedient now in calling; but it will not be my fault if your relatives do not remain the same warm friends of mine I have always found them."

Here Sophie shed tears. "Oh, Florence, you know we all love you! How cruel and silly your papa is—yes, cruel and silly—boo! boo!" And lo! while she boo'd Miss Florence pulled out her pocket-handkerchief and put it to her eyes. Was there ever a more moving sight? I protest, mates, I was very near turning to and having a bit of a snuffle on my own account.

"It is a most unhappy business," said I. "But there is only one remedy: I must go. I cannot remain in a family whose peace of mind I am disturbing, and whose friends I am alienating. I ought never to have come to Clifton. What made my uncle go and find me out? I have brought trouble on him, and misery—yes, I will say misery—on myself. And if you wish to know what I mean, Miss Hawke, I'll explain by saying that it is miserable to feel that I may have no further opportunity of meeting you, of being in your company, of even seeing you."

Here Sophie bounced up. "Florence, before you go I want to say a word to Amelia about your visit. Don't leave before I return;" and away she stumbled across the lawn.

It was a neatly contrived stratagem; very transparent, and, of course, as easily seen through by Miss Hawke as by the impassioned young chap alongside of her. Possibly Sophie judged by my speech that I was in a fit condition to make love, and so hauled off at what she reckoned the right moment.

"I hope my cousin's candid tongue has not vexed you, Miss Hawke," said I. "You will ascribe her outspokenness to indignation. She loves and admires you, and is angry to think that she may lose you as a friend through no fault of her own."

"Sophie is not a girl to vex anybody, she replied. "Nor will she lose me as a friend."

"And I?"

"Oh, Mr. Seymour, we must hope to meet each other occasionally

in our walks—that is, while you remain here," she said, answering with some confusion; and then, perhaps fancying that I might find more in that answer than she intended, she added, "Clifton is not a very large place, and people are constantly meeting."

"I quite understand," said I, making her a little bow. "But the sort of meetings you mean promise but a poor lookout for me."

"But you have threatened to leave and deprive yourself, therefore, of even such small consolation as a passing bow might afford you," said she, laughing, and talking more easily, though all this while she never looked at me.

"I did not say I should leave the neighborhood," I replied; "only that house yonder."

This hove the darling right into the wind's eye again. She was all aback in a breath, blushing, bothered, and yet *liking* it; couldn't I tell that?

"Miss Hawke," said I, plucking up my heart for a header, and going in, so to speak, with my eyes shut and my hands clenched, "I'm but a plain young fellow—I don't mean plain in the sense of ugliness; my sea-training has knocked all power out of me of capering and smirking and stepping round an emotion like a French dancing-master. I can do no more than speak out, and though I don't feel it is fair that I should be tackling you, alone here, calling, as you have, without expecting to see me" (here she turned her beautiful eyes up to me for the first time, as if she would say, Are you quite sure of *that*?), "yet as I may not have another chance I *MUST* tell you how deeply I admire you—no, no, let me be honest—let me say, love you. From the moment I set eyes on you sitting in that drawing-room over there, with your poor old dog at your feet, you have never been out of my thoughts. It seems but yesterday—ay, you smile—well, the time has been short enough. But then think how much we have been together—how kind and sweet and gentle you have been to me. That is no compliment, I know—you could not be otherwise—of course I ought not to talk to you like this. Mr. Hawke would think me a villain were he behind that tree; but then I reckon no man ever yet told a girl he was in love with

her but that there was some relative who would rather he should have poisoned himself. You'll go away laughing when you think of me—more amused than angry at my presumption. But I've had my say; you know the truth; and let your father now head you on what course he will, no power on earth can prevent you from remembering that the young sailor-fied fellow, Jack Seymour, whom you met at his uncle's house, was devotedly in love with you, the first girl he ever met in his life whom he could break his clumsy young heart over."

Mates, what do you say to this as a love-speech? how does it read? I know it's an outburst that staggers me to recall—plenty of it, too, mind you, and handsomely rounded, like a bit of Parliament jaw. Well I remember it, and that you may not think I've improved it in the writing, let me tell you you have the very words I used. It gave her time to rally, and she stood up and, looking at me bravely, "Rest assured, Mr. Seymour," says she, "that let my future be what it will, I shall always remember what you have said to me with *pride*"—and my darling was going on, but her color suddenly failed her, she put out her hand and said "Good-bye."

"Won't you wait for Sophie?" said I, keeping hold of her hand. "Don't go without seeing her."

She smiled faintly, and replied, "Sophie has forgotten us. Besides, though I am not breaking my word to papa, for I *could* not make him the promise he wanted, I am here against his wish, and must go. Good-bye." And in a moment she was walking quickly to the gate, watched by me, who for love of her would have cheerfully consented to crawl on my hands and knees after her to her father's house, merely to kiss the imprint of her feet.

CLARK RUSSELL, "*Jack's Courtship*."

RUTHERFORD came up to me with his hands full of ferns and flowers. He laid them down on the grass, and, looking at me earnestly, asked if I would now give him an answer to his question.

I told him that I would answer him with the utmost sincerity that I was capable of, that I was grateful for his attachment, and honored by it, but that it had taken me utterly by surprise, and I was unable to say that I returned it as it deserved to be returned.

"Do you think it impossible you ever should return it, dear?" he asked, very gently.

"What am I to say? Would it be fair or right to keep you in suspense on such a subject—to bid you wait and hope, and then, perhaps, say, 'No, I find you are not so dear to me as the man should be whom I take for my husband?' I know very well that, as regards all worldly circumstances, you would be offering everything and receiving nothing in exchange."

"There is only one thing I want, or ought to want, in exchange, Catherine—the true heart of a true woman."

"Yes, and that is what you deserve to have; but I cannot tell you that you have mine yet."

"Ah," he cried eagerly, taking my right hand between both his, "that '*yet*' is a drop of honey enough to sweeten many harsher words than you have said, or are likely to say to me!"

"But pray understand—believe that I am speaking the sheer plain truth from the depth of my conscience—I promise nothing."

"Catherine," said he, still holding my hand, and looking at me with a smile that was very tender and sweet, "I almost believe—I do begin to hope—that you have a wee bit of love for me hidden in some corner of your heart."

"I think so, too," I answered, simply; "only not enough."

"Will you let me ask you again for an answer to my question at the end of this week? You talked of its not being fair to keep me in suspense, and to make me wait, but would it not be more unfair to turn me off whilst you are still uncertain of your own feelings? I understand now that the very circumstance which I thought would help my suit with you has been against me. But sweet little Lucy's conversation had a special charm for me—she talked, and let me talk, of you."

"I never guessed—how could I guess?" I murmured.



"May I ask you again in a week? Meanwhile I promise not to importune you; and don't fear that I shall reproach you if you are unable to give me a favorable answer. You have been as honest as the day with me. He must be a false loon himself who could misinterpret a soul so crystal-clear. May I ask again in a week? Come, a fair 'Yes,' or 'No'!"

"Yes."

"God bless you, Catherine!" With that he dropped my hand, and resumed his usual manner—a considerate delicacy of behavior to which I was not insensible.

FRANCES ELEANOR TROLLOPE, "*Among Aliens.*"

THE lovers were now alone; and it will, I question not, appear strange to many readers, that those, who had so much to say to one another when danger and difficulty attended their conversation, and who seemed so eager to rush into each other's arms when so many bars lay in their way, now, that with safety they were at liberty to say or do whatever they pleased, should both remain for some time silent and motionless; insomuch that a stranger of moderate sagacity might have well concluded, they were mutually indifferent: but so it was, however strange it may seem; both sat with their eyes cast downwards on the ground, and for some minutes continued in perfect silence. Mr. Jones, during this interval, attempted once or twice to speak, but was absolutely incapable, muttering only, or rather sighing out, some broken words; when Sophia at length, partly out of pity to him, and partly to turn the discourse from the subject, which she knew well enough he was endeavoring to open, said, "Sure, sir, you are the most fortunate man in the world in this discovery."

"And can you really, madam, think me so fortunate," said Jones, sighing, "while I have incurred your displeasure?"

"Nay, sir," says she, "as to that, you know best whether you have deserved it."

"Indeed, madam," answered he, "you yourself are as well apprised of all my demerits. Mrs. Miller has acquainted you with the whole truth. O, my Sophia! am I never to hope for forgiveness?"

"I think, Mr. Jones," said she, "I may almost depend on your own justice, and leave it to yourself to pass sentence on your own conduct."

"Alas, madam!" answered he, "it is mercy, and not justice, which I implore at your hands. Justice I know must condemn me; yet not for the letter I sent to Lady Bellaston: of that I most solemnly declare you have had a true account."

He then insisted much on the security given him by Nightingale, of a fair pretense for breaking off, if, contrary to their expectations, her ladyship should have accepted his offer; but confessed that he had been guilty of a great indiscretion, to put such a letter as that into her power, "which," said he, "I have dearly paid for, in the effect it has upon you."

"I do not, I cannot," says she, "believe other wise of that letter than you would have me. My conduct, I think, shows you clearly I do not believe there is much in that: and yet, Mr. Jones, have I not enough to resent? After what passed at Upton, so soon to engage in a new amour with another woman, while I fancied, and you pretended, your heart was bleeding for me? Indeed, you have acted strangely. Can I believe the passion you have professed to me to be sincere? Or, if I can, what happiness can I assure myself of with a man capable of so much inconstancy?"

"O, my Sophia," cries he, "do not doubt the sincerity of the purest passion that ever inflamed a human breast. Think, most adorable creature, of my unhappy situation, of my despair. Could I, my Sophia, have flattered myself with the most distant hopes of being ever permitted to throw myself at your feet in the manner I do now, it would not have been in the power of any other woman to have inspired a thought which the severest chastity could have condemned. Inconstancy to you! O Sophia, if you can have goodness enough to pardon what is past, do not let any cruel future apprehensions shut your mercy

against me. No repentance was ever more sincere. O, let it reconcile me to my heaven in this dear bosom."

"Sincere repentance, Mr. Jones," answered she, "will obtain the pardon of a sinner; but it is from one who is a perfect judge of that sincerity: a human mind may be imposed on; nor is there any infallible method to prevent it. You must expect, however, that if I can be prevailed on by your repentance to pardon you, I will at least insist on the strongest proof of its sincerity."

"Name any proof in my power," answered Jones, eagerly.

"Time," replied she; "time alone, Mr. Jones, can convince me that you are a true penitent, and have resolved to abandon these vicious courses, which I should detest you for, if I imagined you capable of persevering in them."

"Do not imagine it," cries Jones; "on my knees I entreat, I implore your confidence—a confidence which it shall be the business of my life to deserve."

"Let it, then," said she, "be the business of some part of your life to show me you deserve it. I think I have been explicit enough in assuring you, that when I see you merit my confidence, you will obtain it. After what is past, sir, can you expect I should take you upon your word?"

He replied, "Don't believe me upon my word; I have a better security, a pledge for my constancy, which it is impossible to see and to doubt."

"What is that?" said Sophia, a little surprised.

"I will show you, my charming angel," cries Jones, seizing her hand, and carrying her to the glass; "there, behold it there, in that lovely figure, in that face, that shape, those eyes, that mind which shines through those eyes. Can the man who shall be in possession of these, be inconstant? Impossible, my Sophia! They would fix a Dorimant, a Lord Rochester. You could not doubt it if you could see yourself with any eyes but your own."

Sophia blushed, and half smiled; but forcing again her brow into a frown,—

"If I am to judge," said she, "of the future by the past, my image will no more remain in your heart when I am out of your sight than it will in this glass when I am out of the room."

"By Heaven, by all that is sacred," said Jones, "it never was out of my heart."

"Well," said Sophia, "the proof of this must be from time. Your situation, Mr. Jones, is now altered, and I assure you I have great satisfaction in the alteration; you will now want no opportunity of being near me, and convincing me that your mind is altered, too."

"O, my angel!" cries Jones, "how shall I thank thy goodness? And are you so good to own that you have a satisfaction in my prosperity? Believe me, believe me, madame, it is you alone have given a relish to that prosperity, since I owe to it the dear hope—O, my Sophia, let it not be a distant one. I will be all obedience to your commands; I will not dare to press anything farther than you permit me; yet let me entreat you to appoint a short trial. O, tell me when I may expect you will be convinced of what is most solemnly true."

"When I have gone voluntarily thus far, Mr. Jones," said she, "I expect not to be pressed; nay, I will not."

"O, do not look unkindly thus, my Sophia," cries he; "I do not, I dare not press you. Yet permit me at least once more to beg you would fix the period. O, consider the impatience of love!"

"A twelvemonth, perhaps," said she.

"O, my Sophia," cries he, "you have named an eternity."

"Perhaps it may be something sooner," says she. "I will not be teased. If your passion for me be what I would have it, I think you may now be easy."

"Easy, Sophia?—call not such an exulting happiness as mine by so cold a name. O, transporting thought! Am I not assured that the blessed day will come when I shall call you mine; when fears shall be no more; when I shall have that dear, that vast, that exquisite, ecstatic delight of making my Sophia happy?"

"Indeed, sir," said she, "that day is in your own power."

"O, my dear, my divine angel," cried he, "these words have made

me mad with joy. But I must, I will thank those dear lips which have so sweetly pronounced my bliss."

He then caught her in his arms, and kissed her with an ardor he had never ventured before.

HENRY FIELDING, "*Tom Jones*."

MEANTIME Hume has gone upstairs, and entered the room where Nan is. Upon the threshold he stops short, cut to the heart at the sight before him—at that slender, lovely, most forlorn figure, lying prone upon a table, sobbing as if its heart would break.

"I am sorry it is as bad as this," begins he, haltingly. "If you could only——"

At his first words she springs to her feet and confronts him.

"If I could only do what?" she cries. "Is there really anything I can do to escape from you? Anything that will set me free both from you and slanderous tongues? Is there?" He is silent. "If you know of anything, if there is any smallest idea of the sort in your mind—Oh!" with a heavy sob, "I do beseech you, tell it me."

"Why should you care so much for the absurd tittle-tattle of a small country town?" says he, evasively, his eyes on the ground.

"How should I not care? And, besides, it is not altogether of myself I am thinking. There are the girls; Penelope would be made miserable a hundred times a day by unkind insinuations about me. And later on it might perhaps reflect on them. Absurd as you call it, still those women at home have tongues that can sting; and though I could defy them, knowing how unjust it all was, I should, for all that, be made unhappy by them. I could not endure it. I will not. Can you not imagine how nasty Julia would be, for example. But," earnestly, "if you could think of something that would reduce them all to silence!"

"Well, I have thought of something," says he, slowly.

"Yes; well?" breathlessly.

"Your uncle told you of it. See here," putting up his hand to stop the rush of anger he sees upon her face, "what is the use of discussing



the matter further? There is no way to escape from the gossip of your county except by marrying me."

"Oh!" cries she, and that is all just then, but there is strong meaning in the simple ejaculation—hatred, contempt, despair. Stung by it, he turns on her.

"Then don't marry me!" he says, vehemently. "This enforced journey of yours in England with me is not so unexampled, or altogether unpardonable an affair that you need wreck your life upon it. Surely, the unkind comments of your so-called friends would be a lesser evil than taking my name?"

"It is an easy matter for you to argue," says she, with bitter reproach. "You have got to endure nothing."

"I have got to endure your most unjust anger."

"Unjust!"

"Cruelly unjust. But I know there is little use in trying to convince you of that at present. "If," speaking more gently now and regarding her wistfully, "if you will indeed trust yourself to me, Nan—if I am to believe the message your uncle brought me, I swear to you that you will never regret it."

"No; but you shall," passionately, "I promise you that. I promise it to myself also. Why"—flashing round at him—"why do you want to marry me? What is there in me that you should care to make me your wife?"

"You know," replies he, sullenly, "I love you."

"Love! Is that love that can gain no return but hatred? That can create in the heart of her you profess to love only contempt and scorn? Oh, do not believe it. This marriage will make you a thousand times more unhappy than it will make me."

"I am content to make a trial of it," says he, steadily. At this a little passionate cry breaks from her.

"Oh, when you look like that—when you speak so, I— Do you know what makes me dislike you so much? It is because you do not seem even sorry about it all. It is because I believe that even if you did know a way out of it—a way that would leave me free—you would

not tell me of it. You look as though you were determined to keep me to this marriage."

"That is how I feel," says Hume, slowly, yet as if breathing with difficulty. Perhaps he hardly means quite what he has said, but her manner, her glance, her whole air has enraged him.

There is a pause.

"Well," says she at last, with a long, long sigh, and a change of tone, that leaves her voice cold, and soft, and menacing, "so be it then. It is all over. I shall marry you; but I warn you beforehand that I shall make you repent this hour. I'll take your name, I'll go through the ceremony of marriage with you, but a greater mockery than that ceremony will be never yet was known. I shall neither love, nor honor, nor obey you. Honor! You! you!" She stops here, not from want of words, apparently, but from excess of passion.

It is at this unlucky moment that Mr. Blake chooses to put a cautious head inside the door. He has grown alarmed at the length of time that has elapsed since Hume went upstairs.

"If I might suggest——" begins he.

"Go away!" cries Nan, sharply, severely, who is quivering in every nerve, and who is making a desperate battle with herself to refrain from the humiliation of tears—tears that are dangerously near her.

Mr. Blake, as if pulled by a string from outside, precipitately disappears and goes slowly down the staircase once more, mopping his head as he goes. His poor head! When was it so muddled as it is to-day? And what is to be the end of it all?

"I suppose I shall have to dine with her," says the wretched man, with a profound sigh.

Meantime the two in the drawing-room are standing glaring at each other.

"You shall honor me in time," says Hume at last, with an icy determination. "You may never love and never obey me, but I shall compel you to honor me."

There is something in his voice that arrests her attention. It

neither frightens nor subdues her, but it rouses her curiosity so far that, bent on analyzing this new development of his, she forgets to thrust another spear at him.

"My sister will call on you to-morrow," he says after awhile. "She will ask you to stay with her until our marriage is accomplished. I should wish you to accept her invitation."

"Should you?" says Nan, simply, who has now got over her astonishment, and has placed the development. "Well, that decides it, then. I sha'n't accept it. My uncle's house is naturally the best home for me."

"Not under the circumstances. If you wish to avoid the scandal you so dread, you had better let the world know that my sister has received you before our marriage."

"Our! Oh," cries she, "how I hate to be connected with you in any way. Well, I shall hate your sister!"

"Because she is mine?" bitterly.

"For that reason alone, if there is no other; and I shall not stay with her."

"I beg you not to do this thing," says Hume, "for your own sake entirely. It will give a correct coloring to the whole affair."

"And save your wife from being talked about," says she, recklessly. "Well, I sha'n't do it. I shall not help you in any way. You say you are determined to marry me; you can do so, and take the consequences."

"You think to prevent me from marrying you, and to force me into showing you another way out of your difficulties," says Hume. "But you overrated my abilities. I know of no other way. And whether you defy the public or not, I am still equally bent on marrying you."

"You are bent on your own ruin then," says she, with a quietude that contrasts oddly with her late anger. "There, go! I am tired."

He moves toward the door, but suddenly changing his mind, comes back to her, and seizes her hands. There is great misery, greater love in his eyes.

"Nan," says he, "you told me you loved no one else. You told me

that, with so true a face that I can not, I dare not disbelieve it. Tell me so again."

"I'll tell you more," says she, vehemently. "That now it seems to me that I hate all the world. But above all, I hate you!"

"I would rather you hate me than that you loved another," replies he, passionately. He presses her hands hard for a moment, then drops them and leaves the room.

THE DUCHESS, "*A Born Coquette.*"

Now TIM and Miss La Creevy had met very often, and had always been very chatty and pleasant together—had always been great friends—and consequently it was the most natural thing in the world that Tim, finding that she still sobbed, should endeavor to console her. As Miss La Creevy sat on a large, old-fashioned window-seat where there was ample room for two, it was also natural that Tim should sit down beside her; and as to Tim's being unusually spruce and particular in his attire that day, why, it was a high festival and a great occasion, and that was the most natural thing of all.

Tim sat down beside Miss La Creevy, and crossing one leg over the other so that his foot—he had very comely feet, and happened to be wearing the neatest shoes and black silk stockings possible—should come easily within the range of her eye, said, in a soothing way:

"Don't cry!"

"I must," rejoined Miss La Creevy.

"No, don't," said Tim. "Please don't; pray don't."

"I am so happy!" sobbed the little woman.

"Then laugh," said Tim. "Do laugh."

What in the world Tim was doing with his arm it was impossible to conjecture; but he knocked his elbow against that part of the window which was quite on the other side of Miss La Creevy; and it is clear that it could have no business there.

"Do laugh," said Tim, "or I'll cry."

"Why should you cry?" asked Miss La Creevy, smiling.

"Because I'm happy, too," said Tim. "We are both happy, and I should like to do as you do."

Surely there never was a man who fidgeted as Tim must have done then, for he knocked the window again—almost in the same place—and Miss La Creevy said she was sure he'd break it.

"I knew," said Tim, "that you would be pleased with this scene."

"It was very thoughtful and kind to remember me," returned Miss La Creevy. "Nothing could have delighted me half so much."

Why on earth should Miss La Creevy and Tim Linkinwater have said all this in a whisper? It was no secret. And why should Tim Linkinwater have looked so hard at Miss La Creevy, and why should Miss La Creevy have looked so hard at the ground?

"It's a pleasant thing," said Tim, "to people like us, who have passed all our lives in the world alone, to see young folks that we are fond of, brought together with so many years of happiness before them."

"Ah!" cried the little woman, with all her heart. "That it is!"

"Although," pursued Tim, "although it makes one feel quite solitary and cast away. Now, don't it?"

Miss La Creevy said she didn't know. And why should she say she didn't know? Because she must have known whether it did or not.

"It's almost enough to make us get married after all, isn't it?" said Tim.

"Oh, nonsense!" replied Miss La Creevy, laughing. "We are too old."

"Not a bit," said Tim; "we are too old to be single. Why shouldn't we both be married, instead of sitting through the long winter evenings by our solitary firesides? Why shouldn't we make one fireside of it, and marry each other?"

"Oh, Mr. Linkinwater, you're joking!"

"No, no, I'm not. I'm not indeed," said Tim. "I will, if you will. Do, my dear!"

"It would make people laugh so."

"Let 'em laugh," cried Tim, stoutly, "we have good tempers I



know, and we'll laugh too. Why, what hearty laughs we have had since we've known each other!"

"So we have," cried Miss La Creevy—giving way a little, as Tim thought.

"It has been the happiest time in all my life; at least, away from the counting house and Cheeryble Brothers," said Tim. "Do, my dear! Now say you will."

"No, no, we mustn't think of it," returned Miss La Creevy. "What would the brothers say?"

"Why, God bless your soul!" cried Tim, innocently, "you don't suppose I should think of such a thing without their knowing it! Why they left us here on purpose."

"I can never look 'em in the face again!" exclaimed Miss La Creevy, faintly.

"Come!" said Tim. "Let's be a comfortable couple. We shall live in the old house here, where I have been for four-and-forty year; we shall go to the old church, where I've been every Sunday morning all through that time; we shall have all my old friends about us—Dick, the archway, the pump, the flower-pots, and Mr. Frank's children, and Mr. Nickleby's children that we shall seem like grandfather and grandmother to. Let's be a comfortable couple, and take care of each other! And if we should get deaf, or lame, or blind, or bedridden, how glad we shall be that we have somebody we are fond of always to talk to and sit with! Let's be a comfortable couple. Now do, my dear!"

Five minutes after this honest and straightforward speech, little Miss La Creevy and Tim were talking as pleasantly as if they had been married for a score of years, and had never once quarreled all the time; and five minutes after that, when Miss La Creevy had bustled out to see if her eyes were red and to put her hair to rights, Tim moved with a stately step toward the drawing-room, exclaiming as he went, "There an't such another woman in all London! I *know* there an't!"

CHARLES DICKENS, "*Nicholas Nickleby*."

"If you can't bear to think of it, that almost looks as if you regretted what you had done," he said quietly, after he had looked on at her hurried proceedings for some moments.

"I *don't* regret it," she answered shortly. "I don't regret what I did. I couldn't have done anything else. I only regret what it has cost me. At least"—and then suddenly she ceased from her hasty plucking—"what I mean is, I *have* regretted it a great deal. It has bothered me dreadfully; but—well, you know, it is no use going on fretting about it now."

"Certainly not," he assented in his fullest tones.

They were walking in the garden, and it was early in the evening. He said to her suddenly after a little silence:

"And so now you have made up your mind to remain a poor woman?"

"Yes," she replied briefly.

"For the rest of your life probably?"

"Oh, yes; no doubt, for the rest of my life."

"Well, I am a poor man," he said. "Will you come to me?"

They both stood still. The color had risen to her face.

"You are the only woman I have ever loved," he said. "But I suppose I need not tell you that. I suppose you have known all along how it has been with me?"

"All along?" she only repeated, wonderingly.

"Well, I will say, at any rate, ever since the time of your accident. But in reality that was not the beginning of it. The beginning of it, I believe, dates from the day you ducked Bertie in the pond."

"Oh, that is nonsense!" she exclaimed. "You shouldn't laugh at me."

"Why shouldn't I?" he answered, frankly. "I have laughed at you many a time, and I hope to laugh many a time more. But I love you, too," he added, suddenly, in a different tone, "down to the very bottom of my heart."

She tried to make some answer; but not a word would come. They

stood for another moment or two apart and in silence, and then he approached her nearer, and took her hand.

He took it, and held it so fast that she could hardly have drawn it from him if she had tried ; but she did not try. She stood by his side, mute—conquered—content.

“If we had not known one another at Wilmites, did it ever strike you that you could have married Cecil ?” he asked her, abruptly, after a little while.

She lifted up her eyes to him at this. She had not lifted them much yet, but the comedy of this question almost took away her shyness.

“Did it ever strike me ?” she repeated. “Why, if it hadn’t been for that!—why,” she exclaimed, breaking into an irrepressible laugh, “how could I have done anything else ?”

It had been a day of excitement. The morning had brought Dick’s invitation to Wilmites ; the evening brought a bewildering piece of news—such news that Susan dropped into her chair when she heard it, and the Rector gasped a startled “God bless me !”

But after a moment or two he at least recovered himself, and with a face in which smiles wrestled for the victory with something that was near to tears, he grasped Dr. Brydon by the hand, and said that what he had told him made him glad ; for Diana was the best daughter—the best daughter, he said——

And then she suddenly put her arms about his neck, and his sentence never reached an end.

GEORGIANA M. CRAIK, “*Diana*.”

THEY carried me to a shed in the great court of Gleys, and set me on straw ; and there, till far into the afternoon, I lay betwixt swooning and trembling, while Delia bath’d my head in water from the sea, for no other was to be had. And about four in the afternoon the horror left me, so that I sat up and told my story pretty steadily.

“What of the house ?” I ask’d, when the tale was done, and a company sent to search the east cliff from the beach.

"All perish'd!" said Delia, and then smiling, "I am houseless as ever, Jack."

"And have the same good friends."

"That's true. But listen—for while you have lain here, Billy and I have put our heads together. He is bound for Brest, he says, and has agreed to take me and such poor chattels as are saved, to Brittany, where I know my mother's kin will have a welcome for me, until these troubles be pass'd. Already the half of my goods is aboard the 'God-send,' and a letter writ to Sir Bevill, begging him to appoint an honest man as my steward. What think you of the plan?"

"It seems a good plan," I answer'd slowly; "the England that now is, is no place for a woman. When do you sail?"

"As soon as you are recover'd, Jack."

"Then that's now." I got on my feet, and drew on my boots (that Matt. Soames had found in the laurel bushes and brought). My knees trembled a bit, but nothing to matter.

"Art looking downcast, Jack?"

Said I: "How else should I look, that am to lose thee in an hour or more?"

She made no reply to this, but turned away to give an order to the sailors.

The last of Delia's furniture was hardly aboard, when we heard great shouts of joy, and saw the men returning that had gone to search the cliff. They bore between them three large oak coffers; which being broke, we came on an immense deal of old plate and jewels, besides over £300 in coin'd money. There were two more left behind, they said, besides several small bags of gold. The path up the cliff was hard to climb, and would have been impossible, but for the iron ladder they found ready fixt for Master Tingcomb's descent. In the hole (that could not be seen from the beach, the shelf hiding it) was tackle for lowering the chest; and below a boat moor'd, and now left high and dry by the tide. Doubtless, the arch-rascal had waited for his comrades to return, whom Matt. Soames and I had scar'd out of all stomach to do so. His body was nowhere found. The sea had washed it off;

but the sack they recover'd, and found to hold the choicest of Delia's heir-looms. Within an hour the remaining coffers and the money-bags were safe in the vessel's hold.

The sun was setting, as Delia and I stood on the beach, beside the boat that was to take her from me. Aboard the "Godsend" I could hear the anchor lifting, and the men singing, as, holding Molly's bridle, I held out my hand to the dear maid who with me had shar'd so many a peril.

"Is there any more to come?" she ask'd.

"No," said I, and God knows my heart was heavy; "nothing to come but 'Farewell!'"

She laid her small hand in my big palm, and glancing up, said very pretty and demure—

*"And shall I leave my best? Wilt not come, too, dear Jack?"*

"Delia!" I stammer'd. "What is this? I thought you lov'd me not."

"And so did I, Jack; and thinking so, I found I loved thee better than ever. Fie on thee, now! May not a maid change her mind without being forced to such unseemly, brazen words?" And she heav'd a mock sigh.

But as I stood and held that little hand, I seem'd across the very mist of happiness to read a sentence written, and spoke it, perforce and slow, as with another man's mouth—

"Delia, you only have I lov'd, and will love! Blithe would I be to live with you, and to serve you would blithely die. In sorrow, then, call for me, or in trust abide me. But go with you now—I may not."

She lifted her eyes, and looking full into mine, repeated slowly the verse we had read at our first meeting—

"In a wife's lap, as in a grave,  
Man's airy notions mix with earth—"

—thou hast found it, sweetheart—thou hast found the Splendid Spur!"

She broke off, and clapp'd her hands together very merrily; and then, as a tear started—



"But thou'lt come for me, ere long, Jack? Else I am sure to blame some other woman. Stay——"

She drew off her ring, and slipt it on my little finger.

"There's my token! Now give me one to weep and be glad over."

Having no trinkets, I gave my glove; and she kiss'd it twice, and put it in her bosom.

"I have no need of this ring," said I; "for look!" and I drew forth the lock I had cut from her dear head, that morning among the alders by Kennet side, and worn ever since over my heart. "Wilt marry no man till I come?"

"Now, that's too hard a promise," said she, laughing, and shaking her curls.

"Too hard!"

"Why, of course. Listen, sweetheart—a true woman will not change her mind; but, oh! she dearly loves to be able to! So, bating this, here's my hand upon it—now, fie, Jack! and before all these mariners!—well, then, if thou *must*——"

. . . . .  
I watch'd her standing in the stern and waving, till she was under the "Godsend's" side; then turn'd, and mounting Molly, rode inland to the wars.

Q, "*The Splendid Spur.*"

GEOFFREY came down to breakfast about eleven o'clock on the morning of that day the first hours of which he had spent at Euston Station. Not seeing Effie, he asked Lady Honoria where she was, and was informed that Anne, the French *bonne*, said the child was not well, and that she had kept her in bed to breakfast.

"Do you mean to say that you have not been up to see what is the matter with her?" asked Geoffrey.

"No, not yet," answered his wife. "I have had the dressmaker here with my new dress for the duchess's ball to-morrow; it's lovely,

but I think that there is a little too much of that creamy lace about it."

With an exclamation of impatience, Geoffrey rose and went upstairs. He found Effie tossing about in bed, her face flushed, her eyes wide open, and her little hands quite hot.

"Send for the doctor at once," he said.

The doctor came and examined the child, asking her if she had wet her feet lately.

"Yes, I did, two days ago. I wet my feet in a puddle in the street," she answered. "But Anne did say that they would soon get dry if I held them to the fire, because my other boots was not clean. Oh, my head does ache, daddie."

"Ah," said the doctor, and then covering the child up, took Geoffrey aside and told him that his daughter had got a mild attack of inflammation of the lungs. There was no cause for anxiety, only she must be looked after and guarded from chills.

Geoffrey asked if he should send for a trained nurse.

"Oh, no," said the doctor. "I do not think it is necessary, at any rate at present. I will tell the nurse what to do, and doubtless your wife will keep an eye on her."

So Anne was called up, and vowed that she would guard the cherished child like the apple of her eye. Indeed, no, the boots were not wet—there was a little, a very little mud on them, that was all.

"Well, don't talk so much, but see that you attend to her properly," said Geoffrey, feeling rather doubtful, for he did not trust Anne. However, he thought he would see himself that there was no neglect. When she heard what was the matter, Lady Honoria was much put out.

"Really," she said, "children are the most vexatious creatures in the world. The idea of her getting inflammation of the lungs in this unprovoked fashion! The end of it will be that I shall not be able to go to the duchess's ball to-morrow night; and she was so kind about it, she made quite a point of my coming; besides, I have bought that lovely new dress on purpose. I should never have dreamed of going to so much expense for anything else."

"Don't trouble yourself," said Geoffrey. "The House does not sit to-morrow; I will look after her. Unless Effie dies in the interval, you will certainly be able to go to the ball."

"Dies—what nonsense! The doctor says that it is a very slight attack. Why should she die?"

"I am sure I hope that there is no fear of anything of the sort, Honoria—only she must be properly looked after. I do not trust this woman Anne. I have half a mind to get in a trained nurse, after all."

"Well, if you do, she will have to sleep out of the house, that's all. Amelia (Lady Garsington) is coming up to-night, and I must have somewhere to put her maid, and there is no room for another bed in Effie's room."

"Oh, very well, very well," said Geoffrey, "I dare say that it will be all right; but if Effie gets any worse, you will please understand that room must be made."

But Effie did not get worse. She remained much about the same. Geoffrey sat at home all day and employed himself in reading briefs; fortunately he had not to go to court. About six o'clock he went down to the House, and having dined very simply and quietly, took his seat and listened to some dreary talk, which was being carried on for the benefit of the reporters, about the adoption of the Welsh language in the law courts of Wales.

Suddenly he became aware of a most extraordinary sense of oppression. An indefinable dread took hold of him, his very soul was filled with terrible apprehensions and alarm. Something dreadful seemed to knock at the portals of his sense, a horror which he could not grasp. His mind was confused, but little by little it grew clearer, and he began to understand that a danger threatened Beatrice, that she was in great peril. He was sure of it. Her agonized dying cries reached him where he was, though in no form which he could understand; once more her thought beat on his thought—once more, and for the last time, her spirit spoke to his.

Then suddenly a cold wind seemed to breathe upon his face and lift his hair, and everything was gone. His mind was as it had been;

again he heard the dreary orator, and saw the members slip away to dinner. The conditions that disturbed him had passed, things were as they had been. Nor was this strange, for the link was broken. Beatrice was *dead*. She has passed into the domains of impenetrable silence.

Geoffrey sat up with a gasp, and as he did so a letter was placed in his hand. It was addressed in Beatrice's handwriting, and bore the Chester postmark. A chill fear seized him. What did it contain? He hurried with it into a private room. It was dated from Bryngelly on the previous Sunday, and had several enclosures.

"My dearest Geoffrey," it began, "I have never before addressed you thus on paper, nor should I do so now, knowing to what risks such written words might put you, were it not that occasions may arise (as in this case) which seem to justify the risk. For when all things are ended between a man and a woman who are to each other what we have been, then it is well that the one who goes should speak plainly before speech becomes impossible, if only that the one who is left should not misunderstand that which has been done.

"Geoffrey, it is probable—it is almost certain—that before your eyes read these words I shall be where in the body they can never see me more. I write to you from the brink of the grave; when you read, it will have closed over me.

"Geoffrey, I shall be dead !

"I received your dear letter (it is destroyed now) in which you expressed a wish that I should come away with you to some other country, and I answered it in eight brief words. I dared not trust myself to write more, nor had I any time. How could you think that I should ever accept such an offer for my own sake, when to do so would have been to ruin you? But first I will tell you all that has happened here." (Here followed a long and exact description of those events with which we are already acquainted, including the denunciation of Beatrice by her sister, the threats of Owen Davies as regards himself, and the measures which she had adopted to gain time.)

"Further," the letter continued, "I enclose you your wife's letter to

me. And here I wish to state that I have not one word to say against Lady Honoria or her letter. I think that she was perfectly justified in writing as she did, for, after all, dear Geoffrey, you are her husband, and in loving each other we have offended against her. She tells me truly that it is my duty to make all further communications between us impossible. There is only one way to do this, and I take it.

"And now I have spoken enough about myself; nor do I wish to enter into details that can only give you pain. There will be no scandal, dear, and if any word should be raised against you after I am gone, I have provided an answer in the second letter which I have enclosed. You can print it if necessary; it will be a sufficient reply to any talk. Nobody after reading it can believe that you were in any way connected with the accident which will happen. Dear, one word more—still about myself, you see! Do not blame yourself in this matter, for you are not to blame; of my own free-will I do it, because in the extremity of the circumstances I think it best that one should go and the other be saved, rather than that both should be involved in a common ruin.

"Dear, do you remember how, in that strange vision of mine, I dreamed that you came and touched me on the breast and showed me light? So it has come to pass, for you have given me love—that is light; and now in death I shall seek for wisdom. And this being fulfilled, shall not the rest be fulfilled in its season? Shall I not sit in those cloudy halls till I see you come to seek me, the word of wisdom on your lips? And since I cannot have you to myself, and be all in all to you, why, I am glad to go; for here on the world is neither rest nor happiness. As in my dream, too often does 'Hope seems to rend her starry robes.'

"I am glad to go from such a world, in which but one happy thing has found me—the blessing of your love. I am worn out with the weariness and struggle, and now that I have lost you I long for rest. I do not know if I sin in what I do; if so, may I be forgiven! If forgiveness is impossible, so be it. You will forgive me, Geoffrey, and you will always love me, however wicked I may be; even if, at the last, you go where I am not, you will remember and love the erring woman to whom,



being so little, you still were all in all. We are not married, Geoffrey, according to the customs of the world, but two short days from hence I shall celebrate a service that is greater and more solemn than any of the earth; for Death will be the priest, and that oath which I shall take will be to all eternity. Who can prophesy of that whereof man has no sure knowledge? Yet do I believe that in a time to come we shall once more look in each other's eyes, and kiss each other's lips, and be one for evermore. If this is so, it is worth while to have lived and died; if not, then, Geoffrey, farewell!

"If I may I will always be near you. Listen to the night wind, and you shall hear my voice; look on the stars, you will see my eyes; and my love shall be as the air you breathe. And when at last the end comes, remember me, for if I live at all I shall be about you then. What have I more to say? So much, my dear, that words cannot convey it. Let it be untold; but whenever you hear or read that which is beautiful and tender, think 'this is what Beatrice would have said to me and could not!'

"You will be a great man, dear, the foremost, or one of the foremost, of your age. You have already promised me to persevere to this end; I will not ask you to promise afresh. Do not be content to accept the world as women must. Great men do not accept the world; they reform it—and you are of their number. And when you are great, Geoffrey, you will use your power, not for self-interest, but to large and worthy ends; you will always strive to help the poor, to break down oppression from those who have to bear it, and to advance the honor of your country. You will do all this from your own heart, and not because I ask it of you, but remember that your fame will be my best monument—though none shall ever know the grave it covers.

"Farewell, farewell, farewell! Oh, Geoffrey, my darling, to whom I have never been a wife, to whom I am more than any wife, do not forget me in the long years which are to come. Do not forget me when others flatter you and try to win your love, for none can be to you what I have been—none can ever love you more than that lost Beatrice who writes these heavy words to-night, and who will pass away blessing you

with her last breath, to await you, if she may, in the land to which your feet also draw daily on."

Then came a tear-stained postscript in pencil, dated from Paddington station on that very morning.

"I journeyed to London to see you, Geoffrey. I could not die without looking on your face once more. I was in the gallery of the House and heard your great speech. Your friend found me a place. Afterwards I touched your coat as you passed by the pillar of the gateway. Then I ran away, because I saw your friend turn and look at me. I shall kiss this letter just here, before I close it—kiss it there, too—it is our last cold embrace. Before the end, I shall put on the ring you gave me—on my hand, I mean. I have always worn it upon my breast. When I touched you as you passed through the gate-way I thought that I should have broken down and called to you—but I found strength not to do so. My heart is breaking and my eyes are blind with tears; I can write no more; I have no more to say. Now once again good-bye. *Ave atque vale*—oh, my love!—B."

H. RIDER HAGGARD, "*Beatrice*."

GODFREY CROSSLEY remained behind to think things over, busying himself with rearranging the stage fittings and furniture as an excuse for his seclusion. Thus he came at once upon Clare.

"Miss Ruthven!" he cried, fearing for a single moment that she had just overheard herself so cruelly discussed.

Fortunately it was so dark behind the scenes that he could not perceive the waxen paleness of her face, while the darkness itself helped her to recover her presence of mind.

"Yes; have you seen Mrs. Varien? She has just left the drawing-room, and we are seeking her to take our leave."

"But surely you are not going yet?"

"Yes; we must. Mother is not so well."

"But I have hardly spoken to you, unless on the stage, and by the

way, talking of the stage, there are one or two points in the arbor scene which I think might be improved upon."

He was as much in love (as he understood the passion) with her as he could be with anyone, and was, therefore, eager for a very warm flirtation, which might be carried on (without his committing himself) under the mask of a rehearsal. This she thoroughly understood, and as she was a hundredfold more eager for such a scene than he was, she set herself to lure him on. She did so with such effect that at the culminating point in this scene he put his arm round her and kissed her twice passionately. Then she struck him in the face with her little clenched fist, putting all the fury of her revenge and rage into the blow.

"How dare you!" she gasped, panting with passion, which plainly was not simulated. "How dare you, coward!"

"What! What is it, Clare—Miss Ruthven?" Herbert cried excitedly, for he had entered the room at the moment of her exclamation and had hurried at once to her side. Never did Clare look so gloriously beautiful as now, when she stood fronting Godfrey Crossley, her cheeks blanched, her eyes ablaze with fury, her nostrils distended, her lips apart, and her hands clenched.

"He has insulted me!" she hissed out.

Herbert sprang forward and would have struck Crossley if Clare had not interposed herself between them.

"No, no; pray don't, he is not worth it, and there would be a scene; I could not bear it," she cried, disjunctedly.

By this time Crossley had somewhat recovered the shock of so utterly unlooked-for and furious a rebuff.

"I had not the least intention of insulting you, but I apologize for having done so unintentionally," he said coolly to Clare, and added to Herbert, "We were rehearsing the last bit of the arbor scene, and I suppose I was carried away by the acting beyond Miss Ruthven's idea of propriety."

Clare answered only by a glance of the most scorching scorn, and then turned to ask Herbert, "Will you take me to my mother?"

Herbert, perceiving that any quarrel in her presence would only make matters worse for Clare, postponed his demand for an explanation from Crossley, and giving her his arm led her away at once.

Instead, however, of taking her at once to her mother, he led her into his "den," or smoking-room, which adjoined the billiard-room.

"Forgive me," he said in great agitation, "for bringing you in here for one moment, but I wanted to apologize to you, I wanted to say how sorry I am that this occurred in our house, to—to say that I feel an insult to you a thousand times more than I should one to myself. You believe me, don't you?"

"You are very generous."

"Generous! It is not generosity, but—but I love you, I love you, Clare. I ought not to say it now when you are so distressed, but the sight of your distress has forced it from me. It has not added to it?" he asked with appealing, stammering earnestness.

Clare shook her head, and for sole reply pressed with hers the arm on which she leaned.

"Then I may hope; say I may hope that you will come to care for me."

"But I do," she murmured.

Then with words of passionate endearment he put his arm round her waist and would have kissed her, but she said in unfeigned agitation, "No, no; not now; he has just dared to do it."

"What!" cried Herbert, wild with rage.

"But you will not make a scene about it. He is no gentleman, and is not worth it. Promise me that you will take no more notice of it."

"I must at least take this notice of it, that I shall insist on his quitting the house at once."

To this she offered but an intentionally ineffective opposition, for the revenge she was chiefly bent upon now was such an exposure of Godfrey Crossley to Miss Prosser as would forever frustrate his designs upon the heiress.

She therefore confided to Herbert, as to one from whom she could henceforth have no secrets, that Godfrey Crossley, under the pretext of

a rehearsal of the close of the arbor scene, had put his arm round her and kissed her twice with insulting warmth. Then, as the mere remembrance of the insult completely upset her, she begged to be taken to her mother, and to be allowed to return home with her.

As she plainly was utterly upset—white to the lips and quivering when she spoke of Crossley—Herbert, after extorting her consent to a long visit from him in the morning, led her back to the drawing-room.

RICHARD ASHE KING, "*Passion's Slave*."

By some happy chance, or by the fortune that favors lovers, Winter was moved to take his way at once to the Wilderness where Judith fancied herself lost. He was thinking of that other day when he had found her there with Teddy, and the remembrance gave him a pang. Yet it seemed very natural to see her seated on the bench with the Silence, decently draped by the summer's kindness, half hidden behind her.

She looked up when he approached, and then she rose. Her first and strongest desire was to run away, but she conquered it, and merely said, with rather more stiffness than the occasion seemed to require:

"How do you do?"

"I am quite well," answered Winter literally, with a half-smile in his eyes.

"It is a long time since we saw you," Judith went on, striving to be easily conversational, and failing shamefully.

"It is three months, two days, and as near as may be five hours since I saw you."

She had the puppy, Teddy's charge, with her, and he stooped to lay a hand on it. The action or his words brought the little man vividly back to them both.

Winter looked round with a half-expectant glance, as if to hear Teddy's laugh of triumph as he sat astride old Pan.

"I know," she answered, her reserve melting away. "I remember that day; I have thought of it every day since."



"You have been lonely, Judith?"

"Yes," she said, "I have been very lonely."

He came a step nearer.

"Will you let me try to comfort you?" he said. "I am much older than you, too old and too grave, you may think; but I am young enough to love you very truly, and with all my heart. Can you trust me, Judith? Can you give yourself to me?"

When it came to this; when he made his appeal in hotter and manlier words than these, no doubt, and with many persuasions and entreaties, her natural sincerity and simplicity answered for her. There was no talk of running away now, and no shame in her surrender.

"It was you always, I think," she said. "Oh, you were very good, and I repaid you very ill. I will behave better. Will you be patient still?"

"Oh," he said, gaily, "I can promise that all the patience I shall ever need will be forthcoming."

So Judith reached the haven at last. After enduring some storms and tossings and perverse winds, here were calm seas and sunshine to cheer her, and a long day of brightness before her. For that moment of perfect trust many clouded hours were but a little price to pay. In that green world where she had missed her playmate and mourned him, and been lonely, as she said, love found her and made her rich and crowned her.

She passed from it with her lover.

"Let us go and tell grandmother," she said; "she has had so many sorrows and disappointments, this will make her glad."

They went to her room, where she sat by the window, her chair drawn close so that she could see the flowers and share the sunshine. She did not move nor turn her head as they approached, and she had no gay word of welcome for Winter.

At first they thought she slept, but presently, with a great awe, they looked in each other's faces and read the truth there.

While love was crowning them out in the green garden a messenger

had come for a great-grandmamma, and all alone she had gone forth with him. At last, after so many valiant fights and stout rebellions, she had made the great surrender.

"I wish we could have told her," whispered Judith, her tears beginning to fall; "it seems hard she should have gone before she knew—it would have made her glad. She sent me to meet you," she went on falteringly. "It was her wish that we should care for each other. It was the only thing I was ever able to do to please her—and yet it was to please myself all the time."

Winter looked at her with a deepening of his reverence for the conscience so sensitively alive to its lapses, the unavailing pity and remorse that stirred in her.

"Oh, if we had thought of ourselves less—if we had come back a little sooner!" she cried, with that natural longing for some guiding sign or word before the last farewell. "She has had so many things to hurt and wound her, and this would have made her glad!"

"She does not need us now," said Winter, as he put an arm about her to lead her away. "She looks very calm, Judith."

And indeed, in all her willful, strenuous life, great-grandmamma had never looked so tranquil and gentle as in this the final and closing act of it all. A serene and awful dignity shone out of the fine, pale old face, its stormy passions lulled, its eager restlessness, its fears and alarms, all vanquished. It was sleep that had come to her in the sunny summer afternoon—sleep that hushed her as a froward child, stilling her throbbing passions, and holding her in its inviolable peace.

And so, their new-born joy touched and solemnized with this brushing of its young wings with death, they went from her, leaving her to the Great Silence.

LESLIE KEITH, "*A Hurricane In Petticoats.*"

RONALD sculled Guelda across the kyle and pulled the boat ashore where a burn slipped shallow and wide-spread in its winter-worn bed ; then, passing through thickets of wild raspberries and dog-roses, they entered the little glen. It was indescribably beautiful that day.

On either side rose seventy feet of cliff or sheer bank, narrowing at places till barely a rocky path was left beside the burn ; again widening into little open glades where grew wide-spread Norway pines whose heads almost reached the cliff-tops that were crowned with the heather and firs of the upper-air moor. Each tall tree was a silent poem of Nature.

Down in the glen, not a leaf stirred. Through its rocky bed strewn with boulders the burn hurried to the shore, gurgling here silver-voiced, murmuring there in deeper tones. The sound of falling water made music everywhere, the honeyed smell of purple heather filled the air. Its fresh-washed tints, after the night's rain, showed on the thick clumps, that grew between the rocks and trees, like a sudden surprise. The firs loomed all round redder-barked, darker and sturdier than usual ; the larches were of a more feathery green, and the stems of the bluish-leaved feathery birches seemed newly silvered in honor of these two lovers. All over the high banks beside them the broom clung in mid-air, blackly tasselled with seed-pods ; and the rowan-bushes were aflame with their rosy-red or pale-golden leaves set on fire by autumn's kiss.

"What a little Eden this seems for our two selves !" said Ronald presently in low tones, as he drew nearer to Guelda's side, and, feeling his heart beat quick with the love he no longer sought to repress, feasted his gaze unchecked now on the wild-rose flush of her cheeks, the brown radiance of those glorious eyes half veiled by their modestly down-dropped lashes.

The path was in most places so narrow they two could not pass abreast. Just here was a little recess in the overhanging cliff, which rose so fringed with brushwood and trees clinging to its every coign of vantage that only stray gleams of sunshine shone down golden on the moss and rocks below.

Truly this man and maiden were a handsome pair. Ronald, in his velveteen shooting-coat and rough gaiters, with a gun on his shoulder, looked every inch a highly-bred gentleman. He was tall and broad-chested, and, though slight yet strong, as if wrought in steel; and there was such human kindliness and honest earnestness to be read in those firmly-cut features, that handsome open-browed face, and such an unusual strange light full of expectant great joy in his eyes, that Guelda, scanning him in one swift glance, felt proud in her heart of such a lover—for, though there had been and was still silence between them on this subject, they understood one another.

With a sudden coyness Guelda tried to pass on up the path that had only space for one, albeit she wanted to stay there beside Ronald; but Airlie barred the way.

"One little moment!" he pleaded. "Are you in such hot haste to leave me? And yet perhaps I am the only one of these men here who has never walked beside your shooting-pony, never tried to be alone with you in all our expeditions this last week. You know that."

"Yes," said Guelda, slowly; then raising her eyes full to his, with trustfulness brimming over in their brown depths, she added the one word, "*Why?*"

A sudden spasm of pain furrowed deeply Airlie's brow; he drew nearer, the muscles about his mouth slightly twitching.

"You cannot guess? Do you know of no reason—none which in honor ought perhaps to hold me back?"

"None," replied the girl, simply and bravely.

The question puzzled her, but she would not affect coquetry on a subject that affected his or her happiness so greatly.

"But there are three," broke from his lips, with a quick, deep sigh. "For the first, do you know that I am poor—almost penniless in the opinion of society—and that you, they say, may be a duchess when it pleases you?"

"You remember how poor I was that day when first we met," murmured Guelda. "Now that I have tried wealth, I think it is good, but

not the best thing in the world. I do not care to be a duchess—that is not my idea of happiness."

Airlie had rested his gun against the rock, and now approached yet closer to the girl, as if drawn irresistibly in spite of some other feeling that caused him an inward struggle.

"Miss Seaton," he said, huskily, "I feel a traitor towards my more than brother. Some months ago Islay entrusted me with a secret—his love for you. It is no secret now—you know it even by common report. He thought for a certain reason that I was the last person living likely to share his feelings towards you, little guessing the truth. Partly for his sake, partly for my own, I avoided you while I could; but the trial has been too great for me. And now, O heavens! what might he think of me—he who has treated me like his other self, and with whom he would share his fortune, I believe, if I would take it from him? For, Guelda, you know I love you!"

The veins on his temples swelled. He looked at Guelda with a yearning gaze full of a great love that overbore all other thoughts for the moment, as a strong current sweeps down straws; yet loyalty, affection, and his sense of honor towards Islay were tugging at his heart-strings. Even at that moment, when Airlie hoped wildly, in a rapture of anticipation—nay, believed from Guelda's brave, brown eyes that met his own glowing gaze with trusting candor—that he had but to ask and the treasure of his soul, the precious jewel he longed for, would be his, his very own, the thought of his friend and the conflict of feeling might be read in the strained expression of his firmly-cut features.

Said Guelda softly, with a choking voice,—

"There was once a rich man who had many flocks and herds; and there was a poor man—whom he loved and who loved him—that had only one——"

"No, my dearest, no! He would not willingly take my one lamb from me—no. It is I who would rob him if I could."

"I think it is the ewe-lamb who would never be happy in the rich man's stall," retorted Guelda, still lower, breathing hurriedly, a very



April of tears and smiles and new-born blushes on her face, which she tried to turn aside, while her voice broke. "She would never be happy away from——"

Airlie gave a stifled exclamation, and made a sudden movement forward; but Guelda, with her two hands outstretched, warned him back.

"Listen—listen!" she uttered, almost solemnly, yet in eagerness. "Would it make you happier to know that he spoke to me about this—the duke, your cousin—some time ago at Sheen? Poor Islay, I could not look upon him as I feared he wished. Still he asked me henceforth to treat him always as a brother, and he is so good and loyal to me, as you see. Indeed, indeed, I do not think he can have greatly cared."

"Thank heaven!" uttered Ronald, in accents of the most fervent, almost disbelieving joy. "Not care greatly? Impossible. But your news sets me free. I may dare——"

"To be happy, if I can make you so," answered the woman he loved, almost in the same breath as his own last words, ending his thought.

The girl's eyes were shining with a light Airlie had never seen there before; and yet it was but mild radiance compared with the blaze of gladness in his own. As their eyes met, so they drew nearer by mute accord; and yet nearer——"

And then there was human silence in the glen; two people, at least, out of the many millions on earth, were utterly happy for a space of time.

MAY CROMMELIN, "*The Freaks of Lady Fortune.*"

ETIENNE and Virginie were alone. The solitude would certainly not last more than a very few moments.

Etienne's face altered; he came swiftly forward, and stood in front of her.

"Mademoiselle," he said, "will you forgive me? Will you allow me to ask one question?"

Virginie sat down; she was trembling; he was speaking in so strange a voice, with a curious thrill in it.

"Surely," she said. "Ask me what you like."

"But it is presumption. I have no right to ask it. You will forgive me?"

"Ask what you like," she repeated.

He paced once or twice up and down the room; then he came back to the chair and said,—

"Last Sunday you may recollect that we did not have our ordinary pleasant afternoon—that time that has become the very center of the happiness of my life. We were interrupted; Madame de Foulis and Madame Jean came. Madame de Foulis carried off you and your mother; Madame Jean remained behind with me."

"I know," said Virginie, looking up with troubled eyes. "It did not seem courteous. But you know Madame de Foulis; at least, you have met her? You know that she will take no refusal, especially from mamma. You were not angry with us? It was indeed abrupt."

"Angry!—with you?" He checked himself, afraid of saying too much. "How could that be possible? No, no. Madame Jean seems to me a very wonderful person; her eyes read one through; she permits herself to say things that no one else could do."

"She interests me deeply," said Virginie. "The tragedy in her face is so sad. What did she say to you?"

"That is it. I am puzzled. I am anxious to know whether it was an arranged thing that she should speak to me, or whether it was spontaneous. She began at once to speak of you."

"Of me?" exclaimed Virginie, greatly startled.

"Yes, she spoke of your character, of your power of adapting yourself to circumstances, of making yourself content and happy in any line of life which should be chosen for you. The picture she drew of you was amiable to the last degree; but—but—I doubt its truth."

"Have you any reason to doubt it?" said Virginie, smiling a little.

He looked very pale. "Perhaps not," he said. "Even an acquaintance which has thrown us more into each other's society than is

at all common does not always lead to a perfect knowledge of character. Madame Jean was, I believe, speaking with an object. She went on to compare your character with that of the man who had been chosen by your family to be your husband."

"What do you say!" cried Virginie, rising to her feet in sudden perturbation. "It is impossible! She could not have said that."

"She said more," he went on, speaking very fast. "She spoke of Monsieur de Foulis as being agreeable to yourself; said he had made a most pleasant impression upon you, and that the two families were looking forward to the *dénouement* with equal satisfaction."

Virginie was panting, her eyes flashing.

"How dared she say it!" she exclaimed.

Etienne suddenly turned his back on her. He could not look at her face, more lovely than ever in her intense agitation, without losing the power over himself which was essential to the finishing of his story.

"Let me go on," he said, hoarsely. "Madame Jean bade me be generous—generous! that is not the word. With her saint-like face, with her idealized conception of the possibilities and privileges of self-sacrifice, she demanded martyrdom of me—self-immolation, and I (it was for your sake)—I agreed."

"Monsieur! Monsieur de Rohan!"

"Only listen to me. Let me get it over," he said, bitterly. "I know all about Alphonse de Foulis. He is a very good fellow, indeed; he is more; he has a fine, open nature; he has done some good actions in his life, has gone out of his way to be kind."

"Do you not waste your eloquence, monsieur?" said Virginie, in a very low voice. "The gentleman to whom you allude may be excellent in all respects, but he has neither faith nor occupations."

"*Ma foi*, mademoiselle," said Etienne, going on with his task, "if you enter into the question of faith, I doubt if any of the men now in Paris would reach your standard. As to occupations, Monsieur de Foulis has wealth, and, in time, will inherit its duties. He is a good fellow; he has neither vices nor extravagances, and he is very sincerely attached to you."

But Virginie could not stand that. "I do not know by what right you speak to me on a matter of such a private nature as Monsieur de Foulis's feelings towards myself. I do not admit the right, nor can I listen."

"You are hard upon me, mademoiselle," said Etienne. "I am obeying orders. Madame Jean went so far as to say this; she felt that the wishes of your family and that of Madame de Foulis would not weigh sufficiently with you to induce you to accept the fate they have chosen for you, and——"

"But what affair is it of yours, monsieur?" cried Virginie. "No; do not answer me like that. Turn round—let me see you—and tell me the reason why you presume to speak to me like this?"

She even stamped her little foot impatiently.

Etienne wheeled round, caught both her hands in his, and exclaimed,—

"You will not, then, be satisfied without the truth? Madame Jean read me like a book. She saw that, in my madness, I had dared to raise my eyes to one so infinitely above me as yourself; she saw that I presumed (I use your own word) to love you with my whole passionate heart, to worship you, to look upon you as the star of my universe, the inspiration and queen of my life; and she called upon me to lay this love as a sacrifice on the shrine of duty—to come and to say to you, 'Your mother desires this marriage. Do as she bids you. I am indifferent. I urge you to yield.' It is nothing to me beyond the fact that by so noble a lie I may in some measure repay the goodness your mother has bestowed upon me, the exquisite charity which brought me (one of this world's most dire failures) back from the actual gates of death. But I look in your face, Virginie. Virginie, it is too late. Do I not read in your eyes that you also have realized that you and I love each other? No; do not answer me."

He almost threw her hands away from him, and covered his face.

Virginie stood beside him motionless for one moment, then she put her hand on his arm, and said childishly,—

"I will never, never marry that man, Etienne."

"He is good; he is rich; he will make you happy."

"Say no more," she said. "You have fulfilled your task, and if Madame Jean asks you the result, I will give you a message to give her from me."

"And that message?"

He looked at her eagerly.

She stood for one moment with her head bent low. Then she raised it fearlessly and looked at him, the color flushing into her sweet face.

"Tell her that she is too late, for that Etienne—Etienne, we do love each other."

His arms were round her, and she hid her face on his shoulder.

In the dusky little arbor in the garden, Mademoiselle Manchon said to her stepmother,—

"We must not leave those children alone. It is not done in the great world."

"Then let us join them," said Zenaide, quietly.

"I am very glad to hear all that you can tell me about my new *locataire*."

"He is all that I have told you, and more," said Mademoiselle Manchon, approaching the glass door.

Something made her start violently.

"Oh, *ciel!*" she exclaimed.

"What is it, Marie? What has happened?" said Madame Zenaide.

Nothing, apparently. Virginie was seated leaning back in her chair, Etienne standing beside her, looking down on her, and speaking very gently. His face was radiant, hers exquisite with the light of joy and love shining over it.

"Ah, young love is very beautiful!" said Madame Zenaide.

Mademoiselle only repeated in a strangled whisper, "Oh, *ciel!*"

LADY MARGARET MAJENDIE, "*Past Forgiveness*."

"UNTER den Linden" is all alight when I descend the hotel steps. Streams of light pour out of almost every door and window, throwing



bright bars across my path. And the world of Berlin is amusing itself, in easy, careless, comfortable, German fashion. Everybody is abroad; some on their way to theaters or concert rooms, others sauntering in pairs enjoying the fine evening. The air is full of gay voices and laughter, which, proceeding from many throats, is yet blended into one continuous note of contentment, like the hum of a swarm of bees in a blossoming lime-tree. I am in the midst of it, yet as distinct and isolated from it as some disembodied spirit gliding unseen through a city throng, bent on a ghostly mission. One all-absorbing thought engages me—Maruscha. Neither hopes nor plans for the future, only the great uncertain climax centering in Maruscha, which is advancing, and which I hasten tremblingly to meet.

The first person my eye alights on is the station-master. He stands talking to a gentleman; but quietly observant, he sees me at once and raises his cap.

Is it possible that the episode that brought us together occurred only a few hours ago? It dawns on me slowly at sight of him as from the far distant past.

He joins me almost immediately.

"Guten Abend, Herr Doktor! How is your patient?" he inquires.

It costs me an effort to bring my mind to bear on his question. He has time to follow it up with another observation before I find words to reply.

"I trust the poor old gentleman will soon be on his legs again?"

"I have every reason to believe he will. He is fortunately not a feverish subject, and at his age fever is what is most to be feared. He was as cool as a cucumber when I left him awhile ago, and if he only continues so, the bruise will soon mend."

"That is well."

We walk side by side to the gate in the barrier. Then the station-master remarks,—

"You are here to meet the express from Königsberg?"

"Yes," I reply laconically.

"You have had many disappointments," he continues; "it is many

days since I first observed you waiting." He smiles pleasantly. "Your height makes you conspicuous."

"Yes," I respond, and involuntarily my breast heaves with a sigh; "I have been expecting a friend this four days."

He rolls back the gate and invites me to pass through with him.

"I hope your perseverance may be rewarded this evening," he politely hopes. "Ah, here she is!" This, as the shriek of the whistle is heard.

I know not after this whether he quits me or remains. I am conscious only of the train curving into the station.

The platform is at once a scene of confusion, in which I move hither and thither in wild distraction, getting into everybody's way; pushed and jostled by them. My eyes dart everywhere amongst the alighting passengers, and into the recesses of the dimly-illuminated carriages. In vain. Nowhere see I Maruscha.

There is a lady in one of the carriages who is small and slight like my Maruscha. Her face is averted. She is collecting her effects from the net above her head, and a porter, who is already well-laden, stands ready to receive them.

I press forward to the door. She turns—turns to me an old, female face, that peers at me with a startled look from under a dark traveling hood.

"Ich bitte, Herr!" exclaims the porter, impatiently, for in my retreat I have pushed against him, causing him to stagger.

I am now darting off towards a group of struggling women near one of the luggage vans.

"Vladimir!"

The voice is joyous as the enraptured trill of the lark direct from the gates of Heaven! It is Maruscha's voice!

"Vladimir; I am here!"

A little gloved hand is on my arm arresting me; its touch shoots to my heart like an electric shock and takes away my breath. I look into a pair of blue eyes, upturned to me; dancing in joy, brimming with tears—deep wells of love, all mine!—Maruscha's eyes!

"Maruscha—at last!" I gasp.

My arms surround her, and we kiss each other, as a pair of beatified lovers might kiss when they meet in Paradise, with the world and its sorrows behind them, and before them an eternity of blissful union.

MARK EASTWOOD, "*Within an Ace*."

BARBARA stood and looked round. The room was perfectly still, save for the crackle of a cinder in the burning grate. The bed was empty. The sick man lay on a sofa by the fire, seemingly asleep, with a ray of wintry sunshine falling on his face. How changed it was!—tightened and thin and shrunk, like discolored parchment. He, so fresh-colored and sleek, when she had last seen him—a young bull-calf, full of life and strength. How he was wasted, how slender and wax-like his hands! and his frame, to what a length it seemed drawn out!

And she could remember him, chubby and rosy and thick-set, in days of old, when both wore pinafores, walking together and picking daisies, while their nurses followed behind. It was pitiful. Her self-control gave way. She pressed her handkerchief to her lips, and strove to choke back a sob.

The patient opened his listless eyes. They rested on her where she stood, and gazed with dilating pupils. He did not speak, or even move, but something like a smile suffused his sunken features.

Barbara could not bear it. She sobbed aloud.

He sat up and held out his hands, and made as if he would rise, but his limbs seemed unequal to the task.

"It is you yourself?" he said, speaking in a low, thin voice. "I thought I was looking at you in a dream, and I would not move or speak, for fear that you should vanish. I have seen you in my dreams before, often and often, looking as you did when I was with you in the garden that last day. You are changed since then, Barbara. You are grown more beautiful than you seemed to me in my dreams. Won't you come nearer? . . . What! crying? Pray don't cry, Barbara. Come nearer. Let me feel your hand. Yes! This is yourself, and not

a dream. The thrill goes through me, and my heart grows strong and steady. In the dreams I could never feel your hand. It melted when I took it, and left a hungry longing. I feel it now, so soft and firm and cool. . . . Will you sit? I would bring you a chair, but, to tell you the truth, I cannot stand alone. I have been very ill."

"You will get better, now you are home again."

"I don't know. I used to think I would get stronger here in Bennetskirke—native air, you know; but I have been losing since I came—or was. Somehow I feel stronger now. It must be you, Barbara, the sight of you. It revives like wine."

"Tell me about your health," Barbara asked, to change the subject. "You are very thin. Do you suffer much? Was it the heat that brought it on? Was it very oppressive?"

"It was; but I think I could have borne it if I had been well when I landed. Even then I was dull and heavy, with a cloud that would not lift. I was **not** very blithe when I went away. I had little to live or hope for, as you know."

"You had your life, Angus—your career, your future, your mother—all that a young man wants."

"All but the thing I wanted, Barbara. What matters about the rest?" and he smiled with yearning, reproachful eyes, which gazed with sad fixedness into hers, till with an effort she turned them away.

"Did you keep those flowers I gave you, Barbara, the last time we met? They were poor, bit things enough, but I think you promised to keep them."

"I kept them as you asked me. They are in my desk."

"Have you looked at them since?"

Barbara moved impatiently. What was he going to make her say? Was it not ungenerous in him thus to make a lever of his illness? She wished she had not come. He was looking at her intently, waiting her answer. She could feel his gaze through her drooping lids, though she kept her eyes averted.

"I did not promise that," she said, at last, vexed at his pertinacity. He heaved a mighty sigh. "What matters it? What matters

anything? The only wish I ever framed can never come to pass. I don't reproach you, Barbara. One does not blame the sun because it's dark at night; but, all the same, there is no light here when the sun is shining on countries far to the west. I had hoped that those poor bit flowers would keep on saying to you what I never durst say myself, but just that once when I put them in your hand; and I thought that by-and-bye you would maybe listen to them, and even waur a thought on me myself. I wasna worth it, Barbara, I'll own that freely; but we don't insist on our worth when we offer our worship. I sent messages to you through my mother. She wrote to me that your father was ruined, and there could be nothing more between us; as if the thought that perhaps you could make me of use, wasna just the one to bind me to you the faster, if you'd consent to have me bound. . . . She that has been married herself, how could she come to think that worldliness might take the place of love? . . . It gladdened me, after that, when the doctors said my only chance to live was coming home. I thought I might get the chance to be of use—to save you from poverty and dependence. Will you not let me do it, Barbara? I have enough, even if I never go back to India."

"Oh stop, Angus! I am quite able to support myself—quite comfortable and well off. Don't let us talk of me! . . . You must try and get strong and well, and then these sickly fancies will leave you."

"How you speak! How little you understand! When life has gathered itself up into one great longing, do you think it is to be put off with empty words like that? . . . What is it that can make me strong and well? Just what I canna get. Your love could do it, Barbara! The feeling of your hand-touch tells me that; it revives me like a cordial. Without it, what would health be worth to me? It would just be strength to feel more deprivation. I carena to be well, if not to be well with you."

"Oh, Angus! You are cruel to speak like that—to make me responsible for your illness."

"I do not make you responsible, Barbara. When I was little I



cried to get the moon. The moon was not to blame, but I cried none the less on that account; and the moon was beautiful and winsome all the same. . . . Barbara! I think I have not very long to live. Nay, listen! let me speak; it's a dying man's due. Don't interrupt, and don't cry, dear. There are sadder things than dying. It's far sadder to live, when living's just one long hunger for what you canna get. . . . But I have been thinking, Barbara, I might do you one little service before I go, and that would smooth my journey out into the dark. It would make death pleasant. . . . O Barbara! It distresses me to think of you toiling for daily bread, at the mercy of whomsoever hires you. It would ease me to think that you were safe from destitution. Be my widow, Barbara! I do not say my bride. The time for that is by; but be my widow. The thing has been done before. We'll get the minister in here to my room. He'll marry us, and I'll have the right to provide for you. They tell me that if I were to make a will it wouldna hold, unless I were to appear at kirk and market after; and that's beyond my strength. Don't cry about it, dear! It distresses me to see you. There's nothing to cry about. When life has lost its hopes, what would it go on for? It's far best ended. It's weariful, and death a restful slumber."

He laid a hand upon her shoulder as she sat with averted head, her face covered with her hands, and tears trickling between the fingers. "Say you'll consent."

"Impossible, Angus! I would do much to humor or please you in your illness, but I cannot do this. I am engaged, Angus. You would not have your friend break tryst? You would think less of me if I did."

"Who is it, Barbara? I'm past feelin' jealous now. You may tell me."

"It's Ronald Smith," she whispered, very low.

His face quivered as with a sharp spasm, and he did his best to smother a groan. "I'm not as strong as I thought I was, Barbara," he said, with moistened eyes. "He is older than I am. When he came home from sea he looked on me as just a boy, and vexed me; but I did not know what good cause I had to hate him. . . . I'm past hating now,

I'll try and think well of him for your sake. There must be good in him or you would not have liked him so well. . . . Nay, don't cry again. I would have been wiser not to ask, but it would have been harder on me if you had refused to tell me. . . . They told me you were selling yourself to old Whittet for his money, and I thought if I could provide for you, it would save you from a loveless marriage. Ronald Smith is poor—too poor to marry. I wonder if I couldn't leave him my money? I'll ask. He thought I was a sap. It would punish him to make him my heir. But I won't talk of punishing, Barbara. He's a lucky fellow, and for your sake I'll try and wish him well."

"Angus! he couldn't——"

"Never you mind what he could. Neither of you can hinder me from doing as I like with my own. I'll—I'll——" He turned round with his face to the wall, and shook and quivered in his weakness, and his vain endeavors to control his feelings, while Barbara sat looking on, uncertain what she ought to do or say.

The doctor came in presently, thinking that the interview had lasted long enough. Barbara was sitting in stupefied dismay; Angus, with heaving chest and eyelids tightly closed, lay with his face turned towards her. The doctor shook his head sadly; he had built his last hope beneficially to arouse the desponding mind, upon this meeting; it had failed, and only squandered more quickly some of the patient's poor reserves of strength.

ROBERT CLELAND, "*Barbara Allan*."

It is very difficult for me to describe the period of time which elapsed between my arrival at Babyan's Peak and my marriage with Stella. When I look back on it, it seems sweet with the odor of flowers, and dim as with the happy dusk of summer eves, while through the sweetness comes the sound of Stella's voice, and through the gloom shines the starlight of her eyes. I think that we loved each other from the first, though for a while we said no word of love. Day by day I went about the place with her, accompanied by little Tota and Hendrika only, while

she attended to the thousand and one matters which her father's ever-growing weakness had laid upon her; or rather, as time drew on, I attended to the business, and she accompanied me. All day through we were together. Then after supper, when the night had fallen, we would walk together in the garden and come in at length to hear her father read aloud, sometimes from the works of a poet, sometimes from history, or, if he did not feel well, Stella would read, and when this was done, Mr. Carson would celebrate a short form of prayer, and we would separate till the morning once more brought our happy hour of meeting.

So the weeks went by, and with every week I grew to know my darling better. Often, I wonder now, if my fond fancy deceives me, or if indeed there are women as sweet and dear as she. Was it solitude that had given such depth and gentleness to her? Was it the long years of communing with Nature that had endowed her with such peculiar grace, the grace we find in opening flowers and budding trees? Had she caught that murmuring voice from the sound of the streams that fall continually about her rocky home? Was it the tenderness of the evening sky beneath which she loved to walk, that lay like a shadow on her face, and the light of the evening stars that shone in her quiet eyes? At the least to me she was the realization of the dream which haunts the sleep of sin-stained men; so my memory paints her, so I hope to find her when at last the sleep has rolled away and the fevered dreams are done.

At last there came a day—the most blessed of my life, when we told our love. We had been together all the morning, but after dinner Mr. Carson was so unwell that Stella stopped in with him. At supper we met again, and after supper, when she had put little Tota, to whom she had grown much attached, to bed, we went out, leaving Mr. Carson dozing on the couch. The night was warm and lovely, and without speaking we walked up the garden to the orange grove and sat down there upon a rock. There was a little breeze which shook the petals of the orange bloom over us in showers, and bore their delicate fragrance far and wide. Silence reigned around, broken only by the sound of the falling waterfalls that now died to a faint murmur, and now, as the wavering

breeze turned, boomed loudly in our ears. The moon was not yet visible, but already the dark clouds that floated through the sky above us—for there had been rain—showed a glow of silver, telling us that she shone brightly behind the peak. Stella began to talk in her low, gentle voice, telling me of her life in the wilderness, how she had grown to love it, how her mind had gone on from idea to idea, and how she pictured the great rushing world that she had never seen as it was reflected to her from the books which she had read. It was a curious vision of life that she had: things were out of proportion in it; it was more like a dream than a reality—a mirage than the actual face of things. The idea of great cities, and especially of London, had a kind of fascination for her: she could scarcely realize the rush, the roar and hurry, the hard crowds of men and women, strangers each to each, feverishly seeking for wealth and pleasure beneath a murky sky, and treading one another down in the fury of their competition.

"What is it all for?" she asked, earnestly. "What do they seek? Having so few years to live, why do they waste them thus?"

I told her that in the majority of instances it was hard necessity that drove them on, but she could scarcely realize it. Living as she had done, in the midst of the teeming plenty of the fruitful earth, she did not seem to understand that there are millions who from day to day know not how to stay their hunger.

"I never want to go there," she went on; "I should be bewildered and frightened to death. It is not natural to live like that. God put Adam and Eve in a garden, and that is how He meant their children to live—in peace, and looking always on beautiful things. This is my idea of perfect life. I want no other."

"I thought that you once told me that you found it lonely," I said.

"So I did," she answered, innocently, "but that was before you came. Now I am not lonely any more, and it is perfect—perfect as the night."

Just then the full moon rose above the elbow of the peak, and her rays stole far and wide down the misty valley, gleaming on the water,



brooding on the plain, searching out the hidden places of the rocks, wrapping the fair form of Nature as in a silver bridal veil through which her beauty shone mysteriously.

Stella looked down the terraced valley; she turned and looked up at the scarred face of the golden moon, and then she looked at me. The beauty of the night was about her face, the scent of the night was on her hair, the mystery of the night shone in her shadowed eyes. She looked at me, I looked at her, and all our hearts' love blossomed within us. We spoke no word—we had no words to speak, but slowly we drew near, till lips were pressed to lips as we kissed our eternal troth.

It was she who broke that holy silence, speaking in a changed voice, in soft, deep notes that thrilled me like the lowest chords of a smitten harp.

“Ah, now I understand,” she said, “now I know why we are lonely, and how we can lose our loneliness. Now I know what it is that stirs us in the beauty of the sky, in the sound of water and in the scent of flowers. It is love that speaks in everything, but till we hear his voice we understand nothing. But when we hear, then the riddle is answered and the gates of our heart are opened, and, Allan, we see the way that wends through death to heaven, and is lost in the glory of which our love is but a shadow.

“Let us go in, Allan. Let us go before the spell breaks, so that whatever comes to us, sorrow, death, or separation, we may always have this perfect memory to save us.”

H. RIDER HAGGARD, “*Allan's Wife*.”

THE vicar's sermon that Sunday bore marked internal evidence of having been freshly written. Jane Grand knew nothing at all about good writing or good preaching, and was, indeed, quite incapable of judging of the intrinsic merit of any piece of intellectual work whatsoever; but she knew that this sermon was not taken from that heap which furnished the ordinary cut-and-dried theological meat of the people of Chesterford, and she felt that her spirit answered, and that her



heart expanded, as she looked up in the vicar's face, and listened to the vicar's voice.

Probably she was the only person in the church who understood Mr. Follett that day. Miss Fergusson, on principle, never listened to sermons; and occupied her time on the present occasion in planning her wedding outfit, and calculating the probable sum for which her relations might safely battle in the way of settlements. Gifford Mohun, buried in the red-curtained sanctity of the Yatton pew, was, by turns, wondering how the deuce he would get through his first meeting with Jane, and asking himself in what fit of utter idiocy he had ever been let in to promise marriage to Matty. For the rest—the farmers, as usual, were comfortably nodding in their places; the elder plowmen in deep sleep, with their heads buried over their arms; the younger ones staring aloft, with the sort of expression one might imagine in very stupefied young gorillas, at the knot of smartly-dressed girls who formed the village choir in the gallery; the school children alternating between vertigo and resonant blows from the prayer-book of the ancient woman who presided over the Chesterford Sunday-school.

All the Chesterford St. Mary congregation at its ordinary (for I leave unmentioned the few female orthodox censors, who, of course, found hidden footprints of the Beast—Broad Church—in every one of Mr. Follett's sentences), all except Jane. She knew the vicar's meaning well. She knew every faintest shade of that gray atmosphere through which to-day he bid them look at the picture of life. She knew every note throughout that minor key in which he spoke of the insufficiency and hollowness of human affection and desire. She could imagine—and here, where the vicar's words waxed faint, her heart carried them out with exceeding strength—how great shall be the rapture of looking on a picture no earthly mists can obscure, and listening to a Voice in whose tones there shall be no more dissonance through all Eternity!

The lingering remembrance of that sermon strengthened her wonderfully throughout the interview, which took place in the course of the afternoon, between Gifford and herself. Miss Fergusson had the grace

to leave the room when she heard his ring at the bell; and so, alone and face to face, the two old lovers first met under the new aspect in which from this time henceforth they would have to regard each other.

Gifford was excessively agitated, much more so than Miss Grand; and, for some moments after he took her outstretched hand in his, he was literally, and without affectation, too much moved to speak.

"I was a brute, Jane," he stammered out at last. "I lost myself altogether, and spoke to you like a cursed brute, as I was, yesterday! Can you ever forgive me for what I said, or—or forget it?"

"Gifford, I felt then as if I would like to die. I felt more cruelly wounded than I ever did before, even in all my bitter experience. But now—Gifford, I not only forgive you from my heart, but I feel it was well that you spoke to me of my birth as you did. Well, and, in the end, kindest to me."

"Kindest to you, Jane!"—and as her hand drew back, and her steady eyes rested on his, Gifford felt, with a spasm of jealous pain, that she had already ceased to worship him. "Best for you that I should insult you, after all our long years of friendship! That is the cruelest reproach that you could have devised for my punishment!"

But no tone of his could soften Miss Grand into agitation now. Her heart, that had been as wax to every unreasonable wish, or word, or look of Gifford Mohun's, was shut, close and cold, against this really natural and neither ungenerous nor unfeigned remorse of Matty Fergusson's lover.

"That blow from you was a hard one, Gifford, but it prepared me. I better bore what was to come to me afterwards when I once felt that you did not—no; that in all your life you had never really loved me!"

"A harsh judgment, Jane, for a few words of hasty passion!"

"But still, harsh or not, the judgment that will always be mine," and Jane turned from him almost coldly. "My eyes are opened at last, and if I could I would not go back to my former blindness, Gifford. You will be happier far with Matty Fergusson than you would ever have been with me."

"You speak bitterly, Jane, but you don't mean what you say, no,

by ——! you can't, you don't mean it! If I had married you when I was a lad, as I ought to have done, I should be a different man to what I am now. You know that as well as I do; and you know, too, that I did love you better than I've ever loved anyone else—better than I ever shall love any woman on earth. If you hadn't been so cold and sanctified, you would have warmed to me, and have let me love you again when I came back here, broken and miserable, a year ago, and I should have you by my side in Yatton now, and have something to look forward to, by ——! and some chance of happiness in my life, instead of being entangled—cursed fool that I am! into this idiotic engagement with Matty Fergusson, d—— her!"

Gifford flung himself down sullenly in the armchair beside the fire, and something very like tears gathered in his eyes. Regarded from my own point of view, this was just the one occasion in Mr. Mohun's life when he appeared to the least disadvantage. His passion was that of a child allowed to have his own way, and then enraged because his own way has not made him happy. Still it was a natural passion—an impulse in the direction of good, giving token, by its very weakness that, taken early into cunning hands, something quite different to what he now was might have been fashioned out of Gifford Mohun's vacillating and unstable moral nature. But Miss Grand always took the ideal, not the rational view, of every subject that was presented to her consideration (she was also looking at the conduct of Miss Fergusson's affianced husband); and it really and truly seemed to her that Gifford Mohun had never before appeared in such weak and despicable guise as now. As throughout, she had loved him unwisely; so in this last revulsion of feeling she judged him without equity. Having chosen Matty for his wife, he ought, she averred, to hold by Matty in all things. What did it avail now to make lament over his past inconstancy? How could he tell that he *would* have been different if he had married her in his youth? A man's strength should be in himself, not dependent upon the outward circumstances of his life. It was well, very well, for Mr. Mohun that he was to fall for the rest of his days into such hands as Matty Fergusson's! He would not lack counsel, he

would not have to complain of hesitation or over-sanctity with Matty for his wife !

I have heard that slaves, when set free, become cruel slave-holders ; I know that gentle women, who have submitted to, and rather courted, the heel of the oppressor for years, are, when the tardy hour of insurrection comes, pitiless in their turn. The recollection of all her deserted youth, of her wasted hopes, her recent, her still throbbing love for him, swelled at Miss Grand's heart, and steeled it against this man who—now that he had positively given her up—would, if he could, have talked covert sentiment to her still ! And so her voice was steady, her eyes were tearless, every nerve in her face was unmoved, as she pronounced the following *de profundis* over the passion that had been the very food of her life during the last half-score of years !

“The past is dead and gone, Gifford. Let it remain so. We can never bring it back, and if we could, I don't think we should do wisely to alter all that is gone before. You would not have been happy if you had been married to me. Your sense of the stain of my birth, and of what the world thinks of such a stain, would have weighed heavier than all the poor love and faithfulness that I should have brought to you. If you had loved me very fervently, you know, you would have taken me as I was—as I would have taken you, whatever ill fortune had chanced to come upon you. But you did not ; and lacking such love, you would have had no strength to support you under the disgrace of having me for your wife. I have loved you, I think, as much as any human being *can* love another ! Yes, I don't mind saying it now that all is over between us forever. During those seven years after you left me I just spent my life in one long miserable thought of you, Gifford—of you and of the cause that had broken off our marriage. You say I have been sanctified and cold since you came back to Yatton. Do you know that every day till the last week I looked for your coming just as I did when I was a girl ?—that I would have given up my life still to have been of the least use or happiness to you ? Well, you don't know all this, but I tell it you now. I tell it you, and I also say—well for me that the past is unchangeable, and that I am free again. Gifford, I



hope you will be happy with Matty Fergusson, and I hope while you live you will count me as your friend."

It was the longest speech Jane Grand's lips ever put together—the longest, and certainly the cruelest. Gifford Mohun got quite white as he listened to her. Could this be Jane!—his Jane, who, through good and evil report, through inconstancy, through desertion, had ever been so utterly and without a struggle his slave?

"You love some one else, Jane, or you would never cast me off like this. I know you too well to think you would be so bitter with me—even after all my brutal conduct to you yesterday—if I was first with you still as I used to be!"

Intensely mean and selfish minds do occasionally show keenest insight in their judgment upon noble natures. Till Gifford spoke out his singularly coarse view of the case a suspicion of her own capability of change had never crossed Jane Grand's thoughts. But as he spoke a ray of light dawned upon her mind; and (bitterly confirming Mohun in his suspicions) a blush, guiltily deep as she had ever blushed in her young days for him, rose into her cheeks, and brow, and neck. She knew that another voice than Gifford's *had* haunted her for some months past; she knew by what standard she had mentally measured Gifford in his frequent shortcomings; she knew what feeling had made her linger shyly in the sunset by the vicarage gate.

"You are very wrong to speak so, Gifford;" but she said this with faltering lips and downcast eyes. "You know that what withheld you will also withhold any honorable man from wishing to make me his wife. You know that your lips are the only ones that have ever spoken to me of love."

"And you will never listen to love from any other, Jane?"

She stood silent and confused, her face blushing still like a girl's, her little frail hands clasped with the nervous gesture so familiar to Gifford in the old days of her youthful love for him. He felt at this moment how fair, how excellent the woman was whom he had lost; he felt—and Matty's foot was already on the stair—that he would sooner marry Jane, with all her inheritance, at this moment, than that



any other man than himself should have the chance of possessing her.

“Jane!” starting to her side, “say only one word. Say that you love me better than any one else, still, and I’ll break off my engagement—by the Lord, I will! Money would do anything with such people as the Fergussons—and I’ll marry you!”

But Jane shrank away from his clasp, and her face flushed deeper and deeper.

“Don’t say these things, Gifford, they pain me dreadfully. The time is past when you could have made this sacrifice with honor. Yes, the time is past!”

“Say only what I ask you, Jane! Say only you don’t love any one but me, and leave the future in my hands——”

“I cannot say what you wish, Gifford. All is over between us, and—and I don’t think you have any right to ask me such a question now.”

And Miss Matty Fergusson entered the room.

\* \* \*

GIFFORD to be married in May! and this day when Jane read his letter was the last day of March. In another month Gifford Mohun was to be married! And as she read she was looking younger than she had looked for years, and hope—hope so long dead—was stirring in her breast with the warm beat of life, and her heart was fluttering at every footstep that passed along the lane, at every figure that shadowed the gateway in the indistinct gloaming of the gray spring twilight.

It would be a great deal too much, it would, indeed, be against all established canons, to say that Jane Grand had already forgotten Mohun, and was feeling true and honest hopes regarding another man; one, too, who, as far as she knew, had no intention whatsoever of asking her to be his wife. So, without scrutiny too deep, I will record the fact that she did feel young, and not without interest in life, on this

evening when the vicar had promised to call and see her, and, at the same time, remind any very exacting reader that it was now many months since the first insidious whisper of heresy with respect to Gifford had first crept into poor Jane's unsuspecting heart.

"Seven, and he was to be here at six! He must have got letters by the same post that brought me Gifford's, and have stayed to answer them. Probably he won't come at all to-night. Well, it matters little—nothing can matter much to me now. Only I should just like to have told him what I mean to do before taking any decisive step about it—I should just like to have watched his face as I told him, and have seen whether he really cares a bit about my staying at Chesterford or not!"

And then, oddly enough, seeing that nothing mattered much to her now, large tears began to float in Jane's eyes—tears of which Gifford Mohun's approaching marriage was not, remotely or approximately, the cause.

"Dreaming as usual, Jane! Dreaming as you have done all your life! I wonder whether a time will ever come when you will cease to live in the clouds? Depend upon it, the common prosaic earth is a much safer ground to rest upon, if you would only, once and for all, bring yourself to think it so."

Jane started from her seat; then shrank back, with a strange sensation of consciousness, as she found the vicar close beside her in that fast-darkening little room.

"I never heard you come in, Mr. Follett. How—how dreadfully stupid of Grace not to tell me you were here! I will ring for the lamp at once. I thought you did not mean to come to-night."

And after this very lucid and coherent speech Miss Grand neither called Grace to be reprimanded, nor rang for the lamp, nor even gave her hand to the vicar, but turned her face back towards the window, and wished she was a hundred miles away—with Gifford, with Matty—anywhere rather than with Mr. Follett at this hour and in this place to which she herself had bid him come!

"Grace did not see me, for the good reason that I came in, without

ringing, by the side gate," said the vicar's quiet voice. "A great liberty, Jane, was it not? But I have a fancy that you and I are going to return to our old life now, and that you will not be angry with me for coming in and going out of your house again, as I used to do in the days when you were a little child."

Then she turned her face round to his, and a great pain contracted her heart.

"To the old days!" she stammered. "Oh, sir, can that ever be? Can the past ever come back to any of us as it was?"

"I think it can to you, Jane. I think, when your present trouble is over, you will be able to go back to a life more like your childish one than you have known for years. I think so because I see you walking abroad daily, because life and health are on your face. Signs, Jane, if you would only think so, that your present sickness is not unto death."

The vicar seated himself in the bend of the bay window, which had been his favorite place for years. Jane felt, with a conscious shame that made her cheeks burn hotly, that her lately cherished dreams had been built upon foundations as unreal as all her old ones. The vicar looked upon her with just the same feeling as he had done when she was twelve years old; had come here now to give her kindly support under the blow of Gifford's last and worst desertion—only that!

"I had a letter by to-night's post, sir," she remarked, going, after the manner of her sex, to the subject farthest from her heart. "A letter from Cheltenham. Gifford tells me Mrs. Fergusson says their marriage is to take place before another month is over."

"Mrs. Fergusson shows her discretion, if she desires to secure Mr. Mohun for her son-in-law," remarked the vicar, drily.

"And Gifford doesn't seem overmuch pleased with any of his future connections. He says Mrs. Fergusson is very like what she used to be in the days when he disliked her so in Baden; and he has been to a morning fête with them, and seen Matty and her sister play at some game that is called—but I scarce think that Gifford can have written it right—'Aunt Sally.' Can you believe it possible, Mr. Follett, that any young gentlewoman could join in a game with such a name as that?"

"I can quite believe that the young woman who has been staying with you could join in anything, Jane. She had bold eyes, and a strong, determined, firm-set animal mouth. She won't make such a bad wife for Mohun, after all."

"Oh! Mr. Follett!"

"Jane, we will speak candidly for once, and then, as it is a subject on which you and I are not likely to agree, we will let Mr. Mohun's name drop between us forever. I know him far better than you know him. Yes, Miss Grand, though you do look at me so incredulously; and I say a strong and not very refined nature is the one to control Mohun's. You would never have controlled him, Jane. He might have drawn you to his level, but you would not have raised him to yours. Patience, long-suffering, idolatry, are not the qualities to be desired for the wife of a man like Mohun. Miss Fergusson, with the strength, and selfishness, and *savoir vivre* that I saw written upon her face, is far more likely to suit him than you, Jane, with all your love, and all your gentleness, could ever have done."

It was exactly the opinion to which Miss Grand herself had already slowly arrived; but Mr. Follett was the last human being on earth to whom she could, voluntarily, have confessed her change of creed. Her head drooped lower and lower; her heart beat till she was afraid he might hear its beatings; and her fingers began nervously to pluck the leaves from a little plant of sweet-scented verberna that stood upon the window-sill.

"Don't in your indignation destroy your verberna, Jane; or rather, as you have already broken it to pieces, let me profit by your spoils."

He took one of the little broken branches from her fingers, and for a moment—for a single moment only—his hand rested upon hers.

"Jane, as you sit there, with your bowed-down face in the twilight, I seem to see you again as you were a dozen years ago, before any knowledge of life or any love of Mohun's had come to trouble you. Oh! child, it would be well for both of us—yes, Jane, well for me and for you, if we could return to those times."

His voice faltered—a very unusual thing for Mr. Follett—and Jane's heart plucked up courage.

"We can't go back to them, sir. No, no, we can't—we are changed, I mean I myself have changed, as much as the circumstances of my life. I can't go back to what I was when I was a girl, and"—very quickly and decidedly this—"I have asked you to come here to-night because I wished to tell you of a plan that lies upon my mind. I mean to leave Chesterford, Mr. Follett; I can live here no longer."

"Jane, this is folly!—this is the mere first outbreak of your disappointment in Mohun."

"It has nothing to do with him," she cried, almost bitterly. "It is of myself, and of my own happiness alone, that I am thinking now. Very long ago, in the time before I was engaged to marry him, Gifford used to say he would like to have this cottage, and pull it down, and make the garden a part of Yatton. He shall have it now. It shall not be an eyesore to him any longer. And I shall be glad to leave it, and all my remembrance of it! I like to tell you this, because I would not have you think I acted without consulting you. But my determination is fixed; nothing shall make me live any longer in Chesterford!"

The vicar was silent; but even in that dim light Jane could see that his face turned fearfully white, and her own heart throbbed faster.

"You say nothing, Mr. Follett. Do you think my decision a wise one?"

"Jane—" but she started at the agitation of his voice—"will you let me tell you what I think?"

"If you please."

"I told you once before, you know, but you could not hear me then—no, Jane, you need not deny it, for indeed you never knew what words those were I spoke. But once, the morning that I told you Gifford was coming back, I spoke. I spoke to you of the possibility of your loving any other man than him. You know the answer that you gave me?"

"I never understood you, sir! I never thought that you could mean——"

"That I, at my age, would presume to ask you to be my wife?"



Well, Jane, it was even so, and you refused me; unconsciously, but perhaps none the less cruelly to me for that. Now you know why I haven't come near you much of late. You know, and you forgive me, Jane, will you?"

"I forgive? Oh, Mr. Follett—oh, sir! can you indeed care anything about me still?"

"I care for you as I have done during the last half-dozen years. I love you so much that I ask you, for the second time, to be my wife! And now, Jane, if you are going to refuse me again, do it quickly!" He caught her hand—her cold, little trembling hand—and held it firmly, but with never the ghost of a pressure in his. "I am strong, child. Don't fear to pain me. I can bear all that you have got to say."

"I don't think I am worthy of you, sir. Remember whose daughter I am—remember I am growing old and faded and worn! Mr. Follett, you should look for some one of better birth—some one fuller of life and freshness than poor Jane Grand."

"I remember whose daughter you are, Jane;" and so steady was the vicar's voice that she knew he was not speaking out of the passion of the moment, but rather delivering an old and well-considered opinion. "I remember whose daughter you are, child. I have remembered it ever since the time when you were six years old. But I know, too, that every human being's life dies with him—your father's, Jane, or mine! I don't believe in any moral attainer, any transmission of guilt. A man's honor lies in his own hands; a man's dishonor can rise from his own deeds alone, not from any heritage that comes to him from another. For the rest, I know quite well what Jane Grand is—how worn, how faded, how old. Does Jane Grand love me?—that is the only question whose answer it concerns me to hear?"

"She does, sir! She loves you with her whole heart! She knows now that she has loved you long."

Very unlike a heroine (that class of human creatures never giving any reply to the most momentous question of life except by a monosyllable, too low for any save the delicate ear of love to catch). But poor

Jane was not a heroine; only a supremely tender and, at length, a supremely happy woman; and Mr. Follett seemed so entirely content, both with the substance and the manner of her reply, that I don't think any outside spectator of the scene can have a right to cavil at it.

"And you were not dreaming of Gifford when I came in? You were not dreaming of him, or mourning, to the last, over his approaching marriage? Tell me true, Jane. I would like to hear every syllable of the truth."

"I was thinking of you, and of you alone, Mr. Follett. I was wondering how you would take it when you heard I meant to go away from Chesterford."

"And you will stop in Chesterford now?"

"I believe so—but I will let Mr. Mohun have the cottage!"

MRS. ANNIE EDWARDS, "*A Point of Honor*."

"HERE he is," said Lady Holmhurst, clapping her hands. "Well, if this isn't the very funniest thing that I ever heard of! I told Jones to show him in here."

Hardly were the words out of her mouth when the butler, who looked as solemn as a mute in his deep mourning, opened the door, and announced "Mr. Eustace Meeson," in those deep and commanding tones which flunkeys, and flunkeys alone, have at their command. There was a moment's pause. Augusta half rose from her chair, and then sat down again; and, noticing her embarrassment, Lady Holmhurst smiled maliciously. Then in came Eustace himself, looking rather handsome, exceedingly nervous, and beautifully got up—in a frock-coat, with a flower in it.

"Oh! how do you do?" he said to Augusta, holding out his hand, which she took rather coldly.

"How do you do, Mr. Meeson?" she answered. "Let me introduce you to Lady Holmhurst. Mr. Meeson, Lady Holmhurst." Eustace bowed, and put his hat down on the butter-dish, for he was very much overcome.

"I hope I have not come too early," he said, in great confusion, as he perceived his mistake. "I thought that you would have done breakfast."

"Oh, not at all, Mr. Meeson," said Lady Holmhurst. "Won't you have a cup of tea? Augusta, give Mr. Meeson a cup of tea."

He took the tea, which he did not want in the least, and then there came an awkward silence. Nobody seemed to know how to begin the conversation.

"How did you find the house, Mr. Meeson?" said Lady Holmhurst, at last. "Miss Smithers gave you no address, and there are two Lady Holmhursts—my mother-in-law and myself."

"Oh, I looked it out, and then I walked here last night, and saw you both sitting at the window."

"Indeed!" said Lady Holmhurst. "And why did you not come in? You might have helped to protect Miss Smithers from the reporters."

"I don't know," he answered, confusedly. "I did not like to; and, besides, a policeman thought I was a suspicious character and told me to move on."

"Dear me, Mr. Meeson, you must have been having a good look at us."

Here Augusta interposed, fearing lest her admirer—for, with an unerring instinct, she now guessed how matters stood—should say something foolish. A young man who is capable of standing to stare at a house in Hanover Square is, she thought, evidently capable of anything.

"I was so surprised to see you yesterday," she said. "How did you know that we were coming?"

Eustace told her that he had seen it in the *Globe*. "I am sure you cannot have been so surprised as I was," he went on. "I had made sure that you were drowned. I went up to Birmingham to call on you after you had gone, and found that you had vanished and left no address. The maid-servant declared that you had sailed in a ship called the 'Conger Eel,' which I afterwards found out was the 'Kangaroo.'

And then she went down ; and after a long time they published a full list of the passengers, and your name was not among them, and I thought that after all you might have got off the ship, or something. Then, some days afterwards, came a telegraph from Albany, in Australia, giving the names of Lady Holmhurst and the others who were saved, and specially mentioning ‘ Miss Smithers, the novelist,’ and Lord Holmhurst as being among the drowned, and that is how the dreadful suspense came to an end. It was awful, I can tell you.”

Both of the young women looked at Eustace’s face and saw that there was no mistaking the real nature of the trial through which he had passed. So real was it that it never seemed to occur to him that there was anything unusual in his expressing such intense interest in the affairs of a young lady with whom he was outwardly, at any rate, on the terms of merest acquaintance.

“ It was very kind of you to think so much about me,” said Augusta, gently. “ I had no idea that you would call again, or I would have left word where I was going.”

“ Well, thank God you are safe and sound, at any rate,” answered Eustace ; and then, with a sudden burst of anxiety, “ You are not going back to New Zealand just yet, are you ? ”

“ I don’t know. I am rather sick of the sea just now.”

“ No, indeed, she is not,” said Lady Holmhurst ; “ she is going to stop with me and Dick. Miss Smithers saved Dick’s life, you know, when the nurse, poor thing, had run away. And now, dear, you had better tell Mr. Meeson about the will.”

“ The will. What will ? ” asked Eustace.

“ Listen, and you will hear.”

And Eustace did listen with open eyes and ears while Augusta, getting over her shyness as best she might, told the whole story of his uncle’s death, and of the way in which he had communicated his testamentary wishes.

“ And do you mean to tell me,” said Eustace, astounded, “ that you allowed him to have his confounded will tattooed upon your shoulders ? ”

"Yes," answered Augusta, "I did; and, what is more, Mr. Meeson, I think that you ought to be very much obliged to me; for I dare say that I shall be often sorry for it."

"I am *very* much obliged," answered Eustace; "I had no right to expect such a thing; and, in short, I do not know what to say. I should never have thought that any woman was capable of such a sacrifice for—for a comparative stranger."

Then came another awkward pause.

"Well, Mr. Meeson," said Augusta, at last rising brusquely from her chair, "the document belongs to you, and so I suppose that you had better see it. Not that I think that it will be of much use to you, however, as I see that 'probate has been allowed to issue,' whatever that may mean, of Mr. Meeson's other will."

"I do not know that that will matter," said Eustace, "as I heard a friend of mine, Mr. Short, who is a barrister, talk about some case the other day in which probate was revoked on the production of a subsequent will."

"Indeed!" answered Augusta, "I am very glad to hear that. Then, perhaps, after all, I have been tattooed to some purpose. Well; I suppose you had better see it," and with a gesture that was half shy and half defiant she drew the lace shawl from her shoulders, and turned her back towards him so that he might see what was inscribed across its whiteness.

Eustace stared at the broad line of letters which, with the signatures written underneath, might mean a matter of two millions of money to him, and then he stared at the beautiful shoulders on which the words were indelibly impressed.

"Thank you," he said at last, and taking up the lace shawl he threw it over her again.

"If you will excuse me for a few minutes, Mr. Meeson," interrupted Lady Holmhurst at this point; "I have to go to see about the dinner," and before Augusta could interfere she had left the room.

Eustace closed the door behind her, and turned, feeling instinctively that a great crisis in his fortunes had come. There are some men who



rise to an emergency and some who shrink from it, and the difference is that difference between him who succeeds and him who fails in life and in all that makes life worth living.

Eustace belonged to the class that rises and not to that which shrinks.

Augusta was leaning against the marble mantelpiece—indeed, one of her arms was resting upon it, for she was a tall woman. Perhaps she, too, felt that there was something in the air; at any rate, she turned away her head, and began to play with a bronze Japanese lobster which adorned the mantelpiece.

“Now for it,” said Eustace to himself, drawing a long breath, to try and steady the violent pulsation of his heart.

“I don’t know what to say to you, Miss Smithers,” he began.

“Best say nothing more about it,” she put in, quickly. “I did it, and I am glad that I did it. What do a few marks matter if a great wrong is prevented thereby? I am not ever likely to have to go to court. Besides, Mr. Meeson, there is another thing: it was through me that you lost your inheritance; it is only right that I should try to be the means of bringing it back to you.”

She dropped her head again, and once more began to play with the bronze lobster, holding her arm in such a fashion that Eustace could not see her face. But if he could not see her face she could see his in the glass, and narrowly observed its every change, which, on the whole, though natural, was rather mean of her.

Poor Eustace grew pale and paler yet, till his handsome countenance grew positively ghastly. It is wonderful how frightened young men are the first time that they propose. It wears off afterwards—with practice one gets accustomed to anything.

“Miss Smithers—Augusta,” he gasped, “I want to say something to you!” and he stopped dead.

“Yes, Mr. Meeson,” she answered, cheerfully; “what is it?”

“I want to tell you——” and again he hesitated.

“What you are going to do about the will?” suggested Augusta.

"No—no ; nothing about the will—please don't laugh at me and put me off."

She looked up innocently—as much as to say that she never dreamed of doing either of these things. She had a lovely face, and the glance of the gray eyes quite broke down the barrier of his fears.

"Oh, Augusta, Augusta," he said, "don't you understand? I love you! I love you! No woman was ever loved before as I love you. I fell in love with you the very first time I saw you in the office at Meeson's, when I had the row with my uncle about you; and ever since then I have got deeper and deeper in love with you. When I thought that you were drowned it nearly broke my heart, and often and often I wished that I were dead, too!"

It was Augusta's turn to be disturbed now, for, though a lady's composure will stand her in good stead up to the very verge of an affair of this sort, it generally breaks down *in medias res*. Anyhow, she certainly dropped her eyes and colored to her hair, while her breast began to heave tumultuously.

"Do you know, Mr. Meeson," she said at last, without daring to look up at his imploring face, "that this is only the fourth time that we have seen each other, including yesterday?"

"Yes, I know," he said; "but don't refuse me on that account; you can see me as often as you like"—(this was generous of Master Eustace)—"and really I know you better than you think. I should think that I have read each of your books twenty times."

This was a happy stroke; for, however free from vanity a person may be, it is not in the nature of a young woman to hear that somebody has read her book twenty times without feeling pleased.

"I am not my books," said Augusta.

"No; but your books are part of you," he answered, "and I have learned more about your real self through them than I should have done if I had seen you a hundred times instead of four."

Augusta slowly raised her gray eyes till they met his own, and looked at him as though she were searching out his soul, and the memory of that long, sweet look is with him yet.

He said no more, nor had she any words ; but, somehow, nearer and nearer they drew one to the other, till his arms were around her, and his lips were pressed upon her lips. Happy man and happy girl ! they will live to find that life has joys (for those who are good and are well off), but that it has no joy so holy and so complete as that which they were now experiencing—the first kiss of true and honest love.

H. RIDER HAGGARD, "*Mr. Meeson's Will.*"

THE day following was comparatively calm. Vivian was peaceable, and listened with some interest to Edith's projects of traveling, and perhaps residing abroad, but evidently considered that he himself was to be of the party.

At dinner he encountered Maitland, who happened to sit next Edith, and did his best to amuse and occupy her, not unsuccessfully, for an inclination to doubt the accuracy of Mrs. Winington's report of his speech respecting herself was forming in her mind—a condition very favorable to her sense of enjoyment, for she was strongly drawn to him.

On Vivian he produced a very different effect. That eccentric personage watched Maitland all through dinner with a scowl of dislike, and when by chance they spoke together Vivian made a point of contradicting him on every point in the roughest and most abrupt manner. Maitland bore all this with unshaken good-temper, occasionally sending a keen, inquiring, anxious glance across the table at his moody *vis-à-vis*.

Dinner over, Mrs. Maitland asked Miss Vivian and her friends to tea in her room, and though Vivian accepted he did not stay long. With a confused apology about having promised some "fellows" to play a game of billiards at the hotel, he said good-night.

His parting glance made Edith uneasy. It rested on Maitland with so murderous an expression of hate and fury, that she could not collect her thoughts for a few moments. What danger did it threaten ? or was her fancy grown morbid ? She felt altogether unnerved, and glad

to retire, though there had been pleasant moments during the evening.

When David Vivian next presented himself to his cousin he was in a very quiet, melancholy mood. It was after luncheon, and he asked her to come out for a walk. The afternoon was soft, gray, autumnal, and Edith, glad to be able to grant a request of his, at once acceded.

"We will go toward Eastney," said Vivian, as they passed through the porch. "There are not so many people that way."

"Very well," returned Edith, meekly.

"So that fellow Maitland lives in the house," resumed Vivian; "I see him writing in his room."

Edith's eyes followed the direction in which he nodded, and she saw Maitland writing in the window of his bedroom, which opened on the veranda that ran along the front of the house, at either side of the hall door, joining the conservatory at one side, and ending in a screen of glass at the other, which sheltered the windows on this side from the south-east.

"It is nice for him to be with his mother," said Edith, turning her eyes away.

"Very likely," grimly. "Well, I'm not going to stay in the same house. I moved off to the hotel last night; didn't they tell you?—no?"

"You would have been more comfortable here, would you not?"

To this David made no reply, and they walked on almost in silence till they reached a bend in the sea wall which commanded the view westward, with the Martello Towers in the middle of the channel, and a glimpse of the masts in the harbor beyond.

"Let us sit down," said Vivian, abruptly. "It is not too cold for you, eh?"

"Oh, not at all," returned Edith, who was feeling uncomfortable at this long silence.

"I said I would tell you my troubles when I came next, if you cared to listen," he began.

"Yes, I remember; and I shall be glad to hear them."

"It isn't a story to be glad about," said Vivian. "Well, here goes. I suppose now, Edith, you think I am a quiet, steady, stay-at-home chap?"

"You always seem happy enough with us, and *we* are quiet I am sure."

"Happy!—ay, that I am, if I could always be with you! Now I shall tell you what I really am—a desperate drunkard, nearly a hopeless one!"

"That is impossible, David!" cried Edith, amazed. "Why, you rarely touch a glass of wine; you take only tea or milk, or——"

"Ay, when I am with you. Don't you see, I dare not taste anything strong, or I couldn't stop. Sometimes I keep clear of it for a fortnight or ten days, and begin to think I am cured; then the dreadful, desperate longing for spirits, wine, anything, comes over me, and I *must* have it, if I tore down walls and murdered men to get at it!" He stopped, and wiped his brow in great agitation. "When I first came over there was a good deal of excitement about your affairs. I got better, calmer, stronger; but after a bit the old craving came back. I have something more to say. Do you remember I once offered to marry you? I didn't care much about it, but I thought it might suit you at the time. Now I want you to marry me for *my* sake. Don't shrink away as if you feared me, Edith. You *must* marry me. I cannot live without you. You can save me. If you are with me *always* I shall be able to resist; and I love you, little cousin!—the sight of you is life to me! I have been awfully bad since you came away down here. I had some hard bouts before you left London, but last week I was mad drunk for three days and nights. I gambled, lost a heap of money, went down into hell!" He stopped with a shudder. Edith was speechless. "Of course," he resumed, "I never came near you until I had got pretty right, but I would not deceive you. It is the one vice of my nature, and it leads to every other. Now you know the worst. Will you be my wife and save me from myself? You don't know what I suffer; the awful, horrible thoughts and temptations that keep whispering to me and haunting me, they never come near me when you are



by. And I love you—you don't know how I love you! It drives me mad to see other people come near you, even women. I want you all to myself—away from every creature. That Maitland dares to look at you and love you! I'd like to cut his throat! Answer me, Edith. Will you save me, and marry me?"

She was deadly white. She had scarce command of her voice from terror, but she forced herself to reply,—

"I never dreamed you wished to marry me, David. I have learned to think of you as a dear brother. I will do everything I can for you—but marry you, that I can *not* do."

"What is your objection?"

"In truth, I have not the courage to—to marry you, after your account of your tendencies—your difficulties——"

"Then you are cold-hearted, indifferent."

He burst into a mingled torrent of reproaches and entreaties. Edith, though trembling from head to foot, continued tenderly, though firmly, to refuse. At last, with a wild, despairing, inarticulate cry, he started up and rushed away toward the open shore where the wall ends, and was soon out of sight.

Edith, though hardly able to stand, hastened in the opposite direction, growing calmer as she went, and at last reached the shelter of her own room, where she described to the astonished and sympathizing Mrs. Miles the trying interview she had just had.

\* \* \*

THEN Edith stole forward, saw the door was open, and fled wildly through the veranda—not into the house, not to call assistance, but to Jack Maitland's room. She felt sure that the moment Vivian missed her, he would rush to wreak vengeance on his supposed rival.

Maitland was writing, as he often did, at a table beside the window, which was open. He was resting his head on his hands, thinking over his mother's advice, and balancing the *pros* and *cons*, when Edith, white as death, her eyes wild with terror, flew into the room.

Maitland started up, his first idea being that she was making her

escape from danger or pursuit ; but before he could speak she began in frantic haste to close the window, then the shutters, while she kept repeating, " Lock the door—bolt it ! oh, do, do lock it ! "

" What is the matter, for heaven's sake ? " cried Maitland. " My dear Miss Vivian, tell me. You are safe with me. "

" No—no ! I want to save you ! He will murder you ! Oh, come back into the corner ! Do not hold me ; I must fasten the door ! " Then leaning back against it exhausted, she went on, " He is mad—quite mad, David is. He wanted to murder me. He was very near murdering you. He will come now ; he has a long, keen knife. " Here a step was heard in the passage. Quite beside herself with fear, Edith darted to Maitland and threw her arms around him. " He is coming—he is coming, " she whispered, as she clung to him.

" Dearest, " said Maitland, straining her to his heart, " you will be ill. Let me take you to my mother. If your unfortunate cousin is mad, he must be prevented from doing mischief to himself or others. You are trembling ; you can hardly stand, " and he tried to lift her, but she evaded him.

" I will not let you go, " she said, faintly. " He will murder you with that long, cruel knife. I will not let you go. "

" Vivian is not coming here, " said Maitland ; " he would have been here before. Let me take you away ; I must know what is going on. " Still supporting her, he opened the door. All was quiet, but a distant buzz of talk came from the hall. " You must come upstairs. You shall be safe with my mother. I will see to it. "

Half-leading, half-carrying her, Maitland took Edith with infinite care to his mother.

" She has had an awful fright, " he said ; " get her some wine. I scarcely know what is the matter, but don't leave her. I shall return when I find Mrs. Miles. "

" My dear child, you are more dead than alive, " cried Mrs. Maitland. " Put her on the sofa, Jack. "

Edith could not speak. She tried still to hold Maitland, but he, gently kissing her hand, disengaged himself and hurried away.

In the hall he found Mrs. Parker and all the servants talking eagerly. "Oh, Mr. Maitland!" said the lady of the house, "we are all so frightened. Tom, here—he is the boy that cleans the boots—about ten minutes ago he saw Mr. Vivian without his hat, and a great long knife in his hand, tearing across the lawn as hard as he could, and looking quite wild."

"Indeed!" cried Maitland. "What direction did he take?"

"He turned left, and ran straight toward the beach," said the boy. "He seemed to come from Miss Vivian's drawing-room."

"Good gracious! I hope he hasn't hurt the dear young lady," cried Mrs. Parker, fussing away in the direction of her room.

"Miss Vivian is quite safe with my mother," said Maitland, reaching his hat, and sallying forth to see what could be done to capture the lunatic.

Mrs. Miles's dismay can be imagined when, on her return, she learned the terrible news of poor Vivian's outbreak. It was some little time before Edith was able to give an account of her hair-breadth escape, or before she could speak to Maitland. She felt certain that in her immense excitement she had betrayed herself. She longed, yet dreaded to see him.

"Do tell me something of my poor cousin," she said to Mrs. Maitland, who was sitting with her in the room to which she had removed, as the association with the other was too terrible.

"I am afraid, dear, his is a very hopeless case. He was found struggling with a policeman and an artillery soldier, who managed to get his knife from him, and they took him to the police-station, then to the infirmary. We have written to a friend of his in London, and Jack sees that proper care is taken of him—but—" looking to the door, "here is my son. He will tell you more particulars than I can."

As she spoke Jack Maitland came in, and while he shook hands with Edith, who rose to greet him, his mother quietly left the room. It was a moment of profound embarrassment. Edith scarce knew

how to speak or what to say. He, however, soon relieved her of that difficulty.

"I am sorry to see that you have not quite recovered the dreadful shock you have sustained. Your hand is not steady yet," and he held it a moment in both his own.

"I am much better," returned Edith, resuming her seat on the sofa. "But it will be long before I can forget that dreadful day; and my poor cousin David, my heart aches for him."

"Ay, poor fellow, I am heartily sorry for him; but I want to speak of something else—something which concerns the happiness of my life. You must know what it is. I have longed for weary months to say, 'I love you, Edith,' and even now I dread lest the avowal may part instead of uniting us, so uncertain am I of your feelings toward myself. I had almost despaired, when something in your fears for me *that day*—something in the clasp of your arms, which has haunted me ever since, gave me a faint hope. My wishes no doubt may have led me to exaggerate a natural humane impulse." He paused, and Edith, half charmed, half frightened, made a little hesitating movement as if to give him her hand, and then drew back. "Ah, you distrust me," cried Maitland. "Why? What is the cloud which has arisen between us? Do be candid with me; do not keep me in the torture of suspense."

"I have been vexed with you," began Edith, with natural sweet frankness, "and I am almost ashamed to say why. But I will tell you. When you went away to Scotland I was sorry. You always seemed true and earnest—a real friend, and I said I was sorry. Then Mrs. Winington told me you were pleased to go—because—because you thought *I* was in love with you and showed it too much." The last words came out slowly, while the pale, delicate face was dyed with blushes.

"It was an infernal lie," burst out Jack Maitland, with more energy than politeness, "invented by an unscrupulous woman. Look in my eyes, Edith, and tell me whom will you believe—Mrs. Winington or me. I am incapable of making such a speech about any woman."

She raised her eyes to his; then a soft, shy smile broke over her face, and she said very low and steadily,—

"I believe *you*."

"Then one difficulty is removed. Now I am so far from so presumptuous an opinion as Mrs. Winington attributed to me, that I am still waiting in infinite anxiety for your decision. Edith, I have loved you almost from the beginning of our acquaintance; can you give me a little in return?"

He held out his hand, and Edith put hers into it.

"Dearest," he exclaimed, drawing her close to him, "put your arms round me as you did the other day and say, 'Jack, I love you!'" He raised her hands to his neck and clasped her to his heart with passionate force. "Whisper it to me, and I will be content."

But he had scarce heard the words softly murmured when a long, fervent kiss stopped further utterance—past, present, and future all merged in that intense moment.

MRS. ALEXANDER, "*Beaton's Bargain*."

"PERHAPS you would like to go upstairs, my lad, and have a few words with Kitty," added he, kindly, "while we old fellows smoke a cigar." As he spoke he threw open the window, admitting a little air, a good deal of dust, and the growing chorus of some street-hawkers, who at that period of the evening were wont to "work" Brown street, and supply it with the latest sensational intelligence.

Jeff smiled his thanks, and left the room; but his step on the narrow staircase was not that of a lover who has "asked papa" with success; and on the landing he paused for full a minute, weighing this and that in most unlover-like fashion; for, with all his good qualities—among which a loving heart was not certainly wanting—Jeff was intensely proud. His darling hope had been, if only circumstances had permitted it, that he might have made for himself some position in the world—humble but not despicable, and such as he could have lifted Kitty out of her difficulties to share.



In wedding her as things were, he would not, indeed, be marrying her for money; but the inequality in their fortunes jarred upon his sensitive feelings. Among such natures—for low ones find no difficulty in the matter—it requires a strong mind and an exceptionally wholesome one to accept a pecuniary obligation without repugnance. The worship of money is so universal that even those who ought to know it is a mere idol are apt to treat it as a sacred thing.

In the drawing-room he found Kitty seated close to her sister, with the latter's arm about her waist. It was generally Jenny who "did the talking" when they were alone together, and she had evidently been doing it on this occasion. Kitty had the downcast looks of a listener who had been preached at.

"Talk of Jeff and he makes his appearance," said Jenny, saucily.

"I hope I am not intruding?" observed he, humbly.

"You are intruding on *me*, sir," said Jenny, rising from her chair. "I have had quite enough of you below-stairs for the present;" and off she tripped, leaving the two young people alone. The window was open here, as in the room below, but the dust was less, and the wind that passed over the flower-box on the sill brought charming odors with it.

"Kitty, dear, your father has been speaking to me most kindly," said Jeff, hesitatingly.

"He is always kind, and in your case can never, I am sure, be otherwise, Jeff," answered she, steadily. "He knows that he owes you very much."

"I don't feel that, Kitty; but I feel that whatever he owes me, or can owe me, it can never be so much by a hundred times as what he says he is prepared to give me. Can you guess, Kitty, darling, what that is?"

"Jeff—Geoffrey," said she, in distressed tones, "did you not promise at the Nook——"

"Yes, dear," interrupted he; "but that was different. The circumstances are altogether changed. They are not, indeed, as I could wish them to be even yet. I am poor, I may say penniless, when compared with you——"

"O Jeff, how dare you!" exclaimed Kitty, rising angrily from her seat. "Do you suppose I am thinking of money? Of course I have had to think about it of late—for others; but in a matter that concerns myself alone, can you think that your being poor or rich can draw me, by a hair's-breadth, one way or another?"

"It draws *me*, Kate!" cried Jeff, simply. "It is the only thing that draws me—just a hair's-breadth—away from you. I thought, when I spoke to you at the Nook, that it was the reflection how ill off we both were as respected means; and that, in your unselfishness and generosity, you felt it right to be the prop and stay of your own household, and not to look outside of it, even for such love as mine."

"It was partly that, Jeff; but also, even then, there was another contingency, and that, alas!—the other obstacle, I mean—has grown and grown; indeed, I don't know how I stand respecting it. I—I—you must please to give me time, Jeff; and I can't promise; indeed, I can't."

"But you have promised no one else, Kitty?"

"No; at least not exactly; but——"

The shouting of the hawkers in the street was growing nearer and nearer; as one on one side, and one on the other, they bawled together, like singers in a glee who are out of tune, it needed a practical ear to catch a word.

"This man is dreadful," muttered Jeff; and, moving quickly to the window, he pulled up the sash, and shut out the sound.

"You need time, Kitty, to think it over," said Jeff, softly; "well, let it be so; I was not impatient, you know, before."

It was not impatience, nor yet disappointment, nor distress, that agitated the speaker; yet his face had blanched, and wore an expression anxious and *distract*. But Kitty's eyes were fixed upon the floor, and saw him not.

"No; you were patient, and good, and kind, as you ever were, Jeff," answered she, tenderly. "Whatever happens, I shall always think of you as—as all that. But indeed I must have time."

"I am going now," said Jeff, and indeed his hand was already on

the door. Never surely were two fond lovers so willing that time and space should separate them as these two seemed to be.

Throughout the day, from the moment her father had told her that better times had come to them—he could no longer deny himself that pleasure, though he had forbore to speak of how his fortune was about to be restored to him—Kitty had been revolving in her mind her position as respected Holt. The money he had advanced for the life-insurance premium would now be repaid to him, of course, but could that acquit her of her obligation? and, if it did, would it release her from the implied though unexpressed consent she had given to accept of his attentions? It was easy to break with him, indeed, but could it be done with a good conscience? In her heart of hearts, Kitty knew she had made up her mind to marry this man, and she feared that he knew she had done so. To marry him now—all the forces that had driven her toward him having suddenly ceased to exert their influence, while the dead-weight of dislike still drew her in the opposite direction—she felt to be impossible; but she also felt, notwithstanding the arguments which Jenny had just been pouring into her ear, and the still stronger claims which love itself, in the person of Jeff, was urging, that much, very much was owed to Richard Holt; indeed, that all was owed by rights, only that the debt was too excessive for payment. At all events it was for him to impose what terms he pleased in default of its discharge. Until she had confessed to him that notwithstanding all that had come and gone she could never be his wife, she felt at least that it was unbecoming to speak of marriage with another. Hence it was she had said, “I must have time.”

\* \* \*

“JENNY!”

“My dear Jeff, how you frightened me!” cried she, holding out both hands. “I thought you had gone home with the doctor.”

“What! without having had one word alone with you and Kitty? No; I only waited till my betters had had their say.”

"You mean Mr. Campden?"

"Yes, of course. But why speak of him in such a tone?"

"Oh, it's a long story. I have been a little angry with him because he is rich and we are poor; that's all."

"Well, but that was very wrong. I am going to be rich, some day."

"‘Some day,’ my poor Jeff!"

"Now, don't call me ‘poor,’ whatever you call me," returned he, smiling; "people in the city don't like it. I was really in earnest when I said ‘some day;’ and I mean some early date, *proximo* (you have no idea how classical we are in our business-letters). I have not told a soul save yourself, but I should not be the least surprised if Holt was to make me his partner."

"What for?"

"Well, that is scarcely complimentary, Jenny. How do you know that I have not exhibited a great commercial genius? Seriously, however, it is because he finds I am an honest man—quite a *lusus naturæ*, I assure you, in his particular line."

"But you are not a man at all, Jeff; though I must say you look very like one. How you are grown and filled out! You have got to be quite good-looking! and how becomingly you blush!"

"Yes; that is why I am so valuable to Mr. Holt. If one cannot blush one's self, it is something to have a confidential clerk who blushes. Of course I was joking about a partnership, at least for the present; but there is no calling in which a man can become rich early so easily as in ours. And, upon my word, I've hopes."

"Ah, dear Jeff, how I envy you!" sighed Jenny. "How I wish I could see any prospect of making a little money!"

"Well, well, don't despair. Of course, that depression in the lace-market—the unexpected alteration in the quotations—was very disappointing."

"It was worse than that, Jeff. Can you imagine anything so base as that woman's telling Mrs. Campden of my application, although I had put ‘Private and confidential’ upon my little note to her?"

"I can very easily imagine it, my dear Jenny. I have witnessed too many delicate 'operations'—though not in lace—to be astonished at anybody's baseness. However, you have another string to your bow, remember."

"O, Jeff! have you any good news of that?"

"Not at present; but, then, there is no bad news."

"Good! I have been schooled to be thankful for small mercies. I shall ask no more questions.—Here is Kitty; perhaps you would like a word with her alone," and Jenny was off in a moment. Kitty entered the room with a roll of flannel in her arms, which was the baby.

"My dear Jeff, I can't shake hands, you see.—Oh, you naughty boy!" For the young gentleman, since he could not shake hands, had saluted her with his lips.

"I thought that was what you *meant*, Kitty," said he, with simplicity.

"You thought nothing of the kind, sir; and I am very angry with you—or at least I should be, if I had the heart for it. How nice it was of you, dear Jeff, to come so far for a single day, just to——"

"Don't talk like that, Kitty; your dear mother was the kindest friend I ever had or ever shall have; and your poor father——"

"O, Jeff, do not speak of him as though all hope was gone!"

"I did not intend to do so, Kitty; I only meant that he was to be pitied, as indeed he is."

"Ah, if he only knew! I scarcely venture to wish him to be alive when I think that, if he is not, dear mamma and he may be even now together. I know not what to hope, nor even to pray, Jeff. Things are very, very bad with us; and yet we are told that they will be so much worse."

"Who says that?" said Jeff, with a flash of his black eyes. "He was a brute, whoever he was."

"Well, it was a lady, my dear Jeff."

"Let us say a woman, Kitty. I can guess who the person was. She told you that it was her duty to speak the whole truth, did she not? We have people in the city who tell us the same, and who are not be-



lieved by anybody. If your father is dead, then, of course, things are bad, indeed; but, even so, there is some one else to whose care he confided you when he went away—a friend who will never desert you while life is in him."

"Alas! he has already deserted us, Jeff; or rather, I am afraid that we have seriously offended him."

"I think you must be mistaken there, Kitty."

"No, Jeff; it happened this very day. You must not speak of it, because it would hurt Jenny. But I feel that we can no longer count upon Uncle George—that was." And Kitty stooped down over her unconscious burden, to hide her tears.

"But I don't mean Uncle George at all," answered the other, gravely. "It was to another person that your father spoke these words when he left Riverside: 'Remember you are their only protector now.' Yes, it was to me, Geoffrey Derwent. I was a boy then; but those words made a man of me. They are engraved on my heart, so that no change nor time can ever erase them."

"O Jeff, dear Jeff, did he say that?"

"Yes, darling; and more than that (though I did not mean to tell you it for a long time—till I should be in a better position to speak of such things)—when he was going away—perhaps forever—and my heart was full for his sake, I thought it would be wrong to—to keep it a secret from him; and I told it, Kitty."

She was sitting on the sofa, with her head bent over the child, so that he could not see her face, and that gave him courage—though his voice trembled, and its tone was hoarse and low.

"I told him how I loved you, Kitty; and—though I was but a boy, friendless and almost penniless—your father (God bless him for it!) was tender and gentle with me, seeing, perhaps, that I was speaking truth at all events. He promised nothing indeed; how could he? But he did not deny me. He said, when he came back, we two should speak together about that matter. That was not much, you may say; but to me it was a great deal—for, Kitty, you are all in all to me. Don't answer me yet; don't treat me less kindly than your father did;

only promise that some day—years to come—if it must be—that *we* two may speak together about that matter. But if you have—other views”—here the boy stopped, half-choked—“then tell me now, at once. I shall never blame you; I shall hope for your happiness with—with the man I am thinking of—in spite of hope.”

She shook her head. “You are cruel, like the rest,” she murmured.

“I cruel! and to you, Kitty?” sighed he. “Oh, no! Whatever seems good to you and right to you will be sufficient for me. If you say ‘No’—just ‘No’ to the question that my heart is asking, I will ask no other. You shall never be troubled by me this way again. The purpose of my life, as respects you and yours, will be just the same. I shall still do all that in me lies for you, for Jenny, for Tony, for that poor little one that lies in your arms. I shall be always their protector, if not their only one.”

“What is it you want me to say, Jeff?” said Kitty, suddenly. Her tears were no longer falling: she looked up at him without flinching, though her white face showed her pain.

“Can you ask me, Kitty? It is the simplest of all questions: Do you love me?”

“We all love you, Jeff.”

The boy made an impatient gesture. “You are fencing with me, Kitty. Yes or no?”

“I am not fencing, Jeff. I will frankly tell you that, if I were my own mistress, without others depending upon my choice—others whose interests I am bound to consult before my own inclination—I might be foolish enough to say, ‘Boy as you are, I will trust your love, and some day intrust my happiness to your keeping.’ It would, perhaps, be folly in me, and certainly an injustice to yourself, to say as much; but you are so dear to me, Jeff, that I might have been tempted to do it. As matters stand, however, it is wholly out of the question. I might well say that on a day like this—the darkest in our lives, with the rustle of the earth upon our mother’s coffin-lid still ringing in my ears—your topic is ill chosen; but I am willing to believe that your

very love for my dead mother in a manner sanctifies your love for me, and excuses the expression of it. Let me say, rather, that neither to-day, nor for many days—nor perhaps for many years to come—is it likely that marriage will be in my thoughts at all. They will be occupied, dear Jeff, with very sober, very simple, and what most folks would call, with very 'uninteresting' things: the making both ends meet in a very humble household; the feeding, and clothing, and teaching them. If they ever get pudding, it will be either Jenny or I who will have to cook it. I shall not probably have the time or the opportunity even to read about love in a novel, much less to make it. That is the programme of my future life, Jeff. It is not pleasant; it is no use pretending that it is; but I mean to make the best of it. Pray don't make it harder for me by saying any more."

"I will not say a word more now, Kitty—"

"That's right," interrupted she, quickly. "It is close upon the doctor's dinner-hour, and you must not keep him waiting. I hope you will dine with us the next time you come, and pass your opinion on our pudding. We shall be always—always glad to see you, Jeff."

The baby was in her lap now, and she held out her hand for him to shake. Instead of doing so, he carried it slowly to his lips and kissed it.

"God bless you, Kitty!" he said.

"God bless you, Jeff!"

He looked so handsome, so honest, and so loving, that there was a struggle even in that self-sacrificing bosom to add something more; but she did not. She heard him run downstairs, and Jenny call out "Jeff!" as he passed, in vain, and Tony cry, "Jeff! Jeff! where are you going?" without reply; then the front-door was opened and closed very quickly, but gently, too, as though he who went forth had not, even in his haste, forgotten that it was the house of sorrow.

Kitty moved to the window, but too late because of her little burden; there was nothing to be seen save the thickening dusk and the slow-falling rain. He had gone.

JAMES PAYN, "*Fallen Fortunes*."

THE Squire is away three days. Three days upon which Gillian afterward looks back as being in their essence different from any other three in her whole life. Throughout them the same composure folds her as had come to her aid in the first moment.

Her friends and house-mates think that she is stunned by the magnitude of the blow that has fallen upon her, but she knows that it is not so; she knows that she tastes the thymy sweetness of the fell-breeze and the warmth of the recovered sunshine with as keen a palate as ever; that there has even come back to her spirits an elasticity that has long been absent from them.

Her fortune has never been connected in her mind but with ideas of mortification, anxiety, and pain. Before she had it, she lacked none of the good things it brought her; and, though reason speaks to her of the changed and infinitely worsened conditions of her future life, yet no reason is able to quell the spontaneous and to onlookers inexplicable light-heartedness which has sprung up in her.

When she laughs they think that she must be hysterical, and look round anxiously for hartshorn and burned feathers. All speak to her in soft, low keys, as though one so visited needed gentle handling; even wrathful, dethroned Jane lowers her masterful voice in addressing her.

And through it all she feels herself an impostor, that is obtaining under false pretenses all their kind looks and tender tones.

At the end of the three days the Squire returns, returns crestfallen, dejected, wretched beyond example or compare. For he is the bearer of ill tidings.

The news of the failure of the Drumcoe and Farbrigg Bank, and of the large ruin it involves, is but too well authenticated. Among the numerous victims precipitated by its collapse in one moment from affluence or competence to direst poverty is Gillian Latimer.

It is with torrents of tears, straining her to his good, warm heart, that he tells her this.

She cries, too, for sympathy, but her heart is light. She has, indeed, much ado to restrain her laughter, when presently she finds her uncle, carried away by the emotion of the moment, actually proposing

to abandon his Sophia, and reinstate *her* in her old place as mistress of his house and heart.

Nor can anything be kinder than the unsuspecting Sophia herself.

"Dear Gill," she says, caressing the girl's fair hand, "of course your home will always be with us. I am not afraid of being contradicted"—with a glance of easy confidence at her betrothed—"when I say so."

The Squire looks rather guilty, and, at the recollection of his late offer, a slight, short smile steals over Gillian's own grave lips—grave more because she knows it is expected of them, than that they could not very easily break redly into laughter.

When they have for the present done kissing and crying over her, she slips away from them to combat, as they think, her woe in the privacy of her own room; in reality, to breast the mountain-side.

A longing for solitude and high places is upon her—high places where she can sing and talk aloud to herself, and give some account to her own heart of this apparently perverse and senseless joyousness which has taken hold of her.

It is a long, stiff climb to Docker Moor, which she has proposed as the goal of her exertions. Up and up, behind the house, up the stony, gray-walled mountain-road, through the long, steep pastures, to where, standing at the top, on the rugged table-land of rock and moor, the mixed breath of sea and hill blows fresh and keen in her toiling face.

She has reached the summit, and, flushed and panting, has sunk down on a lichened boulder to take her pleasant rest. Not a living soul is within sight or sound. Nature's soothing silence enwraps her; and while her lazy hands pluck two little wiry heather-sprigs, her eye, free and possessive, wanders, widely round, from where the salt tide washes into Morecambe Bay, to where the fair fells lift their shining shoulders and the sun twists through the meads. It is a day of autumn pride and pomp, crisp and brave, with brake-fern frost touched into bronze and universal shining.

As so she sits, queening it alone on the hill-top, little smiles that



none see, flit across her face. She is glad—it is a good omen—that, on the day which has brought her apparent ruin, the sun should make such a fair show and the breeze so freshly whisper.

Do they rejoice with her, all of them—sun and breeze and thymy fell—that the golden load has fallen from her shoulders, that the wall built up between her and him has fallen as Jericho's wall fell at the trump of the Syrian magi, and that there is now nothing to prevent him from stretching out his hand to her across its ruins?'

The light-foot hours dance by, the great sun declines to his setting, and to receive him all the amorous west dresses herself in blinding carnations and wondrous pale sulphurs. The night, that comes quickly now in these shortening days, draws on. She must go.

With a reluctant sigh of good-bye to her fair visions, she rises and prepares to retrace her steps downward. Just as she is in the act of setting off, her eye is caught by a distant solitary figure climbing the hillside as she herself had done two hours ago. At sight of him, she catches her breath, and, with hands locked and straining eyes, awaits his coming.

Past the dark fir-wood he fleetly mounts; across the uneven rock and the sparse hill-grass he steps. He is within sight now—within recognition.

All beflamed with sunset she sees him; she knows him! After all, she is not surprised. She had known that he would come; but that this day, this very day, would be the crowned king-day of her life, she had not known.

As he nears her, she makes an effort to go to meet him; but of our poor powers joy robs us no less than pain. She must needs give up the attempt, and sink down once more, all trembling, on her rocky throne.

He is close to her now—he is beside her—and she is looking up with love's pallid ecstasy into his transfigured face.

"Have you come to condole with me?" she says, putting out her shaking hand to him, and with a tremulous, low laugh.

For the moment he does not answer. Perhaps by her throne he recognizes that she is a queen. At all events, he has thrown himself

courtier-wise on his knees beside her, and, with his head bent down to the very earth, is madly kissing the hem of her gown.

"What are you doing?" she cries, below her breath, panting, and almost inarticulate.

Then, indeed, he lifts his radiant face—radiant even through manhood's rare and precious tears.

"I am asking," he cries, brokenly, "asking for a boon so great that I dare not put it into words—that I wonder how I dare to ask it at all!"

There is a moment's pause; then—

"You loved your pride more than me," she says, with a little sob. "How do you know that I do not love mine better than I do you?"

For all answer he enfolds her slender body with the passionate vigor of his fond arms; and, yielding to that loved and desired embrace, falls forward weeping on his neck.

"You said once that you had rather be fl——" she murmurs, indistinctly; but the end of that ugly sentence is cut off by a kiss.

RHODA BROUGHTON, "*Second Thoughts.*"

THEY are sitting, they two, the lover and the loved one, in the tiny graveyard of the little church upon the hill. They have risen up hastily from the noisy supper, where the fusty German mother had shut the window, where the fusty German daughters had made weak and steaming negus of their *vin ordinaire*, on this sultry summer evening. They two, and Jenima. They have passed through the small, still street, along the silent road, where even the dust lies quiet and white, and does not harry one as in the daytime; up the lane, past cottages and fields, to the little church that stands below the rocky mountain. Lenore has ridden; she could not have walked so far up the hillside; ridden the fat pony, "a beautiful pony, just like a tea-pot," as Kolb, with doubtful compliment, remarked of him. Now he is tied to the church-porch, and is eating forget-me-nots in the evening gray. Jenima has discreetly strolled away, but her discretion has pleased but one of her companions; the other has hardly noticed it. It is all one to Lenore

whether she goes or stays. It is eight o'clock. Pontresina Church is telling the hour sonorously, and the little hill-church beside her is answering with its one grave bell; the church, with its rude stone tower and little extinguisher top, its windows deep set in the wall, like deep-sunk eyes.

"Lenore," says Scrope, presently, plucking a great forget-me-not, twice the size of those we see in England, from one of the low graves, "do you think it wicked to tell lies?"

"It depends," she answers, laughing slightly. "I think truth is rather an overrated virtue."

"I told a gigantic lie yesterday."

"Did you?" she answers; but she does not seem to care to ask what it is.

He waits a moment, but finding that her curiosity will not come to his aid, volunteers his information.

"I—I—told Jemima that I was perfectly cured" (reddening a little).

"Yes, that was not quite true," she replies, quietly.

"Are you glad or sorry?" he asks, eagerly.

She has plucked two blades of fine grass, and is carefully measuring them to see which is the taller. Perhaps that is the reason that her response comes slowly.

"I am glad," she says, "quite glad! Formerly, when I was strong and well, I did not mind who cared for me or who did not; I cared for myself a great deal—*immensely*—and that was enough; but now that I am so weak and sickly, and *waughing*, as they say in Staffordshire—is not it a good word? does not it give a limp, peevish, unstrung idea?—why, now I like some good, patient person to be near me, and look sorry when I am out of breath and in tiresome pain."

He does not answer, but I do not think she takes his silence ill.

"Care for me," she says, simply, stretching out her hand, with a sort of *naïveté*, to him—"care for me a little—care for me a good deal, but do not care for me too much; it is silly to care too much for any thing—one misses it so if it goes!"

He takes the hand she so frankly gives, but he is afraid violently to press or kiss it, lest, with a sudden change of mood, she may snatch it angrily away.

"Do you remember the day we parted?" he asks, in a hesitating voice.

"Yes," she says, with a rather embarrassed laugh, "to be sure, I remember. We both went into heroics, and you, after abusing me in good, nervous English, fell on your knees before me, and, in so doing, gave Pug's nose such a kick that it has never been the same pattern since."

"It is nearly six months since then," he says, in a low voice; "five, at least. If I had taken you at your word——"

"I am so glad you did not!" she interrupts, hastily.

His face falls.

"So glad are you? Why?"

"Do not you know that I like to take all and give nothing?" she says, with a sort of smile. "That was always my way—always—let me have it a little longer. I know that I cause you pain every time that I am with you, but somehow I do not mind—I have no remorse; you are strong, and pain does not kill; sometimes it braces. See, I have suffered a good deal, and I am not dead."

He clasps the slight, cool hand he holds tighter.

"Thank God, no!"

"Have you ever known what it is to be very unhappy?" she says, looking with a sort of pensive curiosity into his face. "If I asked you, you would say 'Yes,' you would swear it; but somehow I doubt it. How clear and blue your eyes are! They look as if they had always slept all night and smiled all day. You are not *fat*, certainly—far from it—I hate a fat man; but how well and strongly your bones are covered!"

He does not asseverate; he makes no apology for his healthy manhood; but I think, when he next looks in her face, she knows that one may wear a sore heart and yet eat well, and have broad shoulders and a stalwart presence. There is no sound but the wind speaking pen-

sively to the pines—the wind that makes all the meadows one cool shiver.

“Why are you so faithful?” she says, presently, with a sort of impatience in her voice. “There is no sense in it; there is something stupid in such fidelity; it is like a dog; it is not like a man, at least not like the men I have known.”

A hot flush rises to the young man’s face.

“It *is* stupid,” he says, humbly. “I have often thought so.”

“Why cannot you take a fancy to some one else?” she continues, sharply; “to one of my sisters, for instance; not Sylvia—no, I do not think I can conscientiously recommend her—but Jemima; she would worship the ground you trod on; and she is not so *very* old, either. I have heard some people say that an Englishwoman is at her prime, mind and body, at twenty-eight; and she is only twenty-nine.”

Scrope does not seem to jump at the tempting offer thus made him; he looks down on the flowery grass at his feet.

“She is not much to look at, certainly,” pursues Lenore, coolly, “but neither am I, for that matter, just now; but, of course, when I grow strong again, I shall get my looks back, shall I not?”

He is busy, apparently, in trying to make out the Romansch inscription on the small broken pillar beside him; at least, he does not reply.

“Why do not you answer me?” she cries, angrily. “You used to be glib enough with your compliments and fine speeches; if you cannot say ‘Yes,’ at least have the honesty to say ‘No.’”

“My dear,” he says, with a sort of tremor in his voice, “what should I say either ‘Yes’ or ‘No’ to? In my eyes, you have never lost your looks; how can you get back what you have not lost?”

She looks at him with a scared discontent in her pale face.

“You have got out of it very lamely,” she says, with a brusque laugh. “I never heard any thing clumsier in my life. There—never mind. I suppose you could not help it.”

Her eyes stray thoughtfully away to the hills; a luminous mist, a dimness, yet a glory—seems spread over the high mountain amphitheatre that looks down on Pontresina; great, glorious battlements,



lifting high heads against the higher heaven—citadels that a God must be dwelling in; that dim effulgence is the skirt of His trailed robes. Below, the meadows flash in yellow, and the river twists in silver. O heavenly Zion! O fair City beyond the clouds! can thy jasper walls and pearly gates be yet fairer?

"And you find that it is quite as impossible as you did six months ago?" Scrope asks, with a tremble in his low voice, after they have sat silent some time.

"Quite," she answers, briefly.

"And it is always *he* that is in the way?" he says, with an accent of bitterness.

"Yes," she answers, softly; "always *he*—always *he*." (Then, with a dreamy smile), "You see that there are other people who can be stupidly, *doggishly* faithful, as well as you; *you*, at least, cannot blame me."

"If he did but know it!" the young man cries, smiting his hands together, and looking passionately upward to the faint skies above him; "if some one would but tell him—if he did but see you now—he could not keep his senseless resentment any longer. It is against my own interest to say so, but he could not—he *could* not!"

"He has no resentment against me now," she answers, quickly; "none; he is no longer angry with me."

"How do you know?" with a hasty suspicion in his voice; "has he written to you?"

"No."

"How, then?"

"I have seen him," she says, briefly.

For a moment, astonished disappointment keeps him silent; then the two words, "When, where?" come, low but hurriedly, from his mouth.

"We had a long talk," she says, with the same unmirthful, tender smile, "quite a long talk—on a bridge—in the moonlight, at Bergun; the accessories sound romantic, do not they? Moonlight always makes one feel sentimental; I am not quite sure that we were not a little so."

A pause. Through the larches in the wood above them, a long—long sigh passes; then falls—dies—then revives again; a sound as of infinite yearning.

“When he is coming here, give me warning beforehand,” says Scrope, in a voice that is next door to a whisper. “I suppose he will be coming here soon?”

“Perhaps,” she answers, with a little laugh that is almost malicious. “Who knows? Perhaps he may take it in his wedding-tour.”

“*His wedding-tour!!*”

“Yes,” she answers, looking away from his bewildered face again, on the perfect content, the evening placidness, of the landscape; “it is *contrariant*, is it not? but he is going to be married.”

“Who told you so?” (very rapidly).

“He told me so himself.”

“And *you?* how did you take it? what did you say?”

“I said, ‘Oh, are you?’ I believe I laughed—I am not sure.”

“And then?”

“And then—no, not quite *then*” (drawing in her breath slowly)—“a little afterward—he went.”

“And you?”

“And I—oh, I lay down on the grass—nice, crisp, dry grass, by the river, with my head in a clump of trefoil—what a noisy river it was!” (speaking with a sort of pensive complaint)—“sometimes I hear it now, at night, running through my head.”

“And you stayed there all night—*you*—in the damp?” (with a tone of reproachful solicitude).

“No, not *all* night; about half the night, I think—I forget about the time; talking is very tiring work, and I was tired.”

“Yes?”

“And then they grew anxious—Jemima and Sylvia—and came to look for me.”

“Well?”

“And then they scolded me, and asked me what had happened to me, and I said I had seen a ghost; so I had.”

The wind has no more to say ; he has dropped ; there is no noise but the swirl of the far water.

" Sylvia was quite interested," pursues Lenore, rousing herself, and even looking rather amused ; " she wanted to know what sort of a ghost it was—whether a man's, or a woman's, or a child's, or a dog's—she said she had heard of dogs' ghosts being sometimes seen—and also whether it carried its head under its arm. I said, ' No, it did not ; ' and—and—and that is all, I think."

On the glacier-mountain there is a white glory that cannot be moonlight, for moon is there none ; it must have stolen some of the sunset, and kept it in its bosom ; the shadows steal over the lower snow, but the peaks keep that strange shining, such as Moses's face had when he came down from his high talk with God.

" Charlie," says Lenore, suddenly, with an abrupt change of subject, " does not it occur to you that at Pontresina the dead are much better lodged than the living ? Would not you rather be here than at the ' Croix Blanche ? ' "

" At the present moment, certainly," he answers with a smile. " I prefer *you* and the smell of flowers to the German squaws and the smell of negus."

" Look," she says, rising from her grassy seat, " I am going to show you something. If I were old, or had any complaint that was likely to kill me, I will show you the exact spot where I should like to lie—how can you see ? you have turned away your face. Pshaw ! how absurdly sensitive you are ! you are as bad as Jemima. If either of *you* were to point out to me the place that you wished to be your grave, I should listen with the most composed attention, and try to bear it in mind against the time when I should have the misfortune to lose you."

" I quite believe it," he answers, bitterly ; " I have no doubt you would."

" See," she says, not heeding the bitterness, hardly hearing it, but pointing, with a smile, to a spot of ground, richer even than its neighbors in manifold-colored flowers and fine green grass, " did you ever see anything so luxurious ?—this wall's shadow to shelter me from the sun

at noonday, and all these pink plantains to ripple above one's head. They say one does not hear when one is dead—well, as to that, I have my own opinion; but if one *could* hear, it would be pleasant to listen to the wind softly buffeting their tall heads in the dim summer nights, would not it?"

No answer.

"I would have no guilt tears, however, on my cross," she adds, a few minutes later.

He stoops and plucks a handful of the pink plantains, angrily, and then throws it away again.

"What are you doing?" she asks, turning with a gesture of surprise and remonstrance to him. "Why do you look so cross? Why are you frowning and clenching your hands? You foolish fellow, do you think, if I meant to die *really*, that I should talk about it so lightly—that I should pick and choose my grave? Good God! no!" (with a strong shudder)—"I should keep far enough from the subject!"

RHODA BROUGHTON, "*Good-bye, Sweetheart.*"

AND on the cliff, on the very highest part, between the path and the precipice, where a gentle slope affords ten feet or so of breadth on which to lie and rest and watch the sea, are two young people.

One of them—she—is sitting pulling a flower carelessly; and the other—he—is lying at her feet, looking now upon the sea beneath him, and now at the fair face above him.

It is a face a little irregular of feature, though oval of form; the forehead is too high, the chin a trifle too pronounced, the nose not quite straight; and the whole is crowned with brown hair, with just—as the sunlight falls slantingly upon it—the smallest tinge of gold to give it color and warmth. It is a face where you might expect a pair of bright and restless, mutinous eyes; in their stead you find them clear and steadfast of expression—eyes whose depths a painter, could he study them, might take as models for the illustration of many virtues, but

chiefly those of courage, truth, and love. If I were to classify women, as my own sex has been so often classified by philosophers, I should divide her, first of all, into two great sections by means of her eyes. For the eyes of some women mean love, and of some an incapacity for love. The former are the sisters, wives, mothers and aunts to whom children of all ages passionately cling. The others are those whom we respect, or love, perhaps, *as in duty bound*, because they happen to be near to us. Their hearts are cold; they love themselves more than their own. If they have children, they neglect them; if they have husbands, they slight them; if they have abilities, or the faculty of imitation, they write movingly about domestic affections with that unreal twang that we know as well as the familiar gag of an actor. The girl sitting on the cliff had eyes that could love; they rested from time to time furtively upon the curly head by her knees, and on the comely limbs which lay stretched at full length upon the sward. Her head was bare, and in her lap lay the straw hat she had worn on her walk up the hill.

The young man broke the silence with a laugh.

"We have got metaphysical, Marion, another word for nonsensical. Have we nothing better to talk about after our long parting? And tell me, cannot you find some way of reconciling duty with pleasure?"

She turned her head a little to one side—girls in the country get these tricks and ways—while she thought a moment, before she answered,—

"I do think that the way of duty is sometimes a very hard one. And when so many people are disappointed in the world, when we read of so many lives falling short of their ideal, oh, surely it is better to give up thinking of life as bringing pleasure, and only make up our minds to bear and do what is right!"

"You to give up the pleasures of life, Marion? You—why, Democritus in—in—a brown holland frock and a red ribbon!"

"The ribbon is not red, but magenta."

"Matter of detail; and—and the prettiest little boots in the world."

She drew them back with a blush.



"Gerald, if life has pleasures and duties, too, I think it has besides great nonsenses, which must not be allowed."

"Forgive me, Marion," he said, looking up with his frank smile. "Forgive me, and let me finish. Do you seriously propose to give up looking for happiness?"

"Ah, no," she replied, softening at once, and brightening like the face of a lake when the April cloud has passed. "No, it is not that, Gerald. I look forward to a great deal of happiness. I am happy now at home; I hope I shall be happy always, in some way or other: only I think it cannot be right to set your entire heart upon one way of happiness."

"I do so set mine," said the young man. "Marion, I think life is full of joys and glorious gleams of happiness. They call it stormy. Nonsense! it is a Pacific Ocean for calm and sunniness. See, now I am six and twenty, or very nearly; you, Marion, are already two and twenty. We have walked and talked together for at least twelve years: how many unhappy days have we known?"

"None, Gerald, thank God!"

"And how many shall we know? None, Marion, none!" He sprang to his feet, and looked out upon the sea, where the sun was hastening to his western bed. "It is an invention of old women and cowards, that misfortune is always hanging over us. Why should we pitch our songs in a minor key because bad things happen? They will not happen to us; and, if they do, our singing penitential psalms will not alter the course of events. 'If I ever wanted a thing,' Byron used to pule and cry, 'I never got it.' Then why the deuce—I beg your pardon, Marion—why could he not help himself to it? Did he expect it would drop into his mouth? I hate a man who sits and wishes, when he might be up and working. It is far better to have no wishes at all, to sit and wait like an Arab. I used to watch them, Marion, in the desert of Egypt, before I went to Brazil, under the blue sky of evening and night, in their attitude of dignity, while we smaller fry chattered. They are the only people who want nothing, and hope for nothing; they accept, and are contented. We who belong to a

colder climate are forever discontented with our lot ; we grumble and struggle."

She laughed.

"No one, at least, will accuse you of being contented with things as they are. Are you as great a radical as you used to be when you left us four years ago?"

"We are all radicals at one and twenty, I suppose. But, Marion, I have found out now the truest happiness in life, and I mean to try for it."

"What is that, Gerald?"

"Marion, it is love."

She did not reply, but her cheek turned a deep red ; and presently she became aware, without looking up, that his eyes were fixed on her. If you know people very well, and are thinking of them, you get to feel when they are looking at you, without turning your own eyes to ascertain the fact. Perhaps this is elective affinity, or perhaps it is biology ; or perhaps we know all about a thing when we can give it a fine name. Scientific gentlemen, it is certain, when they have once called a millstone by a Greek name, are instantly enabled to see several inches deeper than other folk into it.

"Love, Marion," he went on, sinking again on the grass, and gazing into her face, "love requires two people. Let us two love one another."

"We always have, Gerald," the girl murmured.

"Always, Marion. How many times have we climbed this hill together, and sat here looking at the sea ! We have been lovers always, from the days when I had to help you along if you got tired. Always we have loved each other, Marion. But I did not know how much, or with what kind of love, till I was coming back to England, and thought of you day and night. We used to be brother and sister, but we are that no more. The long separation has parted the old bond between us ; but the new one has come in its place. I want you to be more to me than we have ever been before to each other. Marion, I want you to be my wife."

She was silent for a while.

"Tell me, dear, that you can love me with a warmer feeling than that of a sister for a brother."

She looked him straight and full in the face; there was no doubt, no hesitation there.

"I do love you, Gerald. I do not know how you want me to love you; but I am certain that no wife could ever love you more."

He took her hand and kissed it, softly at first, and then passionately.

"The thought has never been out of my mind, dear Marion, since I became a man. I have seen no other girl that I could love; and I resolved to tell you my heart the first day we were alone together. Yesterday I was afraid to speak, lest I might spoil all, lest I had made a mistake. Marion, we have made no mistake, have we? We love each other; we will give each other our lives. Speak to me dearest!"

"If thy handmaid find favor in the eyes of my lord, and if——"

"No, Marion, you are not my servant; you are my princess and my queen."

And this time he did not kiss her hand, but drew her face down to his own, and pressed her lips to his. Marion's heart passed from her with the kiss, and she drew back, blushing, confused, trembling.

Then Gerald began to tell her of the lives they would lead together, and the happiness before them; and, as he talked, Marion grew cold, and her heart fell. She shivered.

"I feel," she said, "as if I had lost something."

"It is your hand that you have lost, my darling, for that is given to me."

"Not that, Gerald, not that," she replied. "Let us go home; I am cold."

The clouds had gathered up from the south, and were lowering black before them as they rose to go down the hill to Comb Leigh. Marion turned for another look at the sea; the waves were black, and the gray face of ocean was troubled with the crows'-feet of innumerable cares. There was no sunlight on the waters, and sea and cloud were

blended together in the far horizon. Gerald passed his arm through hers, and led her gently down the hill.

"Don't be saddened by a rain-cloud, Marion dear," he whispered. "Life has got nothing to do with weather. Look at the lightning up the valley! One might as well hear evil in the growling of the distant thunder."

"It is not the cloud," Marion replied, bursting into tears—"it is not the cloud, Gerald; but as you spoke to me, I knew that you loved me; I knew it was *coming*, and I felt so happy—oh, so happy!—all in a moment to know that you were really and truly my lover. I had not thought of it till the last few days, since you came home again; and we have been different to each other. And suddenly my happiness seemed to be dashed like a cup of water from my lips. What does it mean, Gerald? what does it mean?"

"It means that my Marion is the best and dearest of all girls that ever lived, as well as the prettiest and sweetest. It means that she gave me her heart, and felt cold for a moment for want of it. And it means that my love is a little frightened to think what she has done, and all she has pledged herself to. See, dear, the clouds are rising again over the woods; there is the rift among them, and the bit of blue. Look at the glint of sunshine on the copper beech yonder. Everything is brighter for the rain, though it has been but a shower. See how the hills seem to start into light and color again; that is a picture of our life, dear. Marion, Marion, stay here by the stile, and let me tell you again how I love you—so; let me press you in my arms. Dear, dear, dear Marion, how I love you! how I love you!"

It was two hours later when they reached the bottom of the lane—Marion bright again, laughing at herself, and animated.

At the gate of the Rosery they stopped.

"I must go home," said Gerald. "Tell your father what you like, dearest."

"I cannot say anything even to Adie, Gerald. Come and tell papa to-night. Good-by."

"Good-by sweetheart, good-by."

He pressed her hands, and looked her full in the face with eyes of passionate longing—a look that Marion was to treasure up in her heart forever. The first tender words and the first warm look of a lover are as sacred to a woman as the first little shoes of her eldest born. It seemed as if his eyes were on her and his hands in hers still when she recovered from the first tumult of her heart, and lifted her eyes to watch her lover striding along the road that led up the valley to Chacomb Hall.

\* \* \*

HE came in—her Gerald !

As his eyes met hers, as his outstretched hand advanced to take her own, the words of Dr. Chacomb returned to her with a force that drew the blood from her cheeks, and made her pulse stand still,—

“Be brave, my girl !”

She was brave. She resolutely pushed away from her this pressure at her heart, which seemed to stop its beating. She took the offered hand, which had lost the remembered touch. She met the calm eyes, which looked as if they had never been stirred by the magic of love. She greeted him as if no words of love had ever passed between them, with the warmth of an old friendship.

As for love, there was no more any thought of love. His face told her so much. It was set with a warmth which was different from the warmth of love.

“Marion,” he said, taking her hand, and holding it.

Did no thought of the past rush across his mind ?

“Gerald,” she replied.

Had they been lovers still, they could have said no more. As they were friends, they could say no less.

She saw that he was older, firmer of step and of face. She saw that his eyes had changed to her, and were now cold and hard. His lips had lost their smile. His very head, which used to bend as if with pleasure when he met her, was stiff and rigid. She had left a lover ; she met a friend.



It came upon her with a suddenness which stunned her. She turned pale. Her face resumed its worn and wasted look. The ring of black color returned to her eyes. Her happiness died swiftly out of her look.

Gerald saw a thin and prematurely aged woman; she was but seven and twenty; and—alas for the quickness of poor Marion's perception, which showed her at first sight that love was dead, and so killed the beauty with which she was prepared to meet him!—he saw a wasted figure, a shaking hand, eyes that were dimmed with tears which even that brave heart could not wholly keep down; and—woe is me that I must write it!—the first love-making seemed to him like some impossible dream, which he had forgotten so long that it was a pity to begin it again. And, what he saw, Marion read in his eyes.

This was their meeting. This was the end of her fidelity. He cared no more to re-open the closed chapter. It was for her to close it too, with what speed and security she might.

She flushed a moment, thinking of Joseph Chacomb. Then her pride came to her help, and she greeted him with a smile—a thin, worn smile, like a gleam of sunshine in December.

"Tell me about yourself, Marion," he said, kindly.

"First, tell me what you have been doing."

He talked, she listened; and the effort of listening and trying to understand, and the tumult of bitter emotion, hardened her nerves. He told her how he had been wandering on the uplands of Southern Africa; how his resolution at first was never to come back at all; how he had lived among the friendly savages, or among the simple Boers, uncorrupted then by diamond fields; careless of civilization, with England like a far-off dream, and only the memory of that last dreadful interview with his father to trouble him; how, little by little, the thirst for talk with his own kind drove him back to Cape Town, and so home again—a simple story of a simple journey, with no adventures to speak of, no sufferings and privations, no hopes, and no fears.

"I have discovered nothing," he finished, "or next to nothing. I

have returned as I went—empty-handed. Never mind now. Tell me about you and yours, Marion.”

“My story is simple. I have been painting, to keep the house together.”

“And you have succeeded?”

Involuntarily he cast a glance at the shabby room, the furniture of which—the old furniture from Comb Leigh—fitted with the street and the house.

“I did not succeed—not very well, that is; but I think, I hope, that I may succeed now. For I have a picture accepted at the Royal Academy.”

Gerald did not seem much moved by the announcement. Colonial folk, as you may have observed, are provoking that way. They will not observe the nice gradations of success. If you tell an old Colonial friend that you have been discovered to rank with Tennyson or Browning, he is no more moved than if you told him that you have been compared with Tupper. To Gerald it seemed only proper that Marion’s picture should be in the Academy.

“That’s right,” he said, cheerily. “And where are Fred and Adie?”

“Fred is gone. He tried hard to get something to do, poor boy; and, as he could not, he has emigrated.”

“A very good thing, too. England is a bad place for men who have been brought up to nothing. I am very glad I went abroad. And little Adie?”

“She is not little Adie at all now. She is taller than I am. If you will stay and have some tea with me, you shall see her. She will be back again soon.”

Gerald had not yet dined, but he staid. Marion was glad that he did. She dreaded being left alone.

She made tea for him, Gerald helping in his old brotherly fashion; laughing, and telling her stories of his travels, in a pleasant, happy way, which recalled the days even before he went to Brazil. Then he began to talk about Chacomb.

"My father is a good deal shaken," he said. "You will have heard about him from the doctor. The old hallucination, which gave us all such a shock once, is still strong upon him. And this miserable second marriage—but you know, probably."

"I know something," he said, wondering of what stuff men were made, that Gerald could talk so coolly of the great "shock," after all it had done for both. "I know something. Do not talk about it if it is painful to you."

"Not at all painful."

And then he began to take up the thread of his father's history from the funeral of Captain Revel, omitting all mention of the engagement.

Had the man no memory? Was it possible that he had actually forgotten?

Gerald had not forgotten. But the kiss which burned itself into the soul of the girl, and had become a part and parcel of herself, so that she felt it still upon her cheek like a brand, had long since gone out of his mind, or only lingered there as part of a pleasant day. There was an afternoon, and he kissed a pretty girl. Then came the evening, and he kissed her again. Then came a dreadful calamity, with the suspicion of worse disaster behind; and they parted.

Now they met again: he in the bloom and prime of early manhood, thirty years of age; she faded and worn, the shadow of her former self, the fruit that had withered on its stalk, the flower that had never bloomed to its fullest beauty. The kisses had been forgotten; Marion was a memory only. In the savage and wandering life that he had led, bodily fatigue drove out sad thoughts. The long marches and thirsty stretches, the fierce African sun, the hunting days, the camp life—all these had killed and crushed the lingering shoots of tender love.

And what was there to revive his passion? The *umbra* of what had been; the shadow of sweet maid Marion; the form without the light, and life, and laughter; the face without—ah! but he did not see her eyes, Marion's eyes, or else he would have loved again.

Eight o'clock struck, and they were still talking, when Adie came home, with the doctor.

"Adie," said Marion, "I told you I had some good news. Here is Gerald, come home again."

She had lit the candles by this time. Gerald rose to greet his old friend, who had been little schoolgirl Adie.

Heavens! Was this glorious creature, this queen of beauty, on whose brow sat all the graces, as the poets used to say; whose lips, and eyes, and dimpled cheeks were a multitudinous smile; whose hair was a coronal of glory—was this little Adie?

His eyes lit up as they had not done for her sister. Marion saw it, with a pang which struck her heart like a knife.

She beckoned the doctor to the window, and murmured, with dry lips,—

"What was that you advised me yesterday? Did you know?"

"I guessed. I did not know."

"I have been brave. Keep my secret, doctor, dear Dr. Chacomb; I trust my secret with you. Keep it, and be my friend, always."

\* \* \*

It was only ten in the morning, and the Academy was comparatively empty. He took her into the refreshment room, where there were two or three people taking breakfast.

"Marion," Gerald began, with great solemnity, and then stopped.

"Have you ordered, sir?" asked a waiter.

Gerald glared. Then he remembered, and ordered an ice; and then he tried to start afresh.

Marion's pulse did not quicken, nor did her cheeks flush. Whatever Gerald was going to say, there would be nothing to move her from her tranquillity.

"When I came home, Marion," he said—it was only a fortnight since that event, but he spoke as if it had been a year at least—"when I came home I intended to stay long enough to shake off the fever, and then to get back to Africa for another spell. Now, you would hardly believe it, I have changed my mind. I no longer care for African

travel. It seems to me that nothing can be better than life in England. I am thirty years of age; my father is feeble; I ought not to expect my cousin to go on giving up his time to the care of Chacomb Hall. I shall stay at home."

"I am very glad indeed," said Marion.

"Yes—yes. We have always been brother and sister to each other, have we not?"

"Always brother and sister."

"There was a time when it seemed" (only "seemed," Gerald?) "as if we might be something more to each other. But it is better as it is."

"Better as it is," Marion murmured.

"I am not worthy of you. No one is, for that matter. If you only knew, Marion, how we all respect and love you! However, what I want to say is this. My father has never let the Rosery. Come back there. Forget the trouble that drove you from the place. You will be able to work there better than in London. You will be back in the old place that you love. And besides——"

"What besides, Gerald? Let me hear everything."

"I have not spoken to her yet. I would not speak to her without your permission. But—O Marion!—will you let me be your brother indeed?"

Marion neither flushed nor turned pale. For a moment it seemed cruel to mock her; but she put the thought away.

"You mean Adie? Of course, you mean Adie. Gerald, she is dear to me. Examine your heart well. Four years ago—I am not reproaching you—you told another girl that you loved her. Now you love her no more. Remember, Gerald, I am not reproaching you. It is better so, as we said before. But—you have ceased to love her. How do I know that you may not cease to love my poor Adie?"

Quietly as the words were said, they went home to Gerald.

"I can say nothing," he replied. "Marion, if the past could return——"

"It cannot. Let me only think that you love Adie steadfastly.



Let us have no more mistakes. Life, Gerald, is not long enough for such blunders. They cannot be repaired."

"They cannot," he said. "You will believe me when I tell you that Adie's happiness is dearer to me than my own."

She laid her hand on his.

"I do believe you, brother Gerald."

And he never knew the effort by which she had enabled herself to say this honestly. He accepted the sacrifice, as everybody always accepted Marion's gifts, without asking what they cost.

"I wish you success, Gerald. And I will think over your proposal about the Rosery. I think we might afford to live there—Winifred, Fred and I. It would be a great change for us, and almost too great happiness. Let me think it over."

It was no longer unhappiness to feel that Gerald had never loved her as she once thought, that she could never love him again. Perhaps she would have been higher than human had she witnessed without a pang the transference of his affections to her sister. But she hardened her heart against the thought, and preserved, to Gerald's eyes, the frank smile with which she always met him. Lower than human would he have been had he not remembered something of the troth which should have been sacred by the memory of the dead man who sanctioned it. He did remember it, and with shame. But the past, as Marion said, can never return; and he was dazzled by the loveliness of her sister. Venus Victrix laughs at the pale charms of Vesta. One needs to be a monk to rank St. Cecilia above Phryne.

*"With Harp and Crown."*

WITHIN the last half-hour the brain of Grace Tremenhare had been busier than it had ever been before within the same period of time. There had been occasions—on that of the fire in the theater, for example, or that of the death of her father—when she had thought more deeply, and even more vividly; but the thoughts that had crowded into her mind of late had been more various as well as enthralling. They had,

in truth, exhausted her almost as much as the physical trials she had undergone. She had looked Death in the face, and said good-bye to Love and Life. And having found both again, she was dissatisfied with them, because the Friendship she had prized so much was now no more. It did not occur to her that if Lord Cheribert had lived, his pertinacity and perseverance, which she never could have rewarded as he wished, would have made both her and him very unhappy; she lamented his death, and the manner of it, beyond measure, chiefly because it had cut him off from the new and nobler course of life he had proposed to himself, but also, no doubt, because he had been her lover. Walter Sinclair, very unjustly, was now suffering from the misfortune that had befallen his rival; it seemed to Grace a disloyalty to the dead man, whose grave had but just closed over him, to let her heart go forth to meet that of the living man she loved, as it longed to do. Nevertheless, the patience and gentleness with which he bore her marked change of manner and her frigid silence presently moved her to pity. As they advanced cautiously from one cairn to another—for all was still wrapped in mist—she forced herself to talk to him a little.

"How strange, indeed, that we should have met here, and under such different circumstances from those under which we parted, Mr. Sinclair!"

An innocent observation enough; but it is one of the disadvantages of compulsory conversation that even the platitudes we use as soon as they have left our lips seem to have some embarrassing significance. Directly she had uttered the words she felt that they might be referred to moral and not material change, the latter of which was of course what she had had in her mind. She almost seemed to herself to have been saying, "At that time we did not understand one another, did we?" and felt the color, which fortunately he could not see, flame up in her cheek as she waited for his reply.

"The place is different, indeed," he answered, gently; "but as to the circumstances, alas! I see little change in them. What does it matter whether a river or a ravine separates a man from the place where he would be, when both are alike impassable?"

"I do not understand you," she murmured.

"It is like enough," was the quiet rejoinder. "My conduct now appears unintelligible even to myself. I see that it has angered you, and no wonder; you must have thought me mad."

"No." Even a monosyllable may have tenderness in it, but this had none. She would give him no encouragement—just now—but, on the other hand, she would not affect to misunderstand him; above all, she would not repulse him as she had once done—a cruelty of which she had so bitterly repented.

"Then that must be owing to your kindness of heart," he continued, "which makes allowances for everybody. If you had known what I have gone through, it would, I venture to think, have not been so great an exercise of charity; but then you have not known. If I promise you that it will be the last time that I shall ever refer to it, and that to-day will be the last day that you will ever see me, may I tell it to you, Miss Grace?"

"You may tell it me," she answered, softly.

"Then my excuse is, that from the first moment I ever saw you I loved you. When I remember who you are, and what I am, it seems the confession of a madman; but it is the truth. You must consider from whence I came—a place where all social gulfs that sever man from woman are passable, or can be bridged over; nor, indeed, was I at that time aware of the depth of that gulf, which then as now separates you from me; under the shelter of your roof I got to recognize it, though too late for my own peace of mind. You will bear me witness that when I took leave of you I dropped no hint of this. My admiration I could not conceal; but I hid my love in my breast, as the Spartan boy his fox. I never betrayed the torture it caused me. Like him, I was too proud to speak; for though, like my poor father before me, I have been a hunter, a fortune-hunter I could never be."

Grace was about to speak, but he stopped her with a gentle movement of his hand. "You were going to ask me, doubtless, 'But since you were so wisely resolved, why did you put yourself voluntarily in the way of temptation by coming up to Halswater?' I may honestly say that Mr. Allerton is partly to blame for this; he had heard of my in-

tention to visit Cumberland, and pressed me to put it into execution, that he might have some information on which he could rely as to how matters were going on with you and yours. He had no suspicion of my own weakness. If I had told him of it, he would have said, kindly disposed though he is towards me, 'Do not set your affection on the moon, young man;' and he would have been quite right. Nevertheless, what also urged me to take this step was, I admit, my own mad folly; like the moth that seeks the flame in which it is doomed to shrivel, I could not resist the attraction of it. Nevertheless I exercised some control over myself; when I said that I did not come to the Hall because of the sorrow in which I knew it would be plunged by reason of Lord Cherb-  
bert's death, it was the whole truth; prudence also held me back—a mere selfish prudence, which whispered that ill as it was to encourage an illusion, it would be worse to have it shattered by one before whom my whole soul bowed in reverence. Perhaps but for this chance interview I should never have seen you, for I was well aware of the danger of meeting you face to face; I knew that I might forget—the gulf that circumstances have fixed between us."

"Do you mean my money?"

She spoke coldly, even contemptuously; but there was an undercurrent in her tone that freed it from offence; he felt that the contempt was not for him.

"That is, of course, a very important matter."

"Not to me, Mr. Sinclair; nor, unless I have much mistaken your character, to you. As a matter of fact, however"—here she smiled a little—"the gulf you speak of is neither so deep nor so wide as you imagine. It is unnecessary to discuss the question, which would have no attraction for me; Mr. Allerton would have put you in possession of all such details had you asked him."

"Good heavens! but how could I ask him? Such an idea never crossed my mind; nor, if it had, should I have dared to utter it. What would he have thought of me? He has at present a better opinion of me than I deserve; but in that case he would have had a far worse one."

"I suppose so; I quite see your difficulty," she answered, serenely; "he would have taken a lawyer's view, and misunderstood you."

"And you do *not* misunderstand me?" he answered, with tender earnestness; "and you say the gulf is not so deep nor wide between us as I had imagined. Is it possible, dare I ask, is it possible that you would give me—no, lend me—your hand to help me across it? Or, if that is too much, would you mind saying that you are not angry with me?"

"I am certainly not angry with you, Mr. Sinclair."

"Nor even displeased that you have met me? That is all I ask just now. It may seem a small thing to you—in that lies my hope—but it would be such a great thing to me. Are you not displeased?"

"I am not displeased with Rip for finding you; that is as much as you can expect me to say, I think," she answered, softly.

"It is more than I dared to hope for," he answered, rapturously. "What a good dog it is! what a *dear* dog!"

JAMES PAYN, "*The Burnt Million*."

HE seated himself beside her; but both were silent for many minutes. The girl idly traced figures on the ground with her parasol; the young man gravely studied the toes of his shoes.

At length, rousing himself with an awkward effort, he spoke.

"Miss Caird," he said, "I had meant to-day to ask if you would be my wife."

"Yes?" she answered, without looking up.

Never having been in such a situation before, Clifford had not foreseen the monosyllable. It left upon him the burden of explanation, which he had meant to shift to her. He fidgeted a little, and then tried again.

"But I don't know that I can ask you now."

The girl started. Her cheek flushed; her eyes filled with tears; and her lips quivered.



Her pain touched him to the heart, and he inwardly denounced himself for his brutal stupidity.

"Forgive me!" he murmured. "I did not mean what I seemed to say. I meant that I was not sure that I had a right to ask you."

That was half a fib, for Armine had expressly told him that he had the right; but it was also half the truth, for, judging by what he had seen, Clifford really thought that the girl was more favorably disposed towards Armine than that young man had represented.

With quick intuition, Evelyn realized her lover's state of mind better than he himself did. She knew that he had really been angry with her, and that he was trying to make his anger appear self-pitying despair. Womanlike, she was innocently gratified both by his jealousy and by his contrition.

Smiling through her tears, she looked softly into his face.

Clifford extended his arms, and she laid her pretty head upon his shoulder.

He stroked her lovely hair caressingly.

By-and-bye she gently released herself.

"But now, John," she said, with an assumed gravity that ill concealed her happiness, "would you not like me to explain?"

W. E. HODGSON, "*John Clifford*."

HE was sitting on a tumble-down old rustic seat, with his elbows on his knees, and his face hidden in his hands.

"Willy!" I cried, starting forward, "what is the matter? Are you ill?"

He raised his head, and looked at me vacantly, and for the moment I felt almost as great a shock as if I had seen him lying dead there; if he had been dead, his whole look could hardly be more changed than it was now. A bluish-gray pallor had taken the place of his usually fresh coloring; his eyes were sunk in dark hollows, but the lids were red; and I saw, with a shame at surprising them there, the traces of tears on his cheeks.

"I'm all right," he answered, turning his face away without getting

up; "please don't stay here, Theo. It's only that my head's pretty bad."

A small brown book was lying on the seat beside him, and he put it into the pocket of his coat while he was speaking. I was too bewildered to move.

"You'd better go in," he said again; "it's awfully cold and wet for you to be out here."

The feeling that I was prying upon his trouble, whatever it was, made me take a few undecided steps away from him; but, looking back, I saw that he had again relapsed into his old position, and with an uncontrollable impulse I came back.

"I won't go away, Willy," I said, sitting down beside him; "I can't leave you here like this. Won't you tell me what it is that is troubling you?"

He neither lifted his head nor spoke, but I could hear the quick catchings of his breath. A thrust of sharp pity pierced my heart.

"Do tell me what it is, Willy," I repeated, careless of the break in my voice, putting one hand on his shoulder, and trying with the other to draw one of his from his face.

He was trembling all over, and when I touched him he started and let his hand fall, but he turned still further from me.

"Don't," he said, huskily. "You can't do any good; nothing can——"

"What do you mean?" I said, horror-struck at the settled despair in his voice. "What has happened to you?"

"It's no use your asking me questions," he answered more calmly. "I tell you there's nothing the matter with me."

"I don't believe you," I said. "Something *has* happened to you since yesterday morning. Is it anything that I have done? Is it my fault in any way?"

"No, it is not your fault." He stood up, and went on wildly, without looking at me, "But I wish I had died before you came to Durrus! I wish I was in the graveyard out there this minute! I wish the whole scheming, infernal crew were in hell—I wish——"

"Oh, stop, Willy!" I cried—"stop! You are frightening me!"

He had been standing quite still, but he had flung out his clenched hand at every sentence, and his gray eyes were fixed and dilated.

"I don't know what I'm saying; I didn't mean to frighten you," he said, sitting down again beside me. "I had no right to say that—about wishing I was dead before you came. Your coming here was the best thing ever happened to me in my life. I'll always thank God for giving me the chance of loving you; and no matter what happens, I always will love you—always—always——"

He caught my hand as if he were going to draw me towards him, but, checking himself, he let it fall with a groan.

"It's all over now," he said. "Everything's gone to smash."

A rush of wind shivered through the laurels, and shook a quick rattle of drops from the shining leaves.

"Why should it all be over? Why should not it begin again?"

I said it firmly, but it seemed to me as if I were listening to someone else speaking.

"What do you mean?" He stared at me.

"I mean that perhaps I made a mistake," I said, beginning to hesitate—"that perhaps, that night at Mount Prospect, I was wrong in what I said to you——"

"You're humbugging me!" he said fiercely, without taking his eyes from my face. "You don't know what you're saying."

"Yes, I do know," I answered, still with that feeling that another person was speaking for me. "I've thought about it before now, and I've thought perhaps, if you would forgive——"

"Forgive! I don't understand you. Do you mean to say you would marry me?"

"Yes."

He looked at me stupidly, and staggered to his feet as if he were drunk.

"I'm having a fine time of it!" he said, with a loud, harsh laugh. "She says she'll have me after all, and I've got to say 'No, thank you!'"

He swayed a little as he stood opposite to me, and then, falling on his knees, he laid his head on my lap, and broke into a desperate sobbing.

\* \* \*

"WHERE'S Miss Sarsfield now?" said the first voice imperatively.

I knew the voice now; the ground rocked and heaved under me, flashes came and went before my eyes, and for an instant the voices and everything else melted away from me.

When my senses came back to me, I felt that I was being lifted and being carried in someone's arms, but by whom I did not know.

"Put me down," I murmured; "I am able to walk."

I was placed gently on my feet.

"All right now; I'll take Miss Sarsfield home," said Nugent's voice: "go back and help Dr. Kelly. Can you come on now?" he asked; "we are not far from the gate, and my trap is close to it."

I tried to answer him, but my voice was almost gone, and my knees shook under me when I made a step forward. He put his arm round me without a word, and, supported by it, I managed to get as far as the bog gate, but there my strength failed me.

"I am afraid I cannot go any farther," I said, tottering to the low bank beside the road, and sinking down on it. "Please don't trouble about me."

He sat down beside me, and, putting his arm round me again, drew my head down on to his shoulder.

"Why did you send me away from you?" he said, bending his face close to mine.

"I don't know," I whispered, trembling.

"Must I go away now, my darling?"

I said nothing, but in the soft darkness his lips met mine, and in a moment all the grief and horror of the last week slipped away from me—everything was lost in the long forgetfulness of a kiss.

*"Profit and Loss."*

By the end of the week Mary Lawrie had changed her mind. She had thought it over, and had endeavored to persuade herself that Mr. Whittlestaff did not care about it very much. Indeed there were moments during the week in which she flattered herself that if she would abstain from "sitting close up to him," he would say nothing about it. But she resolved altogether that she would not display her anger to Mrs. Baggett. Mrs. Baggett, after all, had done it for the best. And there was something in Mrs. Baggett's mode of argument on the subject which was not altogether unflattering to Mary. It was not as though Mrs. Baggett had told her that Mr. Whittlestaff could make himself quite happy with Mrs. Baggett herself, if Mary Lawrie would be good enough to go away. The suggestion had been made quite in the other way, and Mrs. Baggett was prepared altogether to obliterate herself. Mary did feel that Mr. Whittlestaff ought to be made a god, as long as another woman was willing to share in the worship with such absolute self-sacrifice.

At last the moment came, and the question was asked without a minute being allowed for consideration. It was in this wise. The two were sitting together after dinner on the lawn, and Mrs. Baggett had brought them their coffee. It was her wont to wait upon them with this delicacy, though she did not appear either at breakfast or at dinner, except on remarkable occasions. She now had some little word to say, meant to be conciliatory and comforting, and remarked that "surely Miss Mary meant to get a color in her cheeks at last."

"Don't be foolish, Mrs. Baggett," said Mary. But Mrs. Baggett's back was turned, and she did not care to reply.

"It is true, Mary," said Mr. Whittlestaff, putting his hand on her shoulder, as he turned round to look in her face.

"Mrs. Lawrie used to tell me that I always blushed black, and I think that she was about right."

"I do not know what color you blush," said Mr. Whittlestaff.

"I dare say not."

"But when it does come, I am conscious of the sweetest color that ever came upon a lady's cheek. And I tell myself that another



grace has been added to the face which of all faces in the world is to my eyes the most beautiful." What was she to say in answer to a compliment so high-flown as this, to one from whose mouth compliments were so uncommon? She knew that he could not have so spoken without a purpose, declared at any rate to his own heart. He still held her by the arm, but did not once progress with his speech, while she sat silent by his side, and blushing with that dark ruby streak across her cheeks which her stepmother had intended to vilify when she said that she had blushed black. "Mary," he continued, after a pause, "can you endure the thought of becoming my wife?" Now she drew her arm away, and turned her face, and compressed her lips, and sat without uttering a word. "Of course I am an old man."

"It is not that," she muttered.

"But I think that I can love you as honestly and as firmly as a younger one. I think that if you could bring yourself to be my wife, you would find that you would not be treated badly."

"Oh, no, no, no!" she exclaimed.

"Nothing, at any rate, would be kept from you. When I have a thought or a feeling, a hope or a fear, you shall share it. As to money——"

"Don't do that. There should be no talk of money from you to me."

"Perhaps not. It would be best that I should be left to do as I may think most fitting for you. I have one incident in my life which I would wish to tell you. I loved a girl, many years since, and she ill-used me. I continued to love her long, but that image has passed from my mind." He was thinking, as he said this, of Mrs. Compas and her large family. "It will not be necessary that I should refer to this again, because the subject is very painful; but it was essential that I should tell you. And now, Mary, how shall it be?" he added, after a pause.

She sat listening to all that he had to say to her, but without speaking a word. He, too, had had his "John Gordon;" but in his case the girl he had loved had treated him badly. She, Mary, had received no

bad treatment. There had been love between them, simple love, love enough to break their hearts. At least she had found it so. But there had been no outspoken speech of love. Because of that, the wound made, now that it had been in some sort healed, had not with her been so cruel as with Mr. Whittlestaff. John Gordon had come to her on the eve of his going, and had told her that he was about to start for some distant land. There had been loud words between him and her stepmother, and Mrs. Lawrie had told him that he was a pauper, and was doing no good about the house; and Mary had heard the words spoken. She asked him whither he was going, but he did not reply. "Your mother is right. I am at any rate doing no good here," he had said, but had not answered her question further. Then Mary had given him her hand, and had whispered, Good-bye. "If I return," he added, "the first place I will come to shall be Norwich." Then without further farewell ceremony he had gone. From that day to this she had had his form before her eyes; but now, if she accepted Mr. Whittlestaff, it must be banished. No one, at any rate, knew of her wound. She must tell him, should she be moved at last to accept him. It might be that he would reject her after such telling. If so, it would be well. But, in that case, what would be her future? Would it not be necessary that she should return to that idea of a governess which had been so distasteful to her?

"Mary, can you say that it shall be so?" he asked, quietly, after having remained silent for some ten minutes.

Could it be that all her fate must be resolved in so short a time? Since first the notion that Mr. Whittlestaff had asked her to be his wife had come upon her, she had thought of it day and night. But, as is so usual with the world at large, she had thought altogether of the past, and not of the future. The past was a valley of dreams which could easily be surveyed, whereas the future was a high mountain which it would require much labor to climb. When we think that we will make our calculations as to the future, it is so easy to revel in our memories instead. Mary had, in truth, not thought of her answer, though she had said to herself over and over again why it should not be so.

"Have you no answer to give me?" he said.

"Oh, Mr. Whittlestaff, you have so startled me!" This was hardly true. He had not startled her, but had brought her to the necessity of knowing her own mind.

"If you wish to think of it, you shall take your own time." Then it was decided that a week should be accorded to her. And during that week she passed much of her time in tears. And Mrs. Baggett would not leave her alone. To give Mrs. Baggett her due, it must be acknowledged that she acted as best she knew how for her master's interest, without thinking of herself. "I shall go down to Portsmouth. I'm not worth thinking of, I ain't. There's them at Portsmouth as'll take care of me. You don't see why I should go. I dare say not; but I am older than you, and I see what you don't see. I've borne with you as a miss, because you've not been upsetting; but still, when I've lived with him for all those years without anything of the kind, it has set me hard sometimes. As married to him, I wouldn't put up with you; so I tell you fairly. But that don't signify. It ain't you as signifies or me as signifies. It's only him. You have got to bring yourself to think of that. What's the meaning of your duty to your neighbor, and doing unto others and all the rest of it? You ain't got to think just of your own self; no more haven't I."

Mary said to herself silently that it was John Gordon of whom she had to think. She quite recognized the truth of the lesson about selfishness; but love to her was more imperious than gratitude.

"There's them at Portsmouth as'll take care of me, no doubt. Don't you mind about me. I ain't going to have a good time at Portsmouth, but people ain't born to have good times of it. You're going to have a good time. But it ain't for that, but for what your duty tells you. You that haven't a bit or a sup but what comes from him, and you to stand shilly-shallying! I can't abide the idea!"

It was thus that Mrs. Baggett taught her great lesson—the greatest lesson we may say which a man or a woman can learn. And though she taught it immoderately, fancying, as a woman, that another woman should sacrifice everything to a man, still she taught it

with truth. She was minded to go to Portsmouth, although Portsmouth to her in the present state of circumstances was little better than a hell upon earth. But Mary could not quite see Mr. Whittlestaff's claim in the same light. The one point on which it did seem to her that she had made up her mind was Mr. Gordon's claim, which was paramount to everything. Yes; he was gone, and might never return. It might be that he was dead. It might be even that he had taken some other wife, and she was conscious that not a word had passed her lips that could be taken as a promise. There had not even been even a hint of a promise. But it seemed to her that this duty of which Mrs. Baggett spoke was due rather to John Gordon than to Mr. Whittlestaff.

She counted the days—nay, she counted the hours, till the week had run by. And when the precise moment had come at which an answer must be given—for in such matters Mr. Whittlestaff was very precise—John Gordon was still the hero of her thoughts.

"Well, dear," he said, putting his hand upon her arm, just as he had done on that former occasion. He said no more, but there was a world of entreaty in the tone of his voice as he uttered the words.

"Mr. Whittlestaff!"

"Well, dear."

"I do not think I can. I do not think I ought. You never heard of Mr. John Gordon?"

"Never."

"He used to come to our house at Norwich, and—and—I loved him."

"What became of him?" he asked, in a strangely altered voice. Was there to be a Mr. Compas here too to interfere with his happiness?

"He was poor, and he went away when my stepmother did not like him."

"You had engaged yourself to him?"

"Oh, no! There had been nothing of that kind. You will understand that I should not speak to you on such a subject, were it not that

I am bound to tell you my whole heart. But you will never repeat what you now hear."

"There was no engagement?"

"There was no question of any such thing."

"And he is gone?"

"Yes," said Mary; "he has gone."

"And will not come back again?" Then she looked into his face—oh, so wistfully. "When did it happen?"

"When my father was on his death-bed. He had come sooner than that; but then it was that he went. I think, Mr. Whittlestaff, that I never ought to marry any one after that, and therefore it is that I have told you."

"You are a good girl, Mary."

"I don't know about that. I think that I ought to deceive you at least in nothing."

"You should deceive no one."

"No, Mr. Whittlestaff." She answered him ever so meekly; but there was running in her mind a feeling that she had not deceived any one, and that she was somewhat hardly used by the advice given to her.

"He has gone altogether?" he asked again.

"I don't know where he is—whether he is dead or alive."

"But if he should come back?"

She only shook her head; meaning him to understand that she could say nothing of his purposes should he come back. He had made her no offer. He had said that if he returned he would come first to Norwich. There had been something of a promise in this, but oh, so little! And she did not dare to tell him that hitherto she had lived upon that little.

"I do not think that you should remain single forever on that account. How long is it now since Mr. Gordon went?"

There was something in the tone in which he mentioned Mr. Gordon's name which went against the grain with Mary. She felt that he was spoken of almost as an enemy. "I think it is three years since he went."



"Three years is a long time. Has he never written?"

"Not to me. How should he write? There is nothing for him to write about."

"It has been a fancy."

"Yes—a fancy." He had made this excuse for her, and she had none stronger to make for herself.

He certainly did not think the better of her in that she had indulged in such a fancy; but in truth his love was sharpened by the opposition which this fancy made. It had seemed to him that his possessing her would give a brightness to his life, and this brightness was not altogether obscured by the idea that she had ever thought that she had loved another person. As a woman she was as lovable as before, though perhaps less admirable. At any rate he wanted her, and now she seemed to be more within his reach than she had been. "The week has passed by, Mary, and I suppose that now you can give me an answer." Then she found that she was in his power. She had told him her story, as though with the understanding that if he would take her with her "fancy," she was ready to surrender herself. "Am I not to have an answer now?"

"I suppose so."

"What is it to be?"

"If you wish for me, I will be yours."

"And you will cease to think of Mr. Gordon?"

"I shall think of him; but not in a way that you would begrudge me."

"That will suffice. I know that you are honest, and I will not ask you to forget him altogether. But there had better be no speaking of him. It is well that he should be banished from your mind. And now, dearest, dearest love, give me your hand." She put her hand at once into his. "And a kiss." She just turned herself a little round, with her eyes bent upon the ground. "Nay; there must be a kiss." Then he bent over her, and just touched her cheek. "Mary, you are now all my own." Yes; she was now all his own, and she would do for him the best in her power. He had not asked for her love, and she cer-

tainly had not given it. She knew well how impossible it would be that she should give him her love. "I know you are disturbed," he said. "I wish also for a few minutes to think of it all." Then he turned away from her, and went up the garden walk by himself.

She, slowly loitering, went into the house alone, and seated herself by the open window in her bed-chamber. As she sat there she could see him up the long walk, going and returning. As he went his hands were folded behind his back, and she thought that he appeared older than she had ever remarked him to be before. What did it signify? She had undertaken her business in life, and the duties she thought would be within her power. She was sure that she would be true to him, as far as truth to his material interests was concerned. His comforts in life should be her first care. If he trusted her at all, he should not become poorer by reason of his confidence. And she would be as tender to him as the circumstances would admit. She would not begrudge him kisses if he cared for them. They were his by all the rights of contract. He certainly had the best of the bargain, but he should never know how much the best of it he had. He had told her that there had better be no speaking of John Gordon. There certainly should be none on her part. She had told him that she must continue to think of him. There, at any rate, she had been honest. But he should not see that she thought of him.

Then she endeavored to assure herself that this thinking would die out. Looking round the world, her small world, how many women there were who had not married the men they had loved first! How few, perhaps, had done so! Life was not good-natured enough for smoothness such as that. And yet did not they, as a rule, live well with their husbands? What right had she to expect anything better than their fate? Each poor, insipid dame that she saw, toddling on with half a dozen children at her heels, might have had as good a John Gordon of her own as was hers. And each of them might have sat on a summer day, at an open window, looking out with something, oh, so far from love, at the punctual steps of him who was to be her husband.

Then her thoughts turned, would turn, could not be kept from turn-

ing, to John Gordon. He had been to her the personification of manliness. That which he resolved to do, he did with an iron will. But his manners to all women were soft, and to her seemed to have been suffused with special tenderness. But he was chary of his words—as he had even been to her. He had been the son of a banker of Norwich; but, just as she had become acquainted with him, the bank had broke, and he had left Oxford to come home and find himself a ruined man. But he had never said a word to her of the family misfortune. He had been six feet high, with dark hair, cut very short, somewhat full of sport of the roughest kind, which, however, he had abandoned instantly. "Things have so turned out," he had once said to Mary, "that I must earn something to eat instead of riding after foxes." She could not boast that he was handsome. "What does it signify?" she had once said to her stepmother, who had declared him to be stiff, upsetting, and ugly. "A man is not like a poor girl, who has nothing but the softness of her skin to depend upon." Then Mrs. Lawrie had declared to him that "he did no good coming about the house"—and he went away.

Why had he not spoken to her? He had said that one word, promising that if he returned he would come to Norwich. She had lived three years since that, and he had not come back. And her house had been broken up, and she, though she would have been prepared to wait for another three years—though she would have waited till she had grown gray with waiting—she had now fallen into the hands of one who had a right to demand from her that she should obey him. "And it is not that I hate him," she said, to herself. "I do love him. He is all good. But I am glad that he has not bade me not to think of John Gordon."

ANTHONY TROLLOPE, "*An Old Man's Love.*"

At the further extremity of the town stood Miss Lester's dwelling. It was the house in which her father had spent his last days; and there she had continued to reside, when left by his death to a small competence, which Walter, then abroad, had persuaded her (for her pride was

of the right kind), to suffer him, though but slightly, to increase. It was a detached and small building, standing a little from the road; and Walter paused for some moments at the garden-gate, and gazed round him before he followed his young guide, who, tripping lightly up the gravel-walk to the door, rang the bell, and inquired if Miss Lester was within?

Walter was left for some moments alone in a little parlor;—he required those moments to recover himself from the past that rushed sweepingly over him. And was it—yes, it was Ellinor that now stood before him! Changed she was, indeed; the slight girl had budded into woman; changed she was, indeed, the bound had forever left that step, once so elastic with hope; the vivacity of the quick, dark eye was soft and quiet, the rich color had given place to a hue fainter, though not less lovely. But to repeat in verse what is poorly bodied forth in prose,—

“And years had past, and thus they met again;  
The wind had swept along the flower since then,  
O'er her fair cheek a paler luster spread,  
As if the white rose triumphed o'er the red.  
No more she walk'd exulting on the air;  
Light though her step, there was a languor there;  
No more—her spirit bursting from its bound,—  
She stood, like Hebe, scattering smiles around.”

“Ellinor!” said Walter mournfully, “thank God! we meet at last.”

“That voice—that face—my cousin—my dear, dear Walter!”

All reserve—all consciousness fled in the delight of that moment; and Ellinor leant her head upon his shoulder, and scarcely felt the kiss that he pressed upon her lips.

“And so long absent!” said Ellinor reproachfully.

“But did you not tell me that the blow that had fallen on our house had stricken from you all thoughts of love—had divided us forever? And what, Ellinor, was England or home without you!”

“Ah!” said Ellinor, recovering herself, and a deep paleness succeeding to the warm and delighted flush that had been conjured to her

cheek, "do not revive the past—I have sought for years—long, solitary, desolate years, to escape from its dark recollections!"

"You speak wisely, dearest Ellinor; let us assist each other in doing so. We are alone in the world—let us unite our lot. Never, through all I have seen and felt—in the starry night-watch of camps—in the blaze of courts—by the sunny groves of Italy—in the deep forests of the Hartz—never have I forgotten you, my sweet and dear cousin. Your image has linked itself indissolubly with all I conceived of home and happiness, and a tranquil and peaceful future; and now I return, and see you, and find you changed, but, oh, how lovely! Ah, let us not part again! A consoler, a guide, a soother, father, brother, husband—all this my heart whispers I could be to you!"

Ellinor turned away her face, but her heart was very full. The solitary years that had passed over her since they last met, rose up before her. The only living image that had mingled through those years with the dreams of the departed, was his who now knelt at her feet; her sole friend—her sole relative—her first—her last love! Of all the world, he was the only one with whom she could recur to the past; on whom she might repose her bruised, but still unconquered affections. And Walter knew by that blush—that sigh—that tear, that he was remembered—that he was beloved—that his cousin was his own at last.

BULWER, "*Eugene Aram.*"

"And wonder not, mine owen lady bright  
Though that I speak of love to you thus blive."

"Oh, ye lovers, that high upon the wheel  
Be set of Fortune, in good adventüre,  
God lenë that ye find ay love of steel,  
And longë may your life in joy endure!"

BUT April came and went, and summer succeeded it, and followed it to its grave, and another Christmas whitened the world before Cecil Vereker returned to her home. It was indeed eighteen months since



that terrible autumn, when she had last looked again upon the old Court.

Wild March had come in like a lion, had roared its loudest, and now lay crouching on the ground, old and beaten, and dying, and harmless as any lamb.

Sweet, moist winds were blowing out of the south, driving baby showers before it. The rooks were building in the tall, gaunt elms, and all the land was rich with swaying masses of yellow daffodils. Crocuses in countless thousands, purple and white and parti-colored, made pretty groups here and there, whilst the pheasant-eyed narcissi and the scented jonquils fought for room with the tinier, daintier tags.

Such a wilderness of sweets as the gardens were! Old-fashioned gardens some of them, where all these best of Nature's treasures were suffered to run wild.

"Now blooms the lily by the bank,  
The primrose down the brae;  
The hawthorn's budding in the glen,  
And milk-white is the slae."

Every passing wind bore on its wings perfumes delicately rich. In every hedge small birds were building their nests; their songs made countless melodies. Mingled with them was the wild, mad music of the rushing stream as it dashed over its stones, and by its sedgy banks, almost tearing the pale bunches of forget-me-not from their hold.

Cecil stood still and looked all round her. She could not deny to herself that a *home* spring was more distinctly exquisite than anything she had found abroad. She had traveled a good deal during these past eighteen months, a strange unaccountable restlessness driving her from place to place, and now that she had returned to England she scarcely knew whether she was glad or sorry.

The old familiar landscape, the tender joys of the budding spring, the peculiar sense of life renewed that spoke to her in all around,

touched her, and made her pulses throb in unison with it, but at heart she felt lonely and depressed, and full of a sick longing to find near her something or someone beloved.

Dorothy and her husband were in the North paying a visit to an uncle of Farquhar's, and Lady Bessy, whom she really liked in spite of her many eccentricities, was at her own place, for a wonder. As for—anyone else—why she hardly cared for anyone else, and besides—Well, why should she *not* think of him? she asked herself this angrily—besides St. John was still in the East.

Even as she thought this she lifted her eyes, and saw him coming to her across the closely-shaven grass.

Her heart seemed to stop beating. For one moment she thought she was going to faint. Then once more life surged strongly, almost painfully, within her. Oh! how he recalled that past terrible time—her past terrible existence. She had hardly known with what a cowardly shrinking she had been looking round on this spot and on that—until he came. But now a full horror of this place made hers by a loveless marriage was full upon her.

"You!" she said. "I thought you were in Egypt."

"Well, so I was, until a month ago," said he. He had come up to her, and had taken the hand she had not offered. He was greatly bronzed, and, perhaps, a trifle thinner, but he was so strong, so good to look at. Delight shone in his eyes. "Bessy sent me word that you were thinking of coming home, so—I thought of coming home too. You know you forbid me to seek you whilst you were abroad. And I obeyed you to the letter, though I refuse to say what it cost me. Have I not been obedient? Don't I deserve a reward? At all events, I have it," said he gaily; "I am looking at you now."

A charming thing to look at, too. A very lovely picture. She was the same Cecil he remembered, yet scarcely the same. The weight of many years seemed to have dropped from her, and she stood there before him in her white serge gown like the young girl that in reality she was. She was very pale, certainly, and nervousness was evidently preying upon her; but he noticed that the old miserable fear was gone

from her eyes, and that the pretty oval of the face was rounded and warmer in tint. She was indeed beautiful.

"You are looking better, stronger," said he, with all a lover's glad solicitude. "These eighteen months have done you a world of good. Surely they were long enough to work a thousand cures. Did ever months drag so slowly, I wonder? But now," with a triumphant uplifting of his head, "they are gone. Dead. *Behind us!*"

"When did you return?" asked she. "How strange that you should come here to-day! I, myself, have only just arrived, but I told no one of my intention to be here." She regarded him earnestly. "Yet you knew!" she said, with a soft blush.

"Yes, I knew. Do you think you could be here, so near, without my knowing? And why should I *not* know? You have been a little cruel to me, I think. You brought your servants?"

"Only my maid and Thompson. There are always people in the house. But I shan't stay here," she went on, hurriedly. "I couldn't. Even these few hours have convinced me of that. Every scene brings back the past. No, I could not live here."

"Well, you need not," said he, slowly.

She colored warmly, and hesitated for a moment.

"Of course, I understand what you mean," she said, speaking rapidly, as if to prevent any interruption from him. "That it is in my power to live where I will. But, though I dislike this place, I have still a love for Brent. It really means home to me. Where one was born has always a claim on one, I think. On one's affections. Dorothy lives here, and—all the friends I have ever known."

"You misunderstood me," said he. "I did not mean to suggest banishment from Brent. What I *did* mean was that you might make yourself a new home here, if you would."

"I think not. I can hear of no house in the neighborhood to be let, or bought, or——"

"Accepted?" questioned he. Then: "There is one," he said, slowly. He waited awhile for her to speak, but presently he saw that she would not. Her gaze was bent upon the ground, and she was look-

ing strangely troubled. That little touch of distress went to his heart, and sent him to her at once.

"Darling," said he, in a low voice, "will you dare to tell me that you do not care for me?"

"Oh! I care for you," cried she, impetuously. "It is not that, but——"

"You love me?" demanded he, drawing her into his arms.

"Yes. I love you. Oh!" she paused, and glanced up at him through eyes warm with tears, "when I saw you coming towards me awhile ago, I——"

"Yes?—go on. What then?"

"I knew," said she, simply, "that I had never been quite happy before." A little tremulous smile broke upon her lips.

"My beloved!" said he. And then, after a pause: "Well, you must try to be quite happy for the future. You have a long, long time to make up. And I love you so, Cecil—so deeply, so truly—that I am presumptuous enough to believe that I can make you so. What! tears! Why I will have none to-day. Nor any other day. We shall begin to be happy from this hour."

He kissed away the drops that would have fallen, and at that she laughed. It was quite a new thing to him, that laugh—it told, more than anything else could have done, that she had, indeed, thrown off the spirit of bondage that had for so long oppressed her, and was once more fulfilled with the spirit of youth.

"What am I to do about staying here?" she asked, presently. "I don't believe," blushing hotly, and looking rather abashed at her own want of courage, "I could sleep here. It is all very well whilst *you* can remain; but after that——. The long, dull evening and the night would kill me."

"Don't remain," said he. "Run up to town with me. My aunt, Mrs. St. John, will be delighted to receive you, and to-morrow I'll take you to Bessy. She is, for a wonder, in her own home now, at Wyatts. By-the-bye, have you heard about her?"

"Heard what?"

"Why, her engagement."

"Is she going to be married?" said Cecil, intensely interested. When one is going to be married one's self, it is really astonishing with what pleasure one hears of the intended marriage of others. "To whom?"

"Blair."

"Mr. Blair!" With distinct disbelief. "Oh! nonsense."

"I wish she could hear you," said St. John, laughing. "It *is* Blair, nevertheless."

"Why, I thought they were always—always——"

"Why don't you go on? So they were—so they are. Always quarreling; sparring is perhaps the proper word. But they seem to like it, and Blair, as you know, or as perhaps you don't know, has been in love with her off and on for five or six years. They are to be married in June."

"It is the funniest thing," said Cecil. "Well, do you know," with all the air of one stating an unexpected fact, "I liked Mr. Blair. They will be very happy, I think, and hope."

"Not so happy as *we* shall be. By-the-bye, when shall we be married? Next month?"

"Certainly not," with shy indignation. "There isn't any reason for haste. How could one be ready? This is just the very end of March, and *next month!*"

"May, then?"

"Oh! no."

"June? That is the month on which Bessie and Blair have decided. The 29th is their day. What do you say to the 1st, eh?"

"Of course, one can't go on saying 'no' *forever!*" said she, with such an adorable attempt at reproach that he caught her in his arms, and so put an end to that argument.

"If not 'no' it must be 'yes,'" said he. "Say so, darling heart." She said it.

THE "DUCHESS," "The Honorable Mrs. Vereker."



IN another moment she was before me, and Verschoyle met her in the center of the room.

"Come at last, darling," he said, gayly. "You cannot fancy the relief to my feelings, as I was quite certain young Layton had eloped with you," and he stooped to kiss her.

But at the word "elope" Vivienne's face had darkened, and now, putting her hand suddenly against his breast, she drew herself back from the proffered embrace, thus by the action revealing at once that something unusual had happened.

"Vivienne," Verschoyle said, hurriedly; "Vivienne, my dearest, what is it?" and as he spoke he placed his own hand over the tiny gloved one, still lying so heavily upon his chest.

Glancing at her face, I could see that it was as white as death, and that her eyes shone dangerously; but her voice was low and steady, and the quivering of her lips alone showed how deeply she was agitated, and how rapidly her breath both came and went.

"About India," she said—"I have heard all that story. Answer me, Cecil, answer me: is there one word of truth about you and Mrs. Grey?"

"Who has dared," Verschoyle broke in, fiercely, as his face flushed a deep red and a heavy frown crept over it—"who has dared to poison——"

"That is not the question," she interrupted, quickly, speaking low, but vehemently. "I will have 'Yes' or 'No.' Was there any story about you and that woman?"

"Yes," he answered. "But listen to me, Vivienne, for one moment. You cannot understand—let me explain;" and both his voice and manner grew passionately imploring.

But it was too late; the unlucky admission on his part had roused within her breast all the passion of her nature, and, starting violently back as though stung, she cried, bitterly,—

"'Yes'—is that your answer? Good heavens! what fools some women are! And you have dared to say you love me—have asked me to be your wife—have kissed me!"

"Great heaven!" he entreated, still holding her little hand tightly between his own, "won't you listen to me, Vivienne? For my sake, for both our sakes, hear me now."

But she resolutely drew her hand away; and, raising herself to her full height, said, coldly,—

"Hush!—not another word;" then moving a little to one side, she drew back the skirts of her dress with a movement at once cold and decisive, and so left open his passage to the door.

The action without the words was in itself sufficient, more than if she had spoken volumes; and, seeing it, he accepted his fate without further pleading. For one moment—a second perhaps—he looked as if he would have spoken, then simply bowed, and walked haughtily out of the room. For such I felt at once was the spirit of the man, that he would not sue a second time for mercy even from the woman for whom his heart was breaking.

\*  
\*  
\*

GIVING the word to the coachman, I sprang in after her, and, Cummins sitting opposite, we set out in silence for the castle. The distance was but a short one, about half an hour's drive, perhaps, but I pray heaven I may never again spend such a thirty minutes.

When at last we did arrive, we found the door wide open, and Vivienne, springing to the ground without waiting for any assistance, ran up the steps and entered the hall, which was but dimly lighted and quite deserted, having over it that indescribable look of desolation and gloom which too surely betokens the approach of death.

Throwing her shawl on the ground, Vivienne continued her way up the stairs, while I followed a few yards behind, and on the first landing came face to face with the old doctor of the district, who attended all the families for miles around, and had known her from her birth.

"My dear," he said, speaking slowly and kindly, and putting both his hands upon her shoulders, "I cannot allow any excitement; it will only increase the suffering, and can do no good."

"You need have no fear for me," she said, in a quiet, self-possessed tone; and, seeing the calm expression of her face, he gave a satisfied nod, and took her across the landing to the door of the chamber.

But here her courage failed her, and, turning to him, she caught his arm, whispering piteously,—

"His face?"

"Is quite uninjured," he made answer, understanding her question at once. "Take courage, child;" and, opening the door of the room, he motioned her to pass through.

As he was about to follow, I stopped him, and asked, hesitatingly,—

"How long?"

"Perhaps four hours—perhaps only two," he replied, with a mournful shake of the head; and then we two passed into the apartment where Cecil Verschoyle lay, surely dying.

What Vivienne first saw was Lady Flora kneeling by the side of the bed, her lips pressed to her brother's hand, which hung slightly over the edge of it; but, seeing Vivienne, she rose, and tottered to the other side of the room, where Lord March received her in his arms.

Cecil was lying with closed eyes, his face deadly pale, and seemingly in a deep lethargy when we entered; but Vivienne's approaching step aroused him, and, languidly opening his eyes, now growing dim with the sad touch of death, a glad smile of recognition overspread his face, and,—

"My darling," he cried, faintly, stretching out his hand—"my darling, I knew that you would come."

"Oh, Cecil, Cecil, that this should be our meeting!" poor Vivienne moaned, leaning over him and pressing her lips passionately to his.

"I am glad you are come so soon," Verschoyle went on, his eyes brightening as he spoke; "because I could not die or be at rest until with my own lips I had told you all the fatal story that separated us."

"Hush, Cecil, hush, my dearest," Vivienne said; "I want no explanations now—I only want your forgiveness for ever having doubted you."

"Vivienne," he said, slowly and impressively, "when I tell you that

I can have neither peace nor happiness until I have told you this story, I am sure you will listen to me, my dear." He paused for a moment, with a faint gasp for breath, and then continued,—

"I saw a good deal of her in India, more perhaps than was usual, but she had no friends out there except myself and her husband. Well, he is dead now, but this I must say, that for the year I saw them together only one word could express his conduct, and that is—brutal. She bore it all in silence, poor little woman, being naturally timid and unaccustomed to harsh treatment; but one day—it was in the presence of somebody—he struck her savagely across the mouth, and this, even for her meek spirit, proved too much.

"Having no relation that she could appeal to in that foreign country, where she was far away from home and friends, she came to me and begged me for heaven's sake, and on her bended knees, to take her to Colonel Kearney, who lived about two hundred miles up the country, and whose wife she had known in happier days. Of course I raised her from the ground, promising to do all she wished in this unhappy business, and left her for the time to obtain leave of absence for a few days. This was easily procured, and that very evening she came away with me secretly, not daring to let anyone know of her resolution.

"That, I remember well, was Monday evening; on Tuesday, passing through a village, she caught the cholera, which was raging in the place; and on Wednesday she was dead."

Here he ceased, his voice failing from exhaustion and intense emotion, but presently he whispered,—

"This is the entire story—you believe me, Vivienne?"

"Yes," was all she answered, and for some little time there was silence in the room.

At last he broke it, turning slightly towards her and speaking very painfully and sadly.

"I am dying, Vivienne—dying. I feel it, my darling. It is very young to die, is it not?—when I am only twenty-nine, and we might have been so happy together, you and I,"

No answer from Vivienne, save the tightening of her hand on his,

and a low choking sob that told but too plainly of the blank despair fast settling down upon her heart.

Verschoyle spoke again, hurriedly.

"Vivienne, my own, you must promise not to grieve too much for me when I am gone. Promise me that when the first great grief is over you will cease to think of me with sadness; though still," he added, with a little, wistful smile, "I would not wish that you should quite forget me."

"Oh, Cecil, don't!" she cried, suddenly, with bitter pain. "Oh, my darling! my darling! is there nothing I can do to keep you with me? Am I quite powerless? Can nothing be done to save you?"

"Nothing," Verschoyle answered, subduing her in a moment by the utter calmness and resignation of his tone. "You must only try to remember, as I do, that all things are ordered in love and mercy."

Again there was silence in the room, broken only by the irregular and labored breathing of poor Cecil, and an occasional sob of utter despair from Vivienne.

About half an hour was passed thus, and it must have told fearfully on Verschoyle, for when next he spoke his voice was much changed. All life seemed gone from it; and it was almost in a whisper that he murmured,—

"Raise my head a little higher, Vivienne, and brush my hair from my forehead; I feel so tired—so tired."

Gently and lovingly she passed her hand beneath his neck, and, raising his head, placed it with great tenderness upon her bosom. A smile of almost perfect happiness, although mingled with much sorrow, illumined his face for a moment, and,—

"Kiss me," he said, softly.

With a sigh she stooped and kissed him, and presently he went on.

"Poor Flora! she, I know, will miss me greatly. My poor little sister! I leave her to you, Vivienne, my own, to cheer and comfort her when I am gone."

"And who in all this world can cheer or comfort me?" she cried, passionately, bending and laying her fair round cheek to his.



Another hour passed slowly, an hour of smothered agony and intense stillness, his head reclining on her bosom, and she with both her arms clasped closely round his neck, as though by her feeble grasp to shield and keep him from the inevitable.

At length, when suspense was becoming unbearable, he opened his eyes and gazing wildly round for a moment, whispered, anxiously,—

“Vivienne, are you still with me? You have not left me, my darling? How dark it has grown! Put your face close to mine, that I may once more see the eyes I loved so well. Hush, hush, my sweet! don’t sob like that. Kiss me once again, and say good-night, and so may heaven ever guard and keep you, my only love.”

These were the last words he ever uttered. A little time after that, glancing towards the bed, I saw that his face had changed terribly; and turning anxiously towards the doctor, I found that he, too, had perceived it, and was hurrying swiftly and noiselessly across the room.

He bent over the bed; and, seeing him, Vivienne put up her hand with a warning gesture.

“Hush, you will wake him,” she said; “and he is sleeping so peacefully now.”

The doctor turned and motioned me to come to him, shaking his head mournfully the while; by which I knew at once that poor Verschoyle could no longer be numbered among the living.

“Vivienne,” said I, taking her by the hand, “come with me, my dear.”

“No, no, Guy,” she answered, “I cannot leave him now. If he should wake and find me gone——”

“Oh, Vivienne,” I whispered, in despair, “cannot you understand?”

For a moment she gazed at me wildly, then turned her eyes slowly on poor Cecil’s face, and the next instant she lay as if dead within my arms, and so I carried her from the room.

*“A Maiden All Forlorn.”*

"I KNOW it all," he said, taking a seat beside the lovely girl. "Dear Rose, I know it all."

"I am not here by accident," he added, after a lengthened silence; "nor have I heard all this to-night, for I knew it yesterday—only yesterday. Do you guess that I have come to remind you of a promise?"

"Stay," said Rose. "You *do* know all."

"All. You gave me leave, at any time within a year, to renew the subject of our last discourse."

"I did."

"Not to press you to alter your determination," pursued the young man, "but to hear you repeat it, if you would. I was to lay whatever of station or fortune I might possess at your feet, and if you still adhered to your former determination, I pledged myself, by no word or act, to seek to change it."

"The same reasons which influenced me then, will influence me now," said Rose firmly. "If I ever owed a strict and rigid duty to her, whose goodness saved me from a life of indigence and suffering, when should I ever feel it, as I should to-night? It is a struggle," said Rose, "but one I am proud to make; it is a pang, but one my heart shall bear."

"The disclosure of to-night—" Harry began.

"The disclosure of to-night," replied Rose softly, "leaves me in the same position, with reference to you, as that in which I stood before."

"You harden your heart against me, Rose," urged her lover.

"Oh, Harry, Harry," said the young lady, bursting into tears; "I wish I could, and spare myself this pain."

"Then why inflict it on yourself," said Harry, taking her hand. "Think, dear Rose, think what you have heard to-night."

"And what have I heard? What have I heard?" cried Rose. "That a sense of his deep disgrace so worked upon my own father that he shunned all—there, we have said enough, Harry, we have said enough."

"Not yet, not yet," said the young man, detaining her as she rose. "My hopes, my wishes, prospects, feeling—every thought in life except

my love for you—have undergone a change. I offer you, now, no distinction among a bustling crowd ; no mingling with a world of malice and detraction, where the blood is called into honest cheeks by aught but real disgrace and shame ; but a home—a heart and home—yes, dearest Rose, and those, and those alone, are all I have to offer.”

“ What do you mean ! ” she faltered.

“ I mean but this—that when I left you last, I left you with a firm determination to level all fancied barriers between yourself and me ; resolved that if my world could not be yours, I would make yours mine ; that no pride of birth should curl the lip at you, for I would turn from it. This I have done. Those who have shrunk from me because of this, have shrunk from you, and proved you so far right. Such power and patronage, such relatives of influence and rank as smiled upon me then, look coldly now ; but there are smiling fields and waving trees in England’s richest county ; and by one village church—mine, Rose, my own !—there stands a rustic dwelling which you can make me prouder of, than all the hopes I have renounced, measured a thousand-fold. This is *my* rank and station now, and here I lay it down ! ”

CHARLES DICKENS, “*Oliver Twist*.”

“ I SEE you’ve still got your headache,” Mrs. Hood said, with plaintiveness which was not condolence.

“ I shall go out a little, before dinner-time,” was the reply.

Her mother dismally admitted the wisdom of the proposal, and Emily went to her room. Before long the bell of the chapel-of-ease opposite began its summoning, a single querulous bell, jerked with irregular rapidity. The bells of Pandal church sent forth a more kindly bidding, but their music was marred by the harsh clanging so near at hand. Emily heard and did not hear. When she had done housemaid’s office in her room, she sat propping her hot brows, waiting for her mother’s descent in readiness for church. At the sound of the opening and closing bedroom door, she rose and accompanied her mother to the parlor. Mrs. Hood was in her usual nervous hurry,

giving a survey to each room before departure, uttering a hasty word or two, then away with constricted features.

The girl ascended again, and, as soon as the chapel bell had ceased its last notes of ill-tempered iteration, began to attire herself hastily for walking. When ready, she unlocked a drawer and took from it an envelope, of heavy contents, which lay ready to her hand. Then she paused for a moment and listened. Above there was a light footfall, passing constantly hither and thither. Leaving the room with caution, she passed downstairs noiselessly and quitted the house by the back door, whence by a circuit she gained the road. Her walk was towards the Heath. As soon as she entered upon it, she proceeded rapidly—so rapidly, indeed, that before long she had to check herself and take breath. No sun shone, and the air was very still and warm; to her it seemed oppressive. Over Dunfield hung a vast pile of purple cloud, against which the wreaths of mill smoke, slighter than on weekdays, lay with a dead whiteness. The Heath was solitary; a rabbit now and then started from a brake, and here and there grazed sheep. Emily had her eyes upon the ground, save when she looked rapidly ahead to measure the upward distance she had still to toil over.

On reaching the quarry, she stayed her feet. The speed at which she had come, and an agitation which was increasing, made breathing so difficult that she turned a few paces aside, and sat down upon a rough block of stone, long since quarried and left unused. Just before her was a small patch of marshy ground, long grass growing about a little pool. A rook had alighted on the margin, and was pecking about. Presently it rose on its heavy wings; she watched it flap athwart the dun sky. Then her eye fell on a little yellow flower near her feet, a flower she did not know. She plucked and examined it, then let it drop carelessly from her hand.

The air was growing brown; a storm threatened. She looked about her with a hasty fear, then resumed her walk to the upper part of the Heath. Reaching the smooth sward, she made straight across it for Dagworthy's house.

Crossing the garden, she was just at the front door, when it was opened, and by Dagworthy himself. His eyes fell before her.

"Will you come this way?" he said, indistinctly.

He led into the large sitting-room where he had previously entertained Emily and her father. As soon as he had closed the door, he took eager steps towards her.

"You have come," he said. "Something told me you would come this morning. I've watched at the window for you."

The assurance of victory had softened him. His voice was like that of one who greets a loving mistress. His gaze clung to her.

"I have come to bring you this!" Emily replied, putting upon the table the heavy envelope. "It is the money we owe you."

Dagworthy laughed, but his eyes were gathering trouble.

"You owe me nothing," he said, affecting easiness.

"How do you mean that?" Emily gave him a direct look. Her manner had now nothing of fear, nor even the diffidence with which she had formerly addressed him. She spoke with a certain remoteness, as if her business with him were formal. The lines of her mouth were hard; her heavy lids only half raised themselves.

"I mean that you owe nothing of this kind," he answered, rather confusedly. His confidence was less marked; her look overcame his.

"Not ten pounds?"

"Well, *you* don't." He added, "Whose is this money?"

"It is my own; I have earned it."

"Does your father know you are paying it?"

"He does not. I was not likely to speak to him of what you told me. There is the debt, Mr. Dagworthy; we have paid it, and now I will leave you."

He examined her. Even yet he could not be sure that he understood. In admitting her, he had taken it for granted that she could come with but one purpose. It was but the confirmation of the certain hope in which he had lived through the night. Was the girl a simpleton? Had she got it into her head that repayment in this way discharged his hold upon her father? It was possible;



women are so ludicrously ignorant of affairs. He smiled, though darkly.

"Why have you brought this money?" he asked.

She was already moving nearer to the door. He put himself in her way.

"What good do you imagine this is?"

"None, perhaps. I pay it because I wish to."

"And—is it your notion that this puts your father straight? Do you think this is a way out of his difficulty?"

"I have not thought that. But it was only to restore the money that I came."

There was silence.

"Have you forgotten," he asked, half wonderingly, half with quiet menace, "what I said to you yesterday?"

"You see my answer," said Emily, pointing hastily to the table. "I owe you that, but I can give you nothing more." Her voice quivered, as she continued, "What you said to me yesterday was said without thought, or only with evil thoughts. Since then you have had hours of reflection. It is not in your power—it would be in the power of no man who is not utterly base and wicked—to repeat such words this morning. Mr. Dagworthy, I believe in the affection you have professed for me; feeling that, you are incapable of dastardly cruelty. I will not believe your tongue against yourself. In a moment of self-forgetfulness you spoke words which you will regret through your life, for they were inhuman, and were spoken to a defenceless girl. After hearing them, I cannot beg your mercy for my father; but you know that misfortune which strikes him falls also upon me. You have done me the greatest wrong that man can do to woman; you owe me what reparation is in your power."

She had not thought to speak thus. Since daylight dawned her heart had felt too numb, too dead; barely to tell him that she had no answer to his words was the purpose with which she had set out. The moment prompted her utterance, and words came without reflection. It was a noble speech, and nobly delivered; the voice was uncertain at

times, but it betrayed no weakness of resolve, no dread of what might follow. The last sentences were spoken with a dignity which rebuked rather than supplicated. Dagworthy's head bowed as he listened.

He came nearer.

"Do you think me," he asked, under his breath, "a mere ignorant lout, who has to be shamed before he knows what's manly and what isn't? Do you think because I'm a manufacturer, and the son of one, that I've no thought or feeling above my trade? I know as well as you can tell me, though you speak with words I couldn't command, that I'm doing a mean and a vile thing—there! hear me say it, Emily Hood. But it's not a cruel thing. I want to compel you to do what, in a few years, you'll be glad of. I want you to accept love such as no other man can give you, and with it the command of pretty well everything you can wish for. I want to be a slave at your feet, with no other work in life than finding out your desires and satisfying them. You're not to be tempted with money, and I don't try to; but I value the money because it will give me power to show my love. And mind what I say; ask yourself if it isn't true. If you hadn't been engaged already, you'd have listened to me; I feel that power in myself; I know I should have made you care for me by loving you as desperately as I do. I wouldn't have let you refuse me—you hear, Emily? Emily! Emily! Emily!—it does me good to call you by your name—I haven't done so before to-day, have I, Emily? Not a cruel thing, because I offer you more than any man living can, more of that for which you care most, the life a highly educated woman can appreciate. You shall travel where you will; you shall buy books and pictures, and all else to your heart's content; and, after all, you shall love me. That's a bold word, but I tell you I feel the power in me to win your love. I'm not hateful to you, even now; you can't really despise me, for you know that whatever I do is for no mean purpose. There is no woman living like you, and to make you my wife I am prepared to do anything, however vile it seems. Some day you'll forgive it all, because some day you'll love me!"

It was speaking as he had never yet done. He assumed that his

end was won, and something of the triumph of passion endued his words with a joyous fervor. Very possibly there was truth in much that he said, for he spoke with the intense conviction which fulfills prophecies. But the only effect was to force Emily back upon her cold defiance.

"I am in your house, Mr. Dagworthy," she said, "and you can compel me to hear whatever you choose to say. But I have no other answer than that you know. I wish to leave you."

His flushed eagerness could not at once adapt itself to another tone.

"No, you don't wish to leave me. You want to see that I am a man of my word, that I mean what I say, and am not afraid to stick to it. Emily, you don't leave me till you have promised to be my wife. You're a noble girl. You wouldn't be frightened into yielding. And it isn't that way I want to have you. You're more now in my eyes than ever. It shall be love for love. Emily, you will marry me?"

What resources of passion the man was exhibiting! By forethought he could have devised no word of these speeches which he uttered with such vigor; it was not he who spoke, but the very Love God within him. He asked the last question with a voice subdued in tenderness; his eyes had a softer fire.

Emily gave her answer.

"I would not marry you, though you stood to kill me if I refused."

No bravado, no unmeasured vehemence of tone, but spoken as it would have been had the very weapon of death gleamed in his hand.

He knew that this was final.

"So you are willing that your father shall be put into the dock at the police-court to-morrow morning?"

"If you can do that, it must be so."

"If I *can*? You know very well I have the power to, and you ought to know by now that I stick at nothing. Go home and think about it."

"It is useless. I have thought. If you think still to make me yield by this fear, it is better that you should act at once. I will tell you: If I were free, if I had the power to give myself to you in marriage, it would make your threat of no more avail. I love my father; to you I cannot say more than that; but though I would give my life to

save his from ruin, I could not give—my father would not wish me, oh never!—my woman's honor. You will find it hard to understand me, for you seem not to know the meaning of such words."

She closed with stern bitterness, compelled to it by the tone of his last bidding. A glorious beauty flashed in her face. Alas, Wilfrid Athel would never know the pride of seeing thus the woman he knew so noble. But Wilfrid was in her heart; his soul allied itself with hers, and gave her double strength. Dagworthy had wrought for her that which in the night's conflict she could not bring about by her own force; knowing, in the face of utter despair, the whole depth of the love with which she held to her father, she could yet speak his doom with calmness, with clear intelligence that the sacrifice she was asked to make was disproportionate to the disaster threatened.

He answered with cold decision.

"It's you who don't know me. I've nothing more to say to you; you are at liberty to go. To-morrow your father will be before the magistrates."

Emily moved to the door. The sound of the words had blanched her lips. She felt that, if she would keep hold upon her bodily strength, she must breathe the outer air.

"Look here, I say," he exclaimed, stepping to the table. "Take the money. I've nothing to do with that."

She made a motion with her hand, but hastened still and escaped. Once in the garden she all but ran, thinking she heard his footsteps in pursuit, and smitten with that sudden terror which comes sometimes when a danger is escaped. But she had gained the Heath, and it was certain now that he had not tried to overtake her; a glance back showed her that no one was in sight. She walked rapidly on, though her heart seemed about to burst, walked without pausing till she had reached the quarry. Here she sat on the same stone as before. She was in dread of fainting; the anguish of her leaping blood was intolerable; she had neither sight nor hearing. But the crisis of suffering passed; she let her head fall forward and buried it upon her lap.

GEORGE GISSING, "*A Life's Morning*."

HOW LONG she had slept she never knew—it might have been an hour, it might have been only ten minutes; but when she awoke it was with a start, a start such as comes to sleepers who are awakened purposely, and because they are wanted to sleep no longer, but are summoned back forcibly to the world around them, from the dream-land into which they have wandered away.

She awoke to find that one of her small, thin hands was fast imprisoned within two strong, manly ones, and that Marcus Cunningham was kneeling upon the grass by the side of her chair.

Often in after years that moment came back to him—the sweet face with the sudden flush upon it, the lovely eyelashes that unsealed for him their hidden secret, unveiling the eyes in which surprise and happiness were blended—and often and often he told himself, with bitter remorse, that it would have been better for her—ay, and better for himself, too—had he never awakened her, but had gone away silently and left her there with her dreams, sleeping her happy slumber under the drooping boughs of the sycamore-tree.

At that moment he only thought of her—of her fair loveliness, of his pleasure in the sight of her, of the actual delight it gave him to be with her again. Everything else had gone to the winds.

"How glad I am to see you again, Elizabeth!" he cried, delightedly, calling her quite naturally by her name, without the slightest apology or hesitation.

There are some men—and they not the least successful in their dealings with women—who never apologize for the things they say and do.

Elizabeth took it—as he meant her to do—for granted, and it did not occur to her to be displeased. She sat up blushing, and pushed back the ruffled locks from her brow.

"Are you better, my dear little friend?" he continued, still grasping her hand in his. "How ill you have been, and how thin your pretty cheeks are! I feel so guilty, because it was to hear my speech that you went to the meeting and got into trouble. I have been so miserable about you."



“And yet you have never sent to ask after me?” she said, reproachfully, but feeling very happy all the same.

“Never once, have I?” he answered, smiling, and looking into her eyes with happy assurance that he would read forgiveness there. “You do not suppose, do you, that was because I did not want to know what others told me every day? Don’t you think it was better to wait and come and see for myself how you were, as soon as I could hope to see you?”

Elizabeth was silent, drinking in the sweet flattery with too ready ears. He did not tell her that he had been scouring about all over the country attending meetings and making speeches ever since the fatal evening at Hamerton, and that it was literally the first moment he had had to make any inquiry for her, and that the fact of his being able to see her was an accidental occurrence which he had not counted upon when he set out upon his walk.

He got himself another garden-chair and sat down beside her, and the butterflies flitted on above the flowers, and the bees hummed and the insects swung through the air; but Elizabeth did not feel in the very least sleepy now, only so wildly and deliriously happy that she could scarcely steady her voice to answer his questions. He asked her so many questions—how her poor arm was? and if she did not feel very weak? and whether it tired her to talk? and so on. And then he asked her what had made her go to the Hamerton meeting in such a fashion, and sit among the crowd with only the old gardener to take care of her.

“I wanted to hear you speak,” she answered, blushing deeply, and twisting a little crimson rosebud about nervously between her trembling fingers.

“But why did you not ask Lady Brabberstone to bring you? You could have sat with the other ladies upon the platform.”

“She did not invite me, and I did not like to ask. You see, there were so many to go; and Lady Brabberstone is sometimes very kind to me, but sometimes she forgets me, I think, and I suppose she did not think I wanted to go.”

"But if you had sent to me, I would have given you a platform ticket."

"Oh, I could not have done that!" she cried, lifting her shy eyes for one moment to his face. "I should not have dared."

"Not dare to ask such a trifle from your friend? Oh, Elizabeth!"

"It seemed so much easier to go with Adam and say nothing to anybody. I did not mean you ever to hear I had been there," she added, with a little smile.

"You did not evidently reckon upon a row, and upon getting your poor little arm broken, you silly little child! Now tell me something else, Elizabeth," and he bent down closely over her chair. "What did you mean by what you said when you woke up and found yourself upon that bench, looking into my face?"

"What did I say—I do not remember!" she murmured.

But she remembered very well, and the color flamed up hotly into her cheeks.

"Shall I remind you then," he continued, earnestly, fixing such burning eyes upon her that she could not meet them; "shall I tell you what you said? It was, 'So it was not a dream.' What was it that was not a dream, Elizabeth?"

A silence. Her pretty head bent lower and lower, and the poor little rose was torn into shreds between her fingers. "Tell me—what was it?" he persisted; yet still a guilty confusion kept her silent.

But Marcus Cunningham was one of those men who always get their own way with women. He was determined to make her answer, and she was as powerless to resist him as a baby.

He laid one hand over both hers and grasped them hard, crushing rosebud and all with a strong yet tender grip which set her heart beating deliriously.

"You must tell me, you know," he said, with that little masterful manner of his by which he always got what he wanted; and Elizabeth succumbed.

"I had been dreaming, I think," she began, hesitatingly.

"So I imagine; well, what was the dream about?"

"It was about—about you."

"Yes? And it was a nice dream about me?"

"I did not say it was nice," she answered, with a smile, in which, in spite of her confusion, there was an awakening of coquetry.

"Ah, but I know that it was nice, because you looked so happy when you saw me," he replied, with confidence—"tell me about it!"

"It was only that we were together somewhere, sitting in some cool green place alone—a garden, I think it was."

"Like this?"

"Yes, something like this."

"And that made you so very happy?"

"I do not remember."

Then Marcus Cunningham stole his arm gently behind her, and without startling or frightening her in the least, he somehow managed to draw her quite close to himself, so that before she quite knew how it came to pass her head was resting upon his shoulder. She was too weak, mentally and physically, to resist him, and then she was so very, very happy!

"Shall I tell you what I saw in your eyes when they looked up into mine?" he whispered; "I saw that you loved me. Look up at me again, so that I may read that secret once more, Elizabeth!"

There was passion in the low, murmured words, a passion that half terrified her even in the midst of her joy. Love had indeed come to her at last, just as he had come to hundreds of others, and the thrill of his perfumed breath awoke the woman's heart into sudden life within the maiden's breast. This, then, was Love! this divine thing of which she had read, and of which the poets sung, and which, perchance, in secret she had looked and longed for! Even in that moment of delight and bewilderment there flashed through her mind a desire that it had not come upon her in so sudden a fashion; that she might have been prepared a little for what was coming; that she might have had it for a little while all to herself to dream about and to cherish in secret. The very suddenness seemed to destroy the reality of it; she could not believe in it quite; it seemed too wonderful and too great a thing to be

true. Like some trance-like vision, it appeared to her that if she did but speak, it would vanish and fade away into nothingness, and that she must surely awake in another minute and find that she was alone, and that it was nothing but a midsummer day-dream.

And then before she could answer, or even lift her love-laden eyes, as he told her to give her sweet secret once more into his keeping, a something came to pass that scattered all the romance and the poetry to the four winds of heaven, and brought the idyl in the cool green garden to a sudden end, so that Love, keeping his invisible watch above them, shook out his rainbow-colored wings upon the summer breezes, and fluttered away affrighted and dismayed.

This terrible something was nothing more strange or wonderful than the sound of Mrs. Alston's pony-carriage wheels as they turned creakingly in at the white gate, not a couple of hundred yards behind the lawn.

\* \* \*

It seemed a very long time before any one came. The bell, clanging loudly and harshly, reverberated round the small hall, and up the empty stone staircase, with strange and ghastly echoes that made her shiver.

At length from some lower region a disheveled woman appeared at a distant corner.

"I rang for the porter," said Elizabeth.

"The porter is away on 'is 'oliday, miss. I'm in charge of the 'ouse. What do you please to want?"

"Is Mr. Cunningham staying here?—can you tell me if he is in town?"

"Mr. Cunningham, that's the second floor; oh, yes, to be sure he's 'ere, 'e 'ain't been out to-day at all."

"Do you mean to say that he is in?" she cried, breathlessly—"in the house now?"

The woman nodded her tangled head:

"That's just what I do mean ; 'e's in the 'ouse, a-sitting hupstairs, and a-packing hup 'is trunks ; and 'e be going away to-day, as I hunderstand, for furrin parts."

"Show me up to his rooms, please."

A presentiment of evil, when she realized that he was so near to her, overcame her suddenly ; her knees shook beneath her.

The old woman only jerked her thumb upward.

"Second floor, miss ; you'll find 'im ; I ain't got no time to go clamberin' up them stairs ; you can't make a mistake ; second floor ; the door just in front of you," and she vanished promptly down the opening behind her.

Elizabeth toiled with difficulty up the stone staircase, she was so cold and wet and frightened. Her breath came laboringly ; it was as though ten years or more had gone over her head since the morning. The sound of her footsteps echoed one by one with horrible distinctness up the empty staircase.

She reached the second-floor landing. A door with a small brass knocker faced her ; she rapped it once feebly, then after a moment or two again, and this time more loudly. But no answer came.

Then, after an instant of hesitation, she turned the handle of the door and entered.

She found herself in a tiny vestibule, softly carpeted, and surrounded by well-filled book-cases. Another door was opposite her. Somehow a little courage came back to her. He could not, of course, have heard her knock ; he was no doubt busy, so busy perhaps he had not noticed the flight of time. The sight of the books and the chairs, of a small table whereon were laid a bundle of traveling rugs, an umbrella and some walking sticks strapped together, and a foreign "Bradshaw" carelessly thrown down beside them, restored her startled senses. It was all so natural and so matter-of-fact. At any rate he was prepared to keep his word to her ; he had not played her false, and deserted her.

She went to the further door and knocked softly. A little natural shyness and timidity overcame her ; to go by herself into a man's



chambers was an unaccustomed thing to her; a faint pink flush arose in her pale cheeks, a flutter of womanly reticence was in her breast. She seemed to see it all now; there must have been some misunderstanding; the telegram had confused him, and he was waiting for her within.

But yet there was no answer to her knock. She waited. She knocked again, and waited again. Nothing! Not a sound!

Then all her confidence and her courage forsook her once more, and she cried out his name aloud, and burst open the door.

He was sitting at the table, with his back to the door. His portmanteau, ready packed, stood on the floor. An open dressing-bag was upon a chair beside him, with a glitter of silver bottles shining in its yawning mouth. A litter of papers, bills, letters, and circulars lay about on the table. A pen stuck in the open inkstand, an empty soda-water bottle and a tumbler stood at his elbow.

She took in every detail; nothing escaped her. No one object in the disordered room but burned itself then and for ever and ever afterward into her brain.

And Marcus himself? Was he asleep, that he neither moved, nor stirred, nor spoke at her entrance?—that he did not hear her call his name, nor heed her swift footsteps behind his chair?

He sat very still, leaning a little forward against the table; his elbows were raised upon it; his head, with its ruffled locks, was bent; his face buried in both his hands. Was he asleep?

She came up behind him; she laid her hand upon his shoulder—and then—something froze her very heart into stone within her!

"Marcus," she whispered, in such a strange, weird, far-away whisper that it scarcely seemed to be a human voice that breathed it, "Marcus! it is I—Elizabeth! I have come to you! Are you ill? Look up! Speak to me—speak to me! Speak to me!"

Her voice rose to a wail, and she shook him by the shoulder.

His elbow slipped helplessly away. His head fell heavily down. His face, white and still with the awful stillness of death, dropped prone upon the littered papers upon the table.

Marcus Cunningham would never look up, nor ever speak to her again!

Through the empty house there rang a wild and piercing scream. Like the shriek of a soul in torment it rent the silence of the still afternoon, arousing the old woman in terror from her basement, and startling a couple of passers-by in the street below into wonder and dismay.

MRS. H. LOVETT CAMERON, "*This Wicked World.*"

THE strange emotions which affected Aunt Jane during her brief interview with Mr. Livingstone passed her comprehension. The wild and utterly inconceivable idea that this could be her brother restored to life—restored to home and those who loved him, although in this demented state—seemed to be beyond the dreams of love.

Being, however, a woman prompt in action, she wrote at once to Mr. Etheredge, of Chorlwood, asking him to come to her. When he came she explained to him the meeting she had had with Dr. Somerville's strange patient. Etheredge, in his good-natured way, sympathized with her feelings, but was utterly sceptical about the possibility of her hope being realized. He pledged himself, however, to be entirely at her service, and, in the meanwhile, he despatched a telegram to his friend, Will Nethersole, asking if he had yet obtained any information about the missing baronet of Warburton.

Somerville was also active, and as Colonel Quinton had referred him to Mr. Etheredge, of Chorlwood, as his friend, he had some communication with that gentleman as well as with Miss Bevan. Then on a cold October day, with mist rising from the ground and dark sky overhead, he presented himself again at the manor.

By arrangement with Aunt Jane, Etheredge was there. He was talking in a fidgety way with Mr. Hollett, who was much perplexed by the mystery which seemed to surround the house. Bert was talking to Colonel Quinton, and perfectly unconscious of the anxiety which overshadowed everybody about him.

Dr. Somerville entered alone, having left his friend Livingstone with

Dr. Pettigrew and another man on the lawn. Everything had been arranged between Aunt Jane and himself as to how they were to act and what they were to do.

"This is my sister," said Aunt Jane, introducing Lady Bevan to Somerville as he entered.

"I have a somewhat awkward duty to perform, madam," said the doctor, bowing; "and I believe that you are more interested in it than myself."

"Proceed, sir," said Lady Bevan looking in much astonishment alternately at Aunt Jane and Dr. Somerville.

The latter spoke with a feeling of much consideration, whilst his eyes were fixed on Colonel Quinton.

"It is a strange story, madam, and I do not know how to prepare you for what will be a great and perhaps a painful surprise. You, Mr. Hollett, as the father of this lady, have the right to ask Colonel Quinton to repeat his narrative of the death of your son-in-law, Sir Hubert Bevan."

Quinton turned round sharply and answered with surprise mingled with indignation:

"I have already told my story, sir," he said coldly, "and see no reason for repeating it."

Quinton was a tall man, broad-shouldered, strong of limb, and he lifted himself to his full height as he made this response with an evident sense of indignant surprise. Somerville was a little man but endowed with great nervous vigor, and he went straight up to the colonel with a quiet smile on his face.

"Pardon, me, sir," he said, as he took his hand, "permit me to lead you to this lady and ask you to repeat again how you parted from Sir Hubert Bevan."

The colonel wrenched his hand away angrily.

"We are in the presence of ladies, or you should receive the answer suiting to this insult."

Somerville was perfectly cool, and, bowing to the colonel, asked Lady Bevan to be seated.

"I said that you were to be prepared for a great and even painful surprise. It is near. Have you thought it possible that one who is very dear to you is still alive?"

Lady Bevan started to her feet and Aunt Jane instantly clasped her arms around her.

"What do you mean?" she gasped, frightened and trembling.

"Come, look there. Do you see that man? Do you recognize nothing?"

Quinton was the first to make a movement towards the window; but he was checked by Etheredge, who, grasping him firmly by the arm, whispered in his ear:

"Now then, old chappie, we want to see the end of this. Don't you spoil sport, because Miss Bevan has asked me to act as her second here; and I mean to do it. So, if there's nothing wrong, you be quiet.

Lady Bevan saw Dr. Pettigrew standing by the side of a white-haired man who was seated on the ground playing with Bert. At a signal from Somerville, they advanced to the house. When they came up, Somerville again asked,—

"Do you not recognize him?"

Lady Bevan was clinging round the neck of Aunt Jane and murmuring to herself—"What does this mean? That is not Hubert."

But Bert, bursting in dragging the old man by the hand, shouted loudly, "Mamma, manma, here is grandpapa," and rushed directly to the picture gallery.

After a brief pause of astonishment, the others followed, and found Livingstone standing in the space left vacant by the removal of Sir Hubert's portrait, whilst Bert was pointing excitedly at the picture of his grandfather. The resemblance was so striking that all were amazed, and even Quinton was staggered.

"See," said Bert, "is not this grandpapa come back to us?"

Lady Bevan was trembling in the protecting arm of her sister-in-law.

"Can it be?" she whispered, gaspingly.

"Hush—and wait. Go on, Dr. Somerville."

Livingstone was still standing in his place, smiling and patting the boy's head tenderly.

"The first thing I have to do, Lady Bevan, is to read this telegram, received by our friend Mr. Etheredge, from Zanzibar,—

*"Called on the consul. A man named Sturgis came to him with a gray-haired man who, he said, was his master, Sir Hubert Bevan. They sailed for England in the ship 'Livingstone,' which was wrecked and all hands supposed to be lost. That is all the information at present."*

"What nonsense!" exclaimed Quinton, contemptuously, "when I myself laid him down in the covert. This is a piece of impudent imposture, for Sturgis was lying dead on the ground."

"Wait a little, Colonel Quinton. Sturgis was left by you under the supposition that he was dead; but he was only wounded and had lost consciousness for a time. After that he recovered and was able to attend to his master, whom you left in the jungle as dead. They were taken care of by the friendly natives, and assisted to the coast again after Sir Hubert had recovered from his wounds. In the wreck Sturgis and his master got into different boats, and so it was that, whilst our vessel picked up Sir Hubert, his servant was landed with others on an island. They were rescued by an Australian vessel, and were carried to Sydney. The men have only reached home just now, and their account of what happened is quite clear."

"I do not understand what you are driving at," said the colonel, coldly; "but it is difficult for me to realize the truth of what you say."

All this time Livingstone was amusing himself with the boy and paying no heed to anything that passed. They played together like two children—the gray-haired man stooping down and allowing the boy to leap on his back and jump over him. But the eyes of Lady Bevan were fixed upon the man with a mingled feeling of bewilderment and yearning emotion. Mr. Hollett, too, was looking at this stranger with curiosity.

"I will help you," said Somerville in response to the colonel, as he held up his hand, and Dr. Pettigrew entered accompanied by a stalwart man of about fifty odd years.



"Sturgis!" exclaimed Lady Bevan, clinging still more tightly in a frightened way to Aunt Jane.

The man, who had uncovered on entering the gallery, answered respectfully:

"Yes, your ladyship, I'm thankful to say that I've come home again; and there is the master home before me. He is changed, as you see, in mind and body, and that man is the cause of it all."

As he spoke, he pointed towards Colonel Quinton, who stared at him at first with an affrighted look, and then, recovering himself, assumed an expression of pleased surprise.

"Well, my man, I am glad to see you safe home again," he said, calmly. "It is much more than I could have expected."

"Yes, sir," answered Sturgis, "and much more than you wanted."

Mr. Livingstone suddenly raised his head saying, "Sturgis! Sturgis! . . . I know that name."

Then Aunt Jane suddenly drew Lady Bevan towards him and placed her hand tenderly upon his.

"Look, brother—do you not know us?" she ejaculated. "Do you not know Jane, your sister—do you not know Nell, your wife?"

Livingstone once more stood up against the blank space left by the absent portrait, and his face had the expression of one slowly awakening from a troubled dream. A light seemed to come into his eyes as they rested upon Lady Bevan. He reached out his hands as if seeking something they could not yet find.

"Nell? . . . Nell?" he almost sobbed. "That was a name I knew, and it was very dear to me." He held out his hands whilst he gazed steadily into Lady Bevan's face. "Are *you* Nell?"

With a great sob of mingled pain and joy, she clasped her arms round his neck, crying:

"Hubert, Hubert, you have come home to us at last!"

There was a pause; for every one except Quinton who witnessed the reunion was silenced by the pathos of it.

Bert looked at his mother; then he took her hand, saying to her in childish wonderment:

"What does it all mean, mamma, and why does grandpa stand with such a strange look on his face?"

"I will help you to understand," said Somerville, advancing quickly, and taking the child away from the mother and father.

Whilst this was proceeding, Aunt Jane had beckoned to Colonel Quinton, and he had followed her outside the doorway.

"Everything is known," she said. "Be wise and go."

The colonel was wise, and discreetly took his departure at once. He returned to Africa, and nothing more was heard of him except a vague report that he had perished in an encounter with some natives who, exasperated by an attempt to pass through their territory without paying tribute, had assaulted his party and slain every one of them.

The story which Sturgis had to tell was very simple, and was fully confirmed by Kuruboni. The latter had been engaged to hire a party of natives to meet Sir Hubert and attack him. The result appeared to be fatal; but, thanks to Sturgis, the master had been preserved and carried to the village of a friendly tribe, where he was carefully attended to and revived. But he lingered for a long time. When at last they made their way down to the coast, he had done his best to explain to the consul what had occurred. But he was unable to get it understood. He, however, succeeded in getting a passage to England for his master and himself. They, unfortunately, were separated owing to the wreck of the "Livingstone." Sturgis reached England in time to confirm the suspicions of Dr. Somerville regarding what had occurred to Sir Hubert Bevan.

Whilst these explanations were in process, Somerville looked with a contented air at his patient.

"At last," he said, "we have got a clue to what has troubled my mind so much. There, Pettigrew—now you know whether it is imagination or common-sense."

Aunt Jane took Somerville's hand, pressing it with warm gratitude, whilst speaking with sincere regard.

"You have been a good friend to us, and I hope you will have no reason to regret it. But, tell me, will my brother recover?"

"I believe he will, only you must give him time."

The young squire of Chorlwood had felt a lump rise in his throat as he saw the long-parted husband and wife clasped in each other's arms. Irritated by his own unusual emotion, he turned towards one of the windows of the gallery, and found some relief in a few words of strong language addressed in an undertone to the misty landscape.

Presently he became aware that Miss Bevan was by his side, and at the same moment it occurred to him that he had neglected his charge.

"Forgive me, Miss Bevan," he said in some perturbation; "a fellow don't like to intrude on that sort of thing. But where is our quarry?"

"He is gone," replied Aunt Jane. "I warned him. It is better so—better for all of us. Do you not see?"

"Yes, yes—of course," stammered Etheredge, for, by some subtle effect of sympathy, he had perceived Aunt Jane's secret, and at the same time realized that she had become to him something quite different from all other women.

The peculiar position in which he had been placed towards her during these past weeks had changed a pleasant acquaintanceship into a close friendship, and Etheredge now became aware that he was a changed man. The joys of bachelorhood had lost their glory, and his one wish was to have this woman for his wife.

Meantime, while she thanked him for all his kindness and help, he felt dejectedly that his occupation was gone, and that she had no further need of his services. As he rode towards his home he kept muttering bets against his chances of winning this treasure he had set his heart upon, and turning over in his mind plans for proving to her that he was still her knight.

Suddenly it flashed upon him that there was still a service left for him to perform, and although it was more directly of the nature of a service to Lady Bevan, he felt sure that it would be most grateful to Aunt Jane. He had had something to do with spreading the story of Colonel Quinton's engagement to Lady Bevan. Who better than he,

who had been a witness of the touching reunion with Sir Hubert, could help to turn the current of public opinion in the right direction?

So valiantly did he work at his self-imposed task that long before the baronet was sufficiently restored in mental health to have comprehended such rumors, had any one been cruel enough to approach him with them, the tongue of fame was busy with the tale of the constant love which had welcomed the wanderer, and many a husband privately confided to himself that, were he to be lost in a similar way, he could by no means reckon upon such a home-coming.

Of course the evil-minded tried to keep the idle tale of the past alive; but their poisonous whisperings were drowned in the general approbation of the loving care and devoted attention which Lady Bevan never failed to show to the beloved husband who had been restored to her arms.

But although she had never in one thought been false to the love which she bore Sir Hubert, she did not escape some stings of remorse for having even harbored the thought that it was possible she might yield to the mysterious power which this wicked man had succeeded in obtaining over her through the very depth of her love for husband and son.

It was some time before Bert forgot his hero; but a child is generally fickle, and he had found a new playmate whom he could command as he chose, and who was never tired of gambolling with him and Sambo. By-and-bye father and son were daily to be seen riding together, and the sight of the white-haired man with the pretty boy drew many a tear from the kindly countrywomen who knew their story.

Aunt Jane did not go back to Ivy Lodge after all; for there were many things in which her shrewd, business-like ways were useful and indeed indispensable during the slow return of Sir Hubert to perfect health.

The affection between the two sisters was deepened by the knowledge which each had of the other's suffering, and Aunt Jane found so much to do and so many people to think of that she had no time to think of her own troubles or of her own future. No doubt she was

firmly convinced that Miss Bevan she would remain until her dying day ; but perseverance and devotion had made a lady change her mind before, and perhaps the chances of Squire Etheredge may improve as time goes on.

Etheredge took advantage of these possibilities, and, although usually a careless fellow, was in this case careful. The result was that meeting Aunt Jane one summer day on the meadow he asked her to stop a minute with him.

“ Why so ? ” she asked in a little surprise, and yet not without an instinctive feeling of what he was going to say.

Etheredge was puzzled and amused because he knew very well what he was going to say, only did not know exactly how to say it.

“ Well, Miss Bevan, I was going to say—will you pardon me ? ”

“ For what ? ” asked Aunt Jane with pretended surprise, knowing quite well what was to follow.

Etheredge hesitated and asked her to give him her hand.

“ I don’t know how I am to tell you ! ” he said stupidly. “ But you know, we fellows act in an odd way. You, however, have altered me. Will you take me as I am ? ”

“ I am grateful to you, Mr. Etheredge. You have been the best friend I ever had, and if this hand is worth yours, take it.”

What followed need not be told.

CHARLES GIBBON, “ *Was Ever Woman in this Humor Wooed ?* ”



# FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS

## IN POETRY AND PROSE

WITH PARALLEL PASSAGES FROM THE MOST  
FAMOUS WRITERS OF THE WORLD.

---

“The wisdom of the wise, and the experience of ages, may be  
preserved by quotation.”

—ISAAC DISRAELI—*Curiosities of Literature: Quotation.*



# QUOTATIONS.

---

## ABIDE—ABSENCE.

*ABIDE*.—Abide with us, for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent.

ST. LUKE, chapter xxiv., verse 29.

(Two of the disciples to our Lord on the way to Emmaus.)

Abide with us from morn till eve.

KEBLE.—The Christian Year.

*ABRA*.—Abra was ready ere I called her name ;

And, though I call'd another, Abra came.

Her absence made the night, her presence brought the day.

PRIOR.—Solomon, Book ii., lines 363, 598.

When Hamilton appears, then dawns the day.

And when she disappears, begins the night.

LANSDOWN.—To the Duchess.

*ABSENCE*.—In the hope to meet

Shortly again, and make our absence sweet.

BEN. JONSON.—Underwoods, and Elegy.

Distance sometimes endears friendship, and absence sweeteneth it.

HOWELL.—Familiar Letters, Book i., section i., no. 6.

An hour or two

Never breaks squares in love ; he comes in time

That comes at all ; absence is all love's crime.

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.—The Widow, Act ii., sc. 2.

Absence makes the heart grow fonder.

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLEY.—Isle of Beauty ; Odes to Rosa.

What vigor absence adds to love.

FLATMAN.—Weeping at parting, a song.

Absence in most, that quenches love,

And cools the warm desire ;

The ardor of my heart improves,

And makes the flame aspire.

COTTON.—A Song, verse 2.

He shone with the greater splendor because he was not seen.

TACITUS.—Annals 3, 76.

*ABSENT*.—Absent in body, but present in spirit.

ST. PAUL.—1 Cor., chapter v., verse 3.

Friends, though absent, are still present.

CICERO.—On Friendship, chapter vii.

[The mottoes or phrases, "Though lost to sight, to memory dear," and "Though absent, not forgotten," are probably derived from the passage in Cicero; for I have not met with them in my reading, neither can I learn that they are to be found in any author.]

*ABSTRACTS*.—They are the abstracts and brief chronicles of the time.

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act ii., scene 2.

(Hamlet's direction to see the players well bestowed.)

Brief abstract and record of tedious days.

SHAKSPERE.—King Richard III., Act iv., scene 4.

(Duchess to Queen Margaret.)

*ABUSE*.—Nor aught so good, but, strain'd from that fair use,  
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse.

SHAKSPERE.—Romeo and Juliet, Act ii., scene 2.

(Friar Lawrence at his cell door.)

When you abuse another do you ne'er look back upon yourself?

PLAUTUS.—Pseudolus, Act ii., scene 2, line 18.

*ACCENT*.—You find not the apostrophas, and so miss the accent.

SHAKSPERE.—Love's Labor's Lost, Act iv., scene 2.

Action and accent did they teach him there.

SHAKSPERE.—Love's Labor's Lost, Act v., scene 2.

Throttle their practised accent in their fears.

SHAKSPERE.—Midsummer Night's Dream, Act v., sc. 1.

Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed  
a dwelling.

SHAKSPERE.—As You Like It, Act iii., scene 2.

A terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twanged off.

SHAKSPERE.—Twelfth Night, Act iii., scene 4.

The accent of his tongue affecteth him.

SHAKSPERE.—King John, Act i., scene 1.

The senseless brands will sympathize

The heavy accent of thy moving tongue.

SHAKSPERE.—Richard II., Act v., scene 1.

To pant,

And breathe short-winded accents of new broils.

SHAKSPERE.—Henry IV., Act i., scene 1.

I have a touch of your condition,

Which cannot brook the accent of reproof.

SHAKSPERE.—Richard III., Act iv., scene 4.

Do not take

His rougher accents for malicious sounds.

SHAKSPERE.—Coriolanus, Act iii., scene 3.

*ACCENT*.—Such antic, lipping, affecting fantasticoes; these new tuners of accents.

SHAKSPERE.—Romeo and Juliet, Act ii., scene 4.

Our lofty scene be acted over

In states unborn and accents yet unknown.

SHAKSPERE.—Julius Cæsar, Act iii., scene 1.

Propheying with accents terrible

Of dire combustion.

SHAKSPERE.—Macbeth, Act ii., scene 3.

Well spoken, with good accent and good discretion.

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act ii., scene 2.

Neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man.

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act iii., scene 2.

If but as well I other accents borrow,

That can my speech diffuse.

SHAKSPERE.—King Lear, Act i., scene 4.

I am no flatterer: he that beguiled you in a plain accent was a plain knave.

SHAKSPERE.—King Lear, Act ii., scene 2.

I'll call aloud.—

Do, with like timorous accent and dire yell.

SHAKSPERE.—Othello, Act i., scene 1.

*ACCIDENTS*.—Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances:

Of moving accidents by flood and field.

SHAKSPERE.—Othello, Act i., scene 3.

(To the Senate, justifying his marriage with Desdemona.)

*ACCOMMODATED*.—That is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated: or where a man is—being—whereby—he may be thought to be accommodated, which is an excellent thing.

SHAKSPERE.—King Henry IV., Part ii., Act iii., scene 2.

(Bardolph and one with him.)

*ACES*.—We gentlemen, whose chariots roll only upon the four aces, are apt to have a wheel out of order.

SIR JOHN VANBRUGH.—The Provoked Husband, Act ii., by CIBBER.

On the four aces doom'd to roll.

CHURCHILL.—The Duellist, Book i., line 68.

*ACHES*.—Up start as many aches in his bones, as there are ouches in his skin.

GEORGE CHAPMAN.—The Widow's Tears.

[This word is a dissyllable and to be pronounced *atches*. In Swift's own edition of "The City Shower" he had "old aches throb," but modern printers who lost the right pronunciation treated *aches* as a monosyllable, and then to complete the metre have foisted in "aches *with* throb." A good example of this occurs in Hudibras, part 3, canto 2, line 407.]



*ACHES*.—Can by their pangs and aches find  
All turns and changes of the wind.

[The rhythm here demands the dissyllable *a-ches* as used by the elder writers. Shakspeare particularly, who in his *Tempest* makes Prospero threaten Caliban.]

If thou neglect'st or dost unwillingly  
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps;  
Fill all thy bones with *aches*; make thee roar  
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

SHAKSPEARE.—*The Tempest*, Act i., scene 2.  
(Prospero and Caliban.)

[John Kemble was aware of the necessity of using the word in this instance as a dissyllable, but he was ridiculed by the O. P. critics, and a medal was struck on the occasion which served only to perpetuate their own ignorance. See Disraeli's *Cur. of Lit.*, vol. i., p. 81.]

*ACT*.—The last act crowns the play.

QUARLES.—*Emblems*, Book i., epigram 15.

To perform an act  
Whereof what's past is prologue.

SHAKSPEARE.—*Tempest*, Act ii., scene 1.

We do not act that often jest and laugh.

SHAKSPEARE.—*Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act iv., scene 2.

Now puts the drowsy and neglected act  
Freshly on me.

SHAKSPEARE.—*Measure for Measure*, Act i., scene 2.

His act did not o'ertake his bad intent,  
And must be buried but as an intent.

SHAKSPEARE.—*Measure for Measure*, Act v., scene 1.

One man in his time plays many parts,  
His acts being seven ages.

SHAKSPEARE.—*As You Like It*, Act ii., scene 7.

On us both did haggish age steal on,  
And wore us out of act.

SHAKSPEARE.—*All's Well That Ends Well*, Act i., scene 2.

Honours thrive,  
When rather from our acts we them derive.

SHAKSPEARE.—*All's Well That Ends Well*, Act ii., sc. 3.

And would not put my reputation now  
In any staining act.

SHAKSPEARE.—*All's Well That Ends Well*, Act iii., sc. 7.

He finished indeed his mortal act  
That day.

SHAKSPEARE.—*Twelfth Night*, Act v., scene 1.

The dignity of this act was worth the audience of kings and princes.

SHAKSPEARE.—*Winter's Tale*, Act v., scene 2.

*ACT.*—The better act of purposes mistook  
Is to mistake again.

SHAKSPERE.—King John, Act iii., scene 1.

Though that my death were adjunct to my act,  
By heaven, I would do it.

SHAKSPERE.—King John, Act iii., scene 3.

This act is an ancient tale new told,  
And in the last repeating troublesome.

SHAKSPERE.—King John, Act iv., scene 2.

If I in act, consent, or sin of thought  
Be guilty.

SHAKSPERE.—King John, Act iv., scene 3.

Be great in act, as you have been in thought.

SHAKSPERE.—King John, Act v., scene 1.

The most arch act of piteous massacre  
That ever yet this land was guilty of.

SHAKSPERE.—Richard III., Act iv., scene 3.

The honour of it  
Does pay the act of it.

SHAKSPERE.—Henry VIII., Act iii., scene 2.

The desire is boundless and the act a slave to limit.

SHAKSPERE.—Troilus and Cressida, Act iii., scene 2.

The book of his good acts, whence men have read  
His fame unparalleled.

SHAKSPERE.—Coriolanus, Act v., scene 2.

So smile the heavens upon this holy act.

SHAKSPERE.—Romeo and Juliet, Act ii., scene 6.

*ACTING.*—Between the acting of a dreadful thing  
And the first motion, all the interim is  
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream.

SHAKSPERE.—Julius Cæsar, Act ii., scene 1.

(Brutus, after Cassius had moved him against Cæsar.)

*ACTION.*—Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be  
your tutor; suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with  
this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature.

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act iii., scene 2.

(His directions to the players.)

The rarer action is  
In virtue than in vengeance.

SHAKSPERE.—Tempest, Act v., scene 1.

I can construe the action of her familiar style.

SHAKSPERE.—Merry Wives of Windsor, Act i., scene 3.

*ACTION*.—More reasons for this action  
At our more leisure shall I render you.

SHAKSPERE.—Measure for Measure, Act i., scene 3.

In action all of precept, he did show me  
The way twice o'er.

SHAKSPERE.—Measure for Measure, Act iv., scene 1.

As motion and long-during action tires  
The sinewy vigour of the traveller.

SHAKSPERE.—Love's Labor's Lost, Act iv., scene 3.

Action and accent did they teach him there.

SHAKSPERE.—Love's Labor's Lost, Act v., scene 2.

Do not fret yourself too much in the action.

SHAKSPERE.—Midsummer Night's Dream, Act iv., sc. 2.

How many actions most ridiculous  
Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy?

SHAKSPERE.—As You Like It, Act ii., scene 4.

Certainly a woman's thought runs before her actions.

SHAKSPERE.—As You Like It, Act iv., scene 1.

As I guess

By the stern brow and waspish action.

SHAKSPERE.—As You Like It, Act iv., scene 3.

I'll bring mine action on the proudest he  
That stops my way.

SHAKSPERE.—Taming of the Shrew, Act iii., scene 2.

I'll have an action of battery against him, if there be any law.

SHAKSPERE.—Twelfth Night, Act iv., scene 1.

If powers divine

Behold our human actions, as they do.

SHAKSPERE.—Winter's Tale, Act iii., scene 2.

Who hath read or heard

Of any kindred action like to this?

SHAKSPERE.—King John, Act iii., scene 4.

*ACTIONS*.—Prodigious actions may as well be done

By weaver's issue, as by prince's son.

DRYDEN.—Absalom and Achithophel, Part i., line 638.

His actions show much like to madness.

SHAKSPERE.—Measure for Measure, Act iv., scene 3.

Actions of the last age, are like almanacs of the last year.

DENHAM.—The Sophy.

His actions speak much stronger than my pen.

CHURCHILL.—The Candidate, line 106.

(Of John Wilkes.)

*ACTOR*.—He loved his friends (forgive this gushing tear ;  
Alas ! I feel I am no actor here.)

LYTTLETON.—Prologue to Thomson's *Coriolanus*.

As in a theatre, the eyes of men,  
After a well-graced actor leaves the stage,  
Are idly bent on him that enters next,  
Thinking his prattle to be tedious ;  
Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes  
Did scowl on Richard : no man cried, God save him !

SHAKSPERE.—King Richard II., Act v., scene 2.  
(York to his Duchess.)

*ACTS*.—Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,  
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still.

FLETCHER.—*Honest Man's Fortune*.

*ADIEU*.—I take a long, last, lingering view ;  
Adieu ! my native land, adieu !

LOGAN.—*The Lovers*, verse 15.

Adieu, adieu ! my native shore  
Fades o'er the waters blue.

BYRON.—*Childe Harold*, Canto i., stanza 13.

*ADMIRE*.—Not to admire is all the art I know,  
To make men happy and to keep them so.

CREECH.—Translator of *Horace*.

*ADORE*.—We bear it calmly, though a ponderous woe,  
And still adore the hand that gives the blow.

POMFRET.—To his Friend.

Led like a victim, to my death I'll go,  
And, dying, bless the hand that gave the blow.

DRYDEN.—*The Spanish Friar*, Act ii., scene 1.

Adored through fear, strong only to destroy.

COWPER.—*Winter Morning Walk*, Book v., line 445.

*ADORN*.—She came adorned hither like sweet May.

SHAKSPERE.—King Richard II., Act v., scene 1.  
(Speaking of his Queen.)

Th' adorning thee with so much art

Is but a barbarous skill ;

'Tis like the poisoning of a dart,

Too apt before to kill.

COWLEY.—*The Waiting-Maid*, verse 4.

A poet, naturalist, and historian, who scarcely left any style of writing  
untouched, and touched nothing that he did not adorn.

DR. JOHNSON.—Epitaph on Goldsmith, from Croker's  
translation.

*ADVANTAGE*.—Make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage.

SHAKSPERE.—*Tempest*, Act i., scene 1.

The next advantage

Will we take throughly.

SHAKSPERE.—*Tempest*, Act iii., scene 3.

Made use and fair advantage of his days.

SHAKSPERE.—*Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act ii., scene 4.

To take an ill advantage of his absence.

SHAKSPERE.—*Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act iii., scene 3.

I will call upon you anon, for some advantage to yourself.

SHAKSPERE.—*Measure for Measure*, Act iv., scene 1.

Methought you said you neither lend nor borrow

Upon advantage.

SHAKSPERE.—*Merchant of Venice*, Act i., scene 3.

Men that hazard all

Do it in hope of fair advantages.

SHAKSPERE.—*Merchant of Venice*, Act ii., scene 7.

*ADVERSARY*.—Oh that mine adversary had written a book.

JOB, chapter xxxi., verse 35.

And do as adversaries do in law :

Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

SHAKSPERE.—*Taming of the Shrew*, Act i., scene 2.

(Tranio to Hortensio.)

*ADVERSITY*.—A man I am, cross'd with adversity.

SHAKSPERE.—*Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act iv., scene 1.

(Valentine to the Outlaws.)

A wretched soul, bruis'd with adversity,

We bid be quiet when we hear it cry ;

But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,

As much, or more, we should ourselves complain.

SHAKSPERE.—*Comedy of Errors*, Act ii., scene 1.

(Adriana to Luciana.)

Sweet are the uses of adversity ;

Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,

Wears yet a precious jewel in his head ;

And this our life, exempt from public haunt,

Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,

Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

SHAKSPERE.—*As You Like It*, Act ii., scene 1.

(The Duke to Amiens and other Lords.)

On every thorn delightful wisdom grows ;

In every rill a sweet instruction flows.

DR. YOUNG, *Sat. i.*, line 249.



*ADVERSITY*.—Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy.

SHAKSPERE.—Romeo and Juliet, Act iii., scene 3.  
(The Friar to Romeo.)

Love is maintain'd by wealth : when all is spent,  
Adversity then breeds the discontent.

HERRICK.—Hesperides, Aphorisms, No. 144.

The fire of my adversity has purged the mass of my acquaintance.

BOLINGBROKE.—To Swift, 17th March, 1719.

*AFFECTATION*.—There affectation, with a sickly mien.

Shows in her cheek the roses of eighteen.

POPE.—Rape of the Lock, canto iv., line 31.

On the rich quilt sinks with becoming woe,  
Wrapt in a gown, for sickness and for show.

POPE.—Ibid, line 35.

By giving sixty-five's pale wither'd mien,  
The blooming roses of sixteen.

WOLCOT.—The Romish Priest.

Die of a rose in aromatic pain.

POPE.—Essay on Man, Epistle i., line 200.

*AFFECTION*.—Entire affection hateth nicer hands.

SPENCER.—Fairy Queen, Book i., canto viii., stanza 40.  
(That is, disdains *nicety*.)

Set your affection on things above, not on things on the earth.

COLOSSIANS, chapter iii., verse 2.

Fair encounter

Of two most rare affections !

SHAKSPERE.—Tempest, Act iii., scene 1.

Were't not affection chains thy tender days.

SHAKSPERE.—Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act i., scene 1.

As school-maids change their names

By vain, though apt, affection.

SHAKSPERE.—Measure for Measure, Act i., scene 4.

Has he affections in him,

That thus can make him bite the law by the nose ?

SHAKSPERE.—Measure for Measure, Act iii., scene 1.

Do their gay vestments his affections bait ?

SHAKSPERE.—Comedy of Errors, Act ii., scene 1.

Know you he loves her ?—

I heard him swear his affection.

SHAKSPERE.—Much Ado About Nothing, Act ii., scene 1.

*AFFECTION*.—She loves him with an enraged affection ; it is past the infinite of thought.

SHAKSPERE.—*Much Ado About Nothing*, Act ii., scene 3.

Her spirit had been invincible against all assaults of affection.

SHAKSPERE.—*Ibid*.

Hath she made her affection known ?

SHAKSPERE.—*Ibid*.

It seems her affections have their full bent.

SHAKSPERE.—*Ibid*.

She will rather die than give any sign of affection.

SHAKSPERE.—*Ibid*.

She cannot love,

Nor take no shape nor project of affection.

SHAKSPERE.—*Much Ado About Nothing*, Act iii., sc. 4.

Brave conquerors,—for so you are,

That war against your own affections.

SHAKSPERE.—*Love's Labor's Lost*, Act i., scene 1.

Pleasant without scurrility, witty without affection.

SHAKSPERE.—*Love's Labor's Lost*, Act v., scene 1.

The better part of my affections would

Be with my hopes.

SHAKSPERE.—*Merchant of Venice*, Act i., scene 1.

Hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions ?

SHAKSPERE.—*Merchant of Venice*, Act iii., scene 1.

The motions of his spirit are dull as night

And his affections dark as Erebus.

SHAKSPERE.—*Merchant of Venice*, Act v., scene 1.

Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

SHAKSPERE.—*As You Like It*, Act i., scene 3.

My affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

SHAKSPERE.—*As You Like It*, Act iv., scene 1.

Affection is not rated from the heart.

SHAKSPERE.—*Taming of the Shrew*, Act i., scene 1.

She moves me not, or not removes, at least,

Affection's edge in me.

SHAKSPERE.—*Taming of the Shrew*, Act i., scene 2.

Come, come, disclose

The state of your affection.

SHAKSPERE.—*All's Well That Ends Well*, Act i., sc. 3.

Let thy love be younger than thyself,

Or thy affection cannot hold the bent.

SHAKSPERE.—*Twelfth Night*, Act ii., scene 4.

*AFFECTION*.—Great affections wrestling in thy bosom  
Doth make an earthquake of nobility.

SHAKSPERE.—King John, Act v., scene 2.

It shows my earnestness of affection,—  
It doth so.

SHAKSPERE.—Henry IV., Act v., scene 5.

His affections are higher mounted than ours.

SHAKSPERE.—Henry V., Act iv., scene 1.

Your affections and your appetites and your digestions doo's not agree  
with it.

SHAKSPERE.—Henry V., Act v., scene 1.

If this law  
Of nature be corrupted through affection.

SHAKSPERE.—Troilus and Cressida, Act ii., scene 2.

Your affections are a sick man's appetite.

SHAKSPERE.—Coriolanus, Act i., scene 1.

Had she affections and warm youthful blood,  
She would be as swift in motion as a ball.

SHAKSPERE.—Romeo and Juliet, Act ii., scene 5.

I weigh my friend's affection with my mine own;  
I'll tell you true.

SHAKSPERE.—Timon of Athens, Act i., scene 2.

I have not known when his affections swayed  
More than his reason.

SHAKSPERE.—Julius Cæsar, Act ii., scene 1.

There grows  
In my most ill-composed affection such a stanchless avarice.

SHAKSPERE.—Macbeth, Act iv., scene 3.

Keep you in the rear of your affection,  
Out of the shot and danger of desire.

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act i., scene 3.

He hath, my lord, of late made many tenders  
Of his affection to me.

SHAKSPERE.—Ibid.

Love! his affections do not that way tend.

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act iii., scene 1.

Dipping all his faults in their affection.

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act iv., scene 7.

Or your fore-vouched affection  
Fall'n into taint.

SHAKSPERE.—King Lear, Act i., scene 1.

*AFFECTION*.—Preferment goes by letter and affection,  
And not by old gradation.

SHAKSPERE.—Othello, Act i., scene 1.

For the better compassing of his salt and most hidden loose affection.

SHAKSPERE.—Othello, Act ii., scene 1.

The itch of his affection should not then  
Have nicked his captainship.

SHAKSPERE.—Antony and Cleopatra, Act iii., scene 13.

*AFFLICTION*.—Had it pleased Heaven  
To try me with affliction; had he rain'd  
All kinds of sores and shames on my bare head;  
Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips;  
Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes;  
I should have found in some place of my soul  
A drop of patience.

SHAKSPERE.—Othello, Act iv., scene 2.  
(The Moor to Desdemona.)

When Providence, for secret ends,  
Corroding cares, or sharp affliction, sends;  
We must conclude it best it should be so,  
And not desponding or impatient grow.  
POMFRET.—To his Friend under Affliction.

Heaven is not always angry when he strikes,  
But most chastises those whom most he likes.

POMFRET.—Ibid.

Affliction is not sent in vain—  
From that good God who chastens whom he loves!

SOUTHEY.—Madoc, Part iii., 27.

Are afflictions aught  
But mercies in disguise? th' alternate cup,  
Medicinal though bitter, and prepar'd  
By love's own hand for salutary ends.

MALLET.—Amyntor and Theodora, Canto iii., line 176.

There is healing in the bitter cup.

SOUTHEY.—Madoc, Part iii., 27.

'Tis a physic  
That's bitter to sweet end.

SHAKSPERE.—Measure for Measure, Act iv., scene 6.  
(Isabella to Mariana.)

Thy pleasure points the shaft, and bends the bow;  
The cluster blasts, or bids it brightly glow.

DR. YOUNG.—The Last Day, Book ii., line 349.

**AFFRONT.**—Am I to set my life upon a throw,  
Because a bear is rude and surly? No—  
A moral, sensible, and well-bred man,  
Will not affront me, and no other can.

COWPER.—Conversation, line 191.—See “Duelling.”

**AFTER.**—After me the deluge. *Après moi le deluge.*

MADAME DE POMPADOUR.—3 Notes and Queries, 397.

When I am dead, may earth be mingled with fire! Ay, said Nero,  
and while I am living, too.

From a Greek tragedian. See Riley's Dictionary, Classical Quotations, 535.

**After the war, aid.**—GREEK PROVERB.

**After death the doctor.**—ENGLISH PROVERB.

REILEY.—*Supra*, 540. Geo. Herbert, Jacula Prudentum.

**AGE.**—Age and want sit smiling at the gate.

POPE.—Moral Essays, to Bathurst, Epistle iii., line 266.

**Slow-consuming age.**

GRAY.—Ode on Eton College, verse 9.

Borne on the swift, tho' silent wings of time,  
Old age comes on apace, to ravage all the clime.

BEATTIE.—The Minstrel, verse 25, line 8.

Age shakes Athena's tower, but spares gray Marathon.

BYRON.—Childe Harold, Canto ii., stanza 88, last line.

Ago cannot wither her, nor custom stale  
Her infinite variety.

SHAKSPERE.—Antony and Cleopatra, Act ii., scene 2.  
(Enobarbus to Mécænas.)

Your date is better in your pie  
And your porridge, than in your cheek.

SHAKSPERE.—All's Well That Ends Well, Act i., sc. 1.  
(Parolles to Helena.)

Some smack of age in you, some relish of the saltness of the time.

SHAKSPERE.—King Henry IV., Part ii., Act i., scene 2.  
(Falstaff to the Chief Justice.)

I have seen more days than you.

SHAKSPERE.—Julius Cæsar, Act iv., scene 1.  
(Anthony to Octavius.)

While grace celestial with eliv'ning ray  
Beam'd forth to gild the ev'ning of his day.

DR. HARTE.—Eulogius.

Age too, shines out, and garrulous recounts the feats of youth.

THOMSON.—Autumn, line 1229.



AGE.—Thou shalt go to thy fathers in peace, thou shalt be buried in a good old age.

GENESIS, chapter xv., verse 15. (God to Abraham.)

Come forth, old man,—thy daughter's side

Is now the fitting place for thee :

When time has quell'd the oak's bold pride,

The youthful tendril yet may hide

The ruins of the parent tree.

SCOTT.—Woodstock, chapter ii.

Down his neck his reverend lockes

In comelye curles did wave ;

And on his aged temples grewe

The blossomes of the grave.

OLD BALLAD.—2 Percy Reliques, 171.

Dear daughter, I confess that I am old ;

Age is unnecessary : on my knees I beg

That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and food.

SHAKSPERE.—King Lear, Act ii., scene 4.

(The King to his daughter Regan.)

You see me here,—a poor old man,

As full of grief as age ; wretched in both !

SHAKSPERE.—Ibid.

He is older than Saturn.

LE SAGE.—Gil Blas, Vol. i., Book iii., chapter 2.

An age that melts with unperceived decay,

And glides in modest innocence away ;

Whose peaceful Day benevolence endears,

Whose Night congratulating conscience cheers ;

The general favourite as the general friend :

Such age there is, and who shall wish its end ?

DR. JOHNSON.—Vanity of Human Wishes, line 293.

O, sir ! I must not tell my age.

They say women and music should never be dated.

GOLDSMITH.—She Stoops to Conquer, Act iii.

Just at the age 'twixt boy and youth,

When thought is speech, and speech is truth.

SCOTT.—Marmion, Introduction to 2nd canto.

Tell me what you find better, or more honourable than age. Is not

wisdom entail'd upon it ? Take the pre-eminence of it in everything ;

in an old friend, in old wine, in an old pedigree.

SHAKERLY MARMION.—The Antiquary, Act ii., scene 1.

Who with age and envy

Was grown into a hoop.

SHAKSPERE.—Tempest, Act i., scene 2.

AGE.—I would with such perfection govern, sir,  
To excel the golden age.

SHAKSPERE.—Tempest, Act ii., scene 1.

And as with age his body uglier grows,  
So his mind cankers.

SHAKSPERE.—Tempest, Act iv., scene 1.

Which would be great impeachment to his age.

SHAKSPERE.—Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act i., scene 3.

Omitting the sweet benefit of time  
To clothe mine age with angel-like perfection.

SHAKSPERE.—Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act ii., scene 4.

The remnant of mine age  
Should have been cherished by her child-like duty.

SHAKSPERE.—Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act iii., sc. 1.

Falstaff will learn the humour of the age,  
French thrift, you rogues.

SHAKSPERE.—Merry Wives of Windsor, Act i., scene 3.

One that is well-nigh worn to pieces with age.

SHAKSPERE.—Merry Wives of Windsor, Act ii., scene 1.

All sects, all ages, smack of this vice.

SHAKSPERE.—Measure for Measure, Act ii., scene 2.

That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment  
Can lay on nature.

SHAKSPERE.—Measure for Measure, Act iii., scene 1.

Hath homely age the alluring beauty took  
From my poor cheek?

SHAKSPERE.—Comedy of Errors, Act ii., scene 1.

I see thy age and dangers make thee dote.

SHAKSPERE.—Comedy of Errors, Act v., scene 1.

He hath borne himself beyond the promise of his age.

SHAKSPERE.—Much Ado About Nothing, Act i., scene 1.

A man loves the meat in his youth that he cannot endure in his age.

SHAKSPERE.—Much Ado About Nothing, Act ii., scene 3.

As they say,  
When the age is in, the wit is out.

SHAKSPERE.—Much Ado About Nothing, Act iii., sc. 5.

Trust not my age,  
My reverence, calling, nor divinity.

SHAKSPERE.—Much Ado About Nothing, Act iv., sc. 1.

Time hath not yet so dried this blood of mine,  
Nor age so eat of my invention.

SHAKSPERE.—Ibid.

*AGE*.—If it should give your age such cause of fear.

SHAKSPERE.—*Much Ado About Nothing*, Act v., scene 1.

As under privilege of age to brag

What I have done being young.

SHAKSPERE.—*Ibid*.

The world was very guilty of such a ballad some three ages since.

SHAKSPERE.—*Love's Labor's Lost*, Act i., scene 2.

Old friends are best. King James us'd to call for his old shoes, they were easiest for his feet.

SELDEN.—*Table Talk*, title "Friends."

(*ARBER'S English Reprints*, 51.)

[Alonso of Aragon was wont to say in commendation of Old Age, that age appeared to be the best in these four things: Old Wood to burn! Old Wine to drink! Old Friends to trust! Old Authors to read! (*From Bartlett's book of Quotations*, 334.) Quoting Melchior.]

We see time's furrows on another's brow,

How few themselves in that just mirror see!

YOUNG.—*Night v.*, lines 627, 629.

Press'd with the weight of more than fourscore years.

LILLO.—*The Christian Hero*, Act ii.

His cheek the map of days outworn.

SHAKSPERE.—*Sonnet 68*.

To the old, long life and treasure;

To the young, all health and pleasure.

BEN JONSON.—*A song in the Gipsies Metamorphosed*.

Crabbed age and youth, cannot live together.

SHAKSPERE.—*The Passionate Pilgrim*, stanza 10.

*AGE (THE)*.—*The glory and the scandal of the age*.

OLDHAM.—*Satire against poetry*. (Alluding to Butler.)

At length Erasmus, that great injured name,

The *glory* of the priesthood and the *shame*.

POPE.—*On Criticism*, Part iii., line 694.

Of some for *glory* such the boundless rage,

That they're the blackest *scandal* of the age.

DR. YOUNG.—*Satire iv.*, line 65.

*AGREE*.—In every age and clime we see,

Two of a trade can ne'er agree.

GAY.—*Fable xxi.*, line 43.

*ALBION*.—A heroine shall Albion's sceptre bear,

With arms shall vanquish earth, and heaven with prayer.

DR. GARTH.—*The Dispensary*, Canto ii., line 73.

*ALE*.—A quart of ale is a dish for a king.

SHAKSPERE.—*Winter's Tale*, Act iv., scene 2.

(*Song by Autolycus*.)

*ALE.*—Balm of my cares, sweet solace of my toils,  
Hail, juice benignant!

T. WARTON.—On Oxford Ale.

Hot was the play; 'twas language, wit, and tale;  
Like them that find meat, drink, and cloth in ale.

DRYDEN.—Prologue to the Conquest of Granada, Part i.

Hath thy ale virtue, or thy beer strength, that the tongue of man may  
be tickled, and his palate pleased in the morning.

BEN JONSON.—Bartholomew Fair, Act ii., scene 1.

*ALEMBIC.*—This matron, whitened with good works and age,  
Approached the Sabbath of her pilgrimage;  
Her spirit to Himself the Almighty drew,  
Breathed on the Alembic, and exhaled the dew.

DR. HARTE.—Eulogius.

["Pilgrimage." Her day of rest in this life. "Alembic." An alembic is a glass or copper vessel used in distillation, and breathed upon will produce dew or steam. The Almighty is here supposed to breathe upon the good matron (who may be likened to the vessel), and the dew of his breath is, in the imagination of the poet, her spirit condensed, exhaled, and drawn up to heaven.—See Disraeli's *Curiosities of Literature*, article "History of New Words, vol. iii., on the Alembique of the French."]

*ALL.*—All the world's a stage,  
And all the men and women merely players;  
They have their exits and their entrances;  
And one man in his time plays many parts.  
His acts being seven ages.

SHAKSPERE.—As You Like It, Act ii., scene 7. (Jaques.)

All men act the player's part.

PETRONIUS ARBITER.

Who can direct, when all pretend to know?

GOLDSMITH.—The Traveller, line 64.

Yet, while my Hector still survives, I see  
My father, mother, brethren, all, in thee.

POPE.—The Iliad, Book vi., line 544.

All eye, all ear.

YOUNG.—Night iii., line 452; Night v., line 889.

All is not well.

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act i., scene 2. (To himself.)

All's well that ends well, yet.

SHAKSPERE.—All's Well that Ends Well, Act v., sc. 1.  
(Helena to the Widow.)

All men think all men mortal but themselves.

DR. YOUNG.—Night i., line 424.

Ay, when the special thing is well obtain'd,  
That is—her love; for that is all in all.

SHAKSPERE.—Taming of the Shrew, Act ii., scene 1.  
(Baptista to Petruchio.)

*ALL.*—All Nature is but Art, unknown to thee;  
 All chance, direction, which thou canst not see;  
 All discord, harmony not understood;  
 All partial evil, universal good;  
 And, spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,  
 One truth is clear, *WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.*

POPE.—*Essay on Man*, Epistle i., line 289. See title  
 "RIGHT."

All things that are,  
 Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.

SHAKSPERE.—*Merchant of Venice*, Act ii., scene 6.  
 (Gratiano to Salarino.)

All in the Downs the fleet was moor'd.

GAY.—*The Song of Black-Eyed Susan*.

All things work together for good to them that love God.

ROMANS, chapter viii., verse 28.

*ALLIGATOR.*—Oh there's nothing to be hoped for from her; she's as  
 headstrong as an *allegory* on the banks of the Nile.

SHERIDAN.—*The Rivals*, Act iii., scene 3.

*ALLUSIONS.*—Nay, no *delusions* to the past—Lydia is convinced;  
 speak, child.

SHERIDAN.—*The Rivals*, Act v., scene 3.

*ALMIGHTY.*—These, as they change, Almighty Father, these  
 Are but the varied God! The rolling year  
 Is full of thee.

THOMSON.—*A Hymn*, line 1.

*ALONE.*—What is the worst of woes that wait on age?  
 What stamps the wrinkle deeper on the brow?  
 To view each loved one blotted from life's page,  
 And be alone on earth, as I am now.

BYRON.—*Childe Harold*, Canto ii., stanza 98.

*Pros.* What wert thou if the king of Naples heard thee?

*Fer.* A single thing as I am now.

SHAKSPERE.—*The Tempest*, Act i., scene 2.

When musing on companions gone,  
 We doubly feel ourselves alone.

SCOTT.—*Marmion*, Introduction to Canto ii.

She lived all alone, in a house by herself.

LONGFELLOW.—*Hyperion*, Book i., chapter ii.

Nobody with me at sea but myself.

GOLDSMITH.—*The Haunch of Venison*, line 60.

The time never lies heavy upon him; it is impossible for him to be alone.

ADDISON.—*Spectator*, No. xciii. See title "Leisure."



*ALONE*.—It is not good that men should be alone.

GENESIS, chapter ii., verse 18.

Alone, alone, all, all alone,  
Alone in a wide, wide sea.

COLERIDGE.—The Ancient Mariner, Part iv.

*AMBITION*.—Ambition this shall tempt to rise,

Then whirl the wretch from high,  
To bitter Scorn a sacrifice,  
And grinning infamy.

GRAY.—Prospect of Eton College, stanza 8.

They that stand high, have many blasts to shake them ;  
And if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces.

SHAKSPERE.—King Richard III., Act i., scene 3.

(Queen Margaret to Gloster.)

The highest and most lofty trees have the most reason to dread the  
thunder.

ROLLIN.—Ancient History, Book vi., chapter ii.

I have no spur

To prick the sides of my intent, but only  
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,  
And falls on the other.

SHAKSPERE.—Macbeth, Act i., scene 7.

Wild ambition loves to slide, not stand,  
And fortune's ice prefers to virtue's land.

DRYDEN.—Absalom and Achithophel, Part i., line 196.

When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept ;  
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.

SHAKSPERE.—Julius Cæsar, Act iii., scene 2.

(Antony to the Citizens.)

Fling away ambition ;  
By that sin fell the angels.

SHAKSPERE.—King Henry VIII., Act iii., scene 2.

(Wolsey to Cromwell.)

A hop and skip shall raise the son of a cobbler, well underlaid with  
pieces, to the government of a prince, till overmuch ambitious cutting  
wears him to his last.

NABBES.—Microcosmus, Act ii.

From servants hasting to be gods.

POLLOK.—The Course of Time, Book ii.

All my ambition is, I own,  
To profit and to please unknown ;  
Like streams supplied from springs below,  
Which scatter blessings as they go.

COTTON.—To the Reader.

*AMBITION*.—Then should misery's sons and daughters  
 In their lowly dwellings sing ;  
 Bounteous as the Nile's dark waters,  
 Undiscover'd as its spring,  
 I would scatter o'er the land  
 Blessings with a secret hand.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.—The Lyre, verse 7.

This is the period of my ambition :

O this blessed hour !

SHAKSPERE.—Merry Wives of Windsor, Act iii., scene 3.

Full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts.

SHAKSPERE.—As You Like It, Act i., scene 1.

Who doth ambition shun  
 And loves to live i' the sun.

SHAKSPERE.—As You Like It, Act ii., scene 5.

Urge them while their souls  
 Are capable of this ambition.

SHAKSPERE.—King John, Act ii., scene 1.

Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot  
 Unlikely wonders.

SHAKSPERE.—Richard II., Act v., scene 5.

Ill-weaved ambition, how much art thou shrunk !

SHAKSPERE.—1 Henry IV., Act v., scene 4.

Go forward and be choked with thy ambition !

SHAKSPERE.—1 Henry VI., Act ii., scene 4.

Choked with ambition of the meaner sort.

SHAKSPERE.—1 Henry VI., Act ii., scene 5.

Pride went before, ambition follows him.

SHAKSPERE.—2 Henry VI., Act i., scene 1.

*AMEN*.—Amen ! responded my uncle Toby, laying his hand up his heart.

STERNE.—Tristram Shandy, Volume ix., chapter vi.

I had most need of blessing, and amen stuck in my throat.

SHAKSPERE.—Macbeth, Act ii., scene 2.

(Macbeth to his Lady.)

*AMONG*.—They went out from us, but they were not of us ; for if they had been of us, they would no doubt have continued with us.

ST. JOHN.—Epistle i., chapter ii, verse 19.

I stood

Among them, but not of them.

BYRON.—Childe Harold, Canto iii., stanza 113.

*AMOROUS*.—Still amorous, and fond, and billing,  
 Like Philip and Mary on a shilling.

BUTLER.—Hudibras, Part iii., canto i., line 687.

ANCIENT.—The Ancient of Days.

DANIEL, chapter vii., verse 9. (The Deity.)

The Ancients of his people.

ISAIAH, chap. iii., ver. 14; JEREMIAH, chap. xix., ver. 1.

My Ancient.

SHAKSPERE.—Othello, Act i., scene 3.

(The Moor to the Duke.)

ANGELS.—“In a fortnight or three weeks,” added my uncle Toby, smiling, “he might march.” “He will never march, an’ please your honour, in this world,” said the corporal. “He *will* march,” said my uncle Toby, rising up from the side of the bed, with one shoe off. “An’ please your honour,” said the corporal, “he will never march but to his grave.” “He *shall* march,” cried my uncle Toby, marching the foot which had a shoe on, though without advancing an inch; “he *shall* march to his regiment.” “He cannot stand it,” said the corporal. “He shall be supported,” said my uncle Toby. “He’ll drop at last,” said the corporal, “and what will become of his boy?” “He *shall* not drop,” said my uncle Toby, firmly. “A-well-a-day! do what we can for him,” said Trin, maintaining his point, “the poor soul will die.” “*He shall not die, by G—!*” cried my uncle Toby. The *Accusing Spirit*, which flew up to Heaven’s chancery with the oath, blushed as he gave it in; and the *Recording Angel*, as he wrote it down, dropped a tear up the word, and blotted it out forever.

STERNE.—Tristram Shandy, Volume vi., chapter 8.

But sad as angels for the good man’s sin,

Weep to record, and blush to give it in.

CAMPBELL.—Pleasures of Hope, Part ii.

*There* written, all

Black as the damning drops that fall

From the denouncing angel’s pen,

Ere mercy weeps them out again.

TOM MOORE.—Paradise and the Peri in Lallah Rookh.

[Both Campbell and Moore seem to have imitated Sterne.]

The accusing BYERS flew up to Heaven’s chancery,

Blushing like scarlet with shame and concern;

The Archangel took down his tale, and in answer he

Wept. (See the works of the late Mr. Sterne.)

Indeed, it is said, a less taking both were in

When after a lapse of a great many years,

They book’d Uncle Toby five shillings for swearing,

And blotted the fine out again with their tears.

THOMAS INGOLDSBY.—A Lay of St. Nicholas.

[The person here designated the “accusing Byers” was a prince of informers against stage coachmen in their day, whom he accused of overloading and the like, and gained a livelihood by laying information before the Justices.]

*ANGELS*.—And thus, like to an angel o'er the dying  
Who die in righteousness, she lean'd.

BYRON.—Don Juan, Canto ii., stanza 144.

O, the more angel she,  
And you the blacker devil!

SHAKSPERE.—Othello, Act v., scene 2.

(Emilia to Othello.)

Angels and ministers of grace, defend us!

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act i., scene 4.

(The Ghost Scene.)

*ANGER*.—Why, look you, how you storm!

I would be friends with you, and have your love.

SHAKSPERE.—Merchant of Venice, Act i., scene 3.

(Shylock to Antonio.)

In a troubled sea of passion toss'd.

MILTON.—Paradise Lost, Book x., line 718.

Anger is like

A full-hot horse; who, being allow'd his way,  
Self-mettle tires him.

SHAKSPERE.—Henry VIII., Act i., scene 1.

(Norfolk to Buckingham.)

Never anger

Made good guard for itself.

SHAKSPERE.—Antony and Cleopatra, Act iv., scene 1.

(Mecænas to Cæsar.)

You shall see—I'll sweeten her, and she'll cool like a dish of tea.

COLLEY CIBBER.—The Careless Husband, Act iv., sc. 1.

And to be wroth with one we love

Doth work like madness in the brain.

COLERIDGE.—Christabel, Part ii.

*ANGUISH*.—One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish;

One desperate grief cures with another's languish.

SHAKSPERE.—Romeo and Juliet, Act i., scene 2.

(Benvolio to Romeo.)

Grief finds some ease by him that like does bear.

SPENSER.—Daphnaida, line 67.

The man who melts

With social sympathy, though not allied,

Is of more worth than a thousand kinsmen.

EURIPIDES.—Orestes, 805.—(Dr. Ramage, 133.)

Nor light the recompense, when they who hear,

Melt at the melancholy tale, and drop—

In pity drop, the sympathizing tear.

ÆSCHYLUS.—Prometheus, 637.—(Dr. Ramage, 8.)

(Beautiful Thoughts from Greek Authors.)

ANNALS.—The short and simple annals of the poor.

GRAY.—Elegy, verse 8.

ANNIHILATE.—Ye gods, annihilate but space and time,  
And make two lovers happy.

POPE.—Martin Scriblerus, chapter xi.

ANTHEM.—Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault  
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

GRAY.—Elegy, verse 10.

ANTICIPATION.—Well, Sir Anthony, since you desire it, we will not  
*anticipate the past*; so mind, young people, our *retrospection* will now  
be all to the *future*.

SHERIDAN.—The Rivals, Act iv., scene 2.

APOTHECARY.—I do remember an apothecary,  
And hereabouts he dwells.

SHAKSPERE.—Romeo and Juliet, Act v., scene 1.

(To himself.)

Long has he been of that amphibious fry,  
Bold to prescribe and busy to apply.

DR. GARTH.—The Dispensary, Canto ii., line 118.

APPAREL.—Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,  
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy;  
For the apparel oft proclaims the man.

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act i., scene 3.

(Polonius to Laertes.)

A civil habit oft covers a good man.

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.—Beggars Bush, Act ii., sc. 3.

A loyal bosom in a garb uncouth.

PYE.—Alfred, Book ii., line 558.

As the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,  
So honour peereth in the meanest habit.

SHAKSPERE.—Taming of the Shrew, Act iv., scene 3.

(Petruchio to Catherine.)

Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear;  
Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. Plate sin with gold,  
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks;  
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.

SHAKSPERE.—King Lear, Act iv., sc. 6. (Lear to Gloster.)

Marry, come up, sir, with your gentle blood!  
Here's a red stream beneath this coarse blue doublet,  
That warms the heart as kindly as if drawn  
From the far source of old Assyrian kings.

SCOTT.—Fortunes of Nigel, chapter xxxi.



*APPAREL*.—Opinion's but a fool, that makes us scan  
The outward habit by the inward man.

SHAKSPERE.—Pericles, Act ii., scene 2.

(Simonides to the Lords.)

How greatest geniuses oft lie concealed.

PLAUTUS.—Captivi, Act i., scene 2. (Riley.)

*APPEAL*.—I appeal unto Cæsar.

ST. PAUL, answering for himself before Festus. Acts of  
the Apostles, chapter xxv., verse 11.

I have heard of a judge who, upon the criminal's appeal to the dreadful  
day of judgment, told him he had incurred a *premunire* for appealing  
to a foreign jurisdiction.

SWIFT.—The Drapier's Letter to Viscount Molesworth.

*APPENDIX*.—A small appendix of mine.

FOOTE.—The Lame Lover, Act iii.

*APPETITE*.—Here's neither want of appetite nor mouths ;  
Pray Heaven we be not scant of meat or mirth.

SCOTT.—Peveril of the Peak, chapter iii.

Appetite comes with eating, said Angeston.

RABELAIS.—Gargantua i., 5 ; So, Hamlet, Act i., scene 2.

[Where, referring to his mother's affection for the late King, he exclaims, "Heaven  
and earth ! must I remember ? Why, she would hang on him as if increase of appetite  
had grown by what it fed on."]

Why, at this rate, a fellow that has but a groat in his pocket, may  
have a stomach capable of a ten-shilling ordinary.

CONGREVE.—Love for Love, Act ii., scene 7.

A stomach as sharp as a shark's ; never was in finer condition for feeding.

FOOTE.—The Patron, Act i.

Doth not the appetite alter ? A man loves the meat in his youth that  
he cannot endure in his age.

SHAKSPERE.—Much Ado About Nothing, Act ii., scene 3.  
(Benedick.)

*APPLAUD*.—I would applaud thee to the very echo  
That should applaud again.

SHAKSPERE.—Macbeth, Act v., scene 3.  
(Macbeth to the Doctor.)

*APPLAUSE*.—The applause of a single human being is of great consequence.

DR. JOHNSON, 1780 (Boswell).

So was that which

From the Alehouse and the inn

Opening on the narrow street,

Came the loud convivial din,

Singing and applause of feet.

LONGFELLOW.—Oliver Basselin, verse 7.

*APPLES*.—While tumbling down the turbid stream,  
Lord love us! how we apples swim.

*MALLET*.—Tyburn.

*APPLIANCES*.—With all appliances and means to boot.

*SHAKSPERE*.—2 Henry IV., Act iii., scene 1.

(The King's Soliloquy to Sleep.)

*APPREHENSION*.—O God help me! God help me! how long have  
you possess'd apprehension?

*SHAKSPERE*.—Much Ado About Nothing, Act iii., scene 4.

(Beatrice to Margaret.)

The apprehension of the good  
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse.

*SHAKSPERE*.—Richard II., Act i., scene 3.

(Bolingbroke to Gaunt.)

*APPROBATION*.—Approbation from Sir Hubert Stanley, is praise  
indeed.

*MORTON*.—Cure for the Heart Ache, Act v., scene 2.

*APPROVING*.—One self-approving hour whole years outweighs.

*POPE*.—Essay on Man, Epistle iv., line 255.

*ARGUE*.—In arguing, too, the parson own'd his skill,  
For, e'en though vanquish'd, he could argue still.

*GOLDSMITH*.—Deserted Village, line 211.

*ARM'D*.—Arm'd at all points, exactly, cap-à-pie.

*SHAKSPERE*.—Hamlet, Act i., scene 2.

(Horatio to Hamlet.)

*ARMS*.—Arms and the man I sing.

*DRYDEN*.—Virgil, *Æneid*, line 1.

*ARROW*.—I have shot mine arrow o'er the house,  
And hurt my brother.

*SHAKSPERE*.—Hamlet, Act v., scene 2.

(Hamlet to Laertes.)

*ARROWS*.—When bows were bent, and darts were thrawn,  
For thrang scarce could they flee;  
The darts clove arrows as they met,  
The arrows dart the tree.

*SIR JOHN BRUCE*.—Hardyknute, 2 Percy Reliques, 109.

In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft,  
I shot his fellow of the self-same flight,  
The self-same way, with more advised watch  
To find the other; and, by adventuring both,  
I oft found both.

*SHAKSPERE*.—Merchant of Venice, Act i., scene 1.

(Bassanio to Antonio.)

*ART.*—To me more dear; congenial to my heart,  
One native charm, than all the gloss of art.

*GOLDSMITH.*—Deserted Village, line 253.

And, even while Fashion's brightest arts decoy,  
The heart distrusting asks, if this be joy?

*GOLDSMITH.*—*Ibid.*, line 263.

Art is long and time is fleeting,

And our hearts though stout and brave,  
Still, like muffled drums are beating

Funeral marches to the grave.

*LONGFELLOW.*—Psalm of Life, verse 4.

Other slow arts entirely keep the brain.

*SHAKSPERE.*—Love's Labor's Lost, Act iv., scene 3.

They are the books, the arts, the academes,  
That show, contain, and nourish all the world.

*SHAKSPERE.*—Love's Labor's Lost, Act iv., scene 3.

Nature shows art,

That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart.

*SHAKSPERE.*—Midsummer Night's Dream, Act ii., scene 2.

He that hath learned no wit by nature nor art may complain of good-  
breeding.

*SHAKSPERE.*—As You Like It, Act iii., scene 2.

A magician most profound in his art and yet not damnable.

*SHAKSPERE.*—As You Like It, Act v., scene 2.

Laboring art can never ransom nature

From her inaidible estate.

*SHAKSPERE.*—All's Well That Ends Well, Act ii., scene 1.

I know most sure

My art is not past power nor you past cure.

*SHAKSPERE.*—*Ibid.*

O, had I but followed the arts!

*SHAKSPERE.*—Twelfth Night, Act i., scene 3.

There is an art which in their piedness shares  
With great creating nature.

*SHAKSPERE.*—Winter's Tale, Act iv., scene 4.

Over that art

Which you say adds to nature, is an art  
That nature makes.

*SHAKSPERE.*—*Ibid.*

This is in art

Which does mend nature, change it rather, but  
The art itself is nature.

*SHAKSPERE.*—*Ibid.*

*ART.*—Can trace me in the tedious ways of art  
And hold me pace in deep experiments.

SHAKSPERE.—1 Henry IV., Act iii., scene 1.

Poor and mangled Peace,  
Dear nurse of arts, plenties, and joyful births.

SHAKSPERE.—Henry V., Act v., scene 2.

Bethink thee on her virtues that surmount,  
And natural graces that extinguish art.

SHAKSPERE.—Henry VI., Part i., Act v., scene 3.

*ARTILLERY.*—The artillery of her eye.

COWLEY.—The Chronicle, verse 8.

Heaven's great artillery.

CRAWSHAW.—The Flaming Heart, line 56.

Th' artillery of the skies.

SWIFT.—Ode to Temple, verse 6.

Love's great artillery.

CRAWSHAW.—On a Prayer Book, line 9.

*ASHES.*—E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,  
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

GRAY.—Elegy, verse 23. CHAUCER.—The Reeve's Prol.,  
line 3380. ADDISON's Translation of Cowley's Epitaph,  
last line.

Snatch from the ashes of your sires  
The embers of their former fires.

BYRON.—The Giaour, paragraph 5.

And peopled kingdom's into ashes turn !

ADDISON.—Ovid's Meta., Book ii.

Our best remains are ashes and a shade.

FRANCIS.—Horace, Book iv., ode 7.

*ASS.*—O, that he were here, to write me down, an ass !

O, that I had been writ down, an ass !

SHAKSPERE.—Much Ado About Nothing, Act iv., scene 2.  
(Dogberry.)

*ASSEMBLY.*—Is our whole *dissembly* appeared ?

SHAKSPERE.—Ibid.

*ASSURANCE.*—I'll make assurance doubly sure,  
And take a bond of fate.

SHAKSPERE.—Macbeth, Act iv., scene 1.  
(Macbeth and the Apparition.)

*ASTONISHMENT.*—The whole company were in astonishment ; whist  
stood still ; quadrille laid down the cards ; and brag was in suspense.

MURPHY.—The Way to Keep Him, Act ii.

*ASTONISHMENT*.—The sempster sat still as I pass'd by,  
And dropt her needle ! fishwives stayed their cry !

BEN JONSON.—Time Vindicated.

The steer forgot to graze.

TENNYSON.—The Gardener's Daughter.

A tale which holdeth children from their play, and old men from the chimney corner.

SIDNEY.—Apology for Poetry. (Arber's reprint, 40.)

He caught the attention of both old and young—labour stood still as he passed—the bucket hung suspended in the middle of the well—the spinning-wheel forgot its round—even chuck-farthing and shufflecap themselves stood gaping till he had got out of sight.

STERNE.—Tristram Shandy, chapter x.; WM. COMBE, Doctor Syntax, chapter v.

*ATHENS*.—The eye of Greece, mother of art and eloquence.

MILTON.—Paradise Regained, Book iv., line 240.

*ATTICUS*.—Who but must laugh, if such a man there be ?  
Who would not weep, if Atticus were he ?

POPE.—Prol. to Sat., line 213.

*AUDIENCE*.—Let me have audience for a word or two.

SHAKSPERE.—As You Like It, Act v., scene 4.  
(Jacques to De Bois.)

*AULD LANG SYNE*.—Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And never brought to min' ?

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And days o' lang syne ?

BURNS.—Auld Lang Syne, verse 1.

*AUSTERITY*.—Here's a starch'd piece of austerity !

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.—The Wild Goose Chase, Act i., scene 3.

*AUTHOR*.—1. Madame, a man in marvellous foul linen, bedaggled all over, and who, so please you, looks very much like a poet, wants to speak with you.

2. Shew him up ; don't stir, gentlemen, 'tis but an author.

LE SAGE.—Gil Blas, Volume i., Book iii., chapter ii.

Cottle was the author of four epic poems, and a new kind of blacking.

DE QUINCEY.

Authors alone, with more than savage rage,  
Unnatural war with brother authors wage.

CHURCHILL.—The Apology, line 28.



*AUTHORITY*.— Man, proud man !  
Dress'd in a little brief authority :  
Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd.  
His glassy essence—like an angry ape  
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,  
As make the angels weep.

SHAKSPERE.—Measure for Measure, Act ii., scene 2.  
(Isabella to Angelo.)

Thus can the demigod Authority  
Make us pay down.

SHAKSPERE.—Measure for Measure, Act i., scene 2.

Thieves for their robbery have authority  
When judges steal themselves.

SHAKSPERE.—Measure for Measure, Act ii., scene 2.

Authority, though it err like others,  
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself.

SHAKSPERE.—Ibid.

Hence hath offence his quick celerity,  
When it is borne in high authority.

SHAKSPERE.—Measure for Measure, Act iv., scene 2.

For my authority bears of a credent bulk,  
That no particular scandal once can touch.

SHAKSPERE.—Measure for Measure, Act iv., scene 4.

O, what authority and show of truth  
Can cunning sin cover itself withal !

SHAKSPERE.—Much Ado About Nothing, Act iv., scene 1.

Small have continual plodders ever won  
Save base authority from others' books.

SHAKSPERE.—Love's Labor's Lost, Act i., scene 1.

Most sweet Hercules !  
More authority, dear boy, name more.

SHAKSPERE.—Love's Labor's Lost, Act i., scene 2.

If law, authority, and power deny not,  
It will go hard with poor Antonio.

SHAKSPERE.—Merchant of Venice, Act iii., scene 2.

I beseech you,  
Wrest once the law to your authority.

SHAKSPERE.—Merchant of Venice, Act iv., scene 1.

*AUTUMN*.—All-cheering plenty, with her flowing horn,  
Led yellow Autumn, wreath'd with nodding corn.

BURNS.—Brigs of Ayr.

*AUTUMN*.—Crown'd with the sickle and the wheaten sheaf,  
While Autumn, nodding o'er the yellow plain,  
Comes jovial on.

THOMSON.—Autumn, line 1.

Behold congenial Autumn comes,  
The Sabbath of the year!

LOGAN.—The Country in Autumn, verse 1.

Boughs are daily rifled  
By the gusty thieves,  
And the book of Nature  
Getteth short of leaves.

HOOD.—The Seasons, verse 2.

*AVOIDED*.—Of all men else I have avoided thee;  
But get thee back.

SHAKSPERE.—Macbeth, Act v., scene 7.  
(Macbeth to Macduff.)

*AWAKE*.—Awake, Æolian lyre, awake!

GRAY.—Progress of Poesy, line 1.

Awake, arise, or be forever fallen!

MILTON.—Paradise Lost, Book i., line 330.

Awake up, my glory; awake, lute and harp!

PSALM lvii., verse 9.

Awake, my St. John! leave all meaner things  
To low ambition, and the pride of kings.

POPE.—Essay on Man, line 1.

Awake,

My fairest, my espoused, my latest found,  
Heaven's last best gift, my ever new delight!

MILTON.—Paradise Lost, Book v., lines 18, 19.  
(Adam to Eve.)

I would meet my Creator awake.

MARIA THERESA.—The Empress of Austria on her death-bed.

(From Alison's History of Europe, chap. ix., s. 48.)

*AWE*.—The roaring cataract, the snow-topt hill,  
Inspiring awe, till breath itself stands still.

BLOOMFIELD.—Farmer's Boy, Spring.

I cannot tell what you and other men  
Think of this life; but, for my single self,  
I had as lief not be, as live to be  
In awe of such a thing as I myself.

SHAKSPERE.—Julius Cæsar, Act i., scene 2.  
(Cassio to Brutus.)

*A Y.*—Ay, marry is't.

*SHAKSPERE.*—Hamlet, Act i., scene 4.  
(Hamlet to Horatio.)

*BABE.*—Bent o'er her babe, her eye dissolved in dew;  
The big drops mingling with the milk he drew,  
Gave the sad presage of his future years,  
The child of misery, baptiz'd in tears!

*LANGHORNE.*—The Country Justice.

*BACHELOR.*—When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married.

*SHAKSPERE.*—Much Ado About Nothing, Act ii., scene 3.  
(Beneditck to himself.)

Broom-groves,  
Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves.

*SHAKSPERE.*—Tempest, Act iv., scene 1.

Shall I never see a bachelor of threescore again?

*SHAKSPERE.*—Much Ado About Nothing, Act i., scene 1.

And the fine is, for the which I may go the finer, I will live a bachelor.

*SHAKSPERE.*—Ibid.

He shows me where the bachelors sit, and there live we as merry as the day is long.

*SHAKSPERE.*—Much Ado About Nothing, Act ii., scene 1.

Such separation as may well be said  
Becomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid.

*SHAKSPERE.*—Midsummer Night's Dream, Act ii., sc. 2.

So is the forehead of a married man more honorable than the base brow of a bachelor.

*SHAKSPERE.*—As You Like It, Act iii., scene 3.

This youthful parcel  
Of noble bachelors stand at my bestowing.

*SHAKSPERE.*—All's Well that Ends Well, Act ii., scene 3.

Inquire me out contracted bachelors, such as had been asked twice on the banns.

*SHAKSPERE.*—1 Henry IV., Act iv., scene 2.

Crowing as if he had writ man ever since his father was a bachelor.

*SHAKSPERE.*—2 Henry IV., Act i., scene 2.

And sure as death I swore I would not part a bachelor from the priest.

*SHAKSPERE.*—Titus Andronicus, Act i., scene 1.

Wisely and truly: wisely I say, I am a bachelor.

*SHAKSPERE.*—Julius Cæsar, Act iii., scene 3.

*BACKING*.—Call you that backing of your friends?  
A plague upon such backing!

SHAKSPERE.—1 Henry IV., Act ii., scene 4.  
(Falstaff to Poins.)

*BACON*.—If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shined,  
The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind.

POPE.—Essay on Man, Epistle iv., line 281.

*BAG AND BAGGAGE*.—Come, shepherd, let us make an honorable retreat, though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage.

SHAKSPERE.—As You Like It, Act iii., scene 2.  
(Touchstone to Corin.)

It will let in and out the enemy,  
With bag and baggage.

SHAKSPERE.—Winter's Tale, Act i., scene 2.  
(Leontes to himself.)

Take her to yourselves, with pigs and with basket.

RILEY's Plautus.—Vol. II. The Mercator, Act v., scene 4.  
[Analogous to our phrases, "bag and baggage," "stump and rump."]

*BAIT*.—Your bait of falsehood takes the carp of truth.

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act ii., scene 1.  
(Polonius to Reynaldo.)

*BALAAM*.—And sad Sir Balaam curses God and dies.

POPE.—Moral Essays, Epistle iii., last line.

*BALANCE*.—The doubtful beam long nods from side to side.

POPE.—Rape of the Lock, Canto v., line 73.

First he weigh'd

The pendulous round earth with balanced air,  
In counterpoise, now ponders all events,  
Battles and realms; in these he put two weights,  
The sequel each of parting and of fight;  
The latter quick up flew, and kick'd the beam.

MILTON.—Paradise Lost. Book iv., line 999; SHENSTONE,  
Economy, Part i; CHURCHILL, Independence.

*BALLAD*.—A ballad to the wandering moon.

TENNYSON.—In Memoriam, Canto 86, verse 8.

Thespis, the first professor of our art,  
At country wakes sung ballads from a cart.

DRYDEN.—Prologue to Sophonisba.

**BALLOT.**—If the voting tablet is pleasing to the people, which holds up to view the countenance, while it conceals the intensions, and gives a man liberty to do what he wishes, but to promise what is asked of him; why do you wish that to be used in a court of justice which is not done at the comitia?

CICERO.—*Cn. Planc.* 6. (The *comitia* in ancient Rome were assemblies of the people.)

I am of the same opinion as you have always been, that open *viva voce* voting is the best method at elections.

CICERO.—*De Legibus*, 3, 15.

The noise and jollity of a ballot mob must be such as the very devils would look on with delight—a set of deceitful wretches—a wholesale bacchanalian fraud—a *posse comitatus* of liars.

THE REV. SIDNEY SMITH. *Wit and Wisdom.* 3d Ed., p. 205. (Longman.)

**BALSAM.**—Is this the balsam that the usuring senate pours into captains' wounds?

SHAKSPERE.—*Timon of Athens*, Act iii., scene 5.  
(Alcibiades to himself.)

**BANE.**—My death and life,  
My bane and antidote, are both before me.

ADDISON.—*Cato*, Act v., scene 1.

The bane of all that dread the devil.

WORDSWORTH.—*The Idiot Boy*.

**BANISH.**—Banish plump Jack, and banish all the world.

SHAKSPERE.—1 *Henry IV.*, Act ii., scene 4.  
(Falstaff to the Prince.)

**BANISHMENT.**—Eating the bitter bread of banishment.

SHAKSPERE.—*Richard II.*, Act iii., sc 1. (Bolingbroke.)

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.—*The Lover's Progress*, Act v., scene 1.

**BANKRUPT.**—A bankrout, a prodigal, who dare scarce show his head on the Rialto.

SHAKSPERE.—*Merchant of Venice*, Act iii., scene 1.  
(Shylock to Salarino.)

Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease.

DRYDEN.—*Absalom and Achithophel*.

What a bankrupt am I made

Of a full stock of blessings!

FORD.—*Perkin Warbeck*, Act iii., scene 2.



*BANNERS*.—Hang out our banners on the outward walls;  
The cry is' still—"They come!"

SHAKSPERE.—*Macbeth*, Act v., scene 5.  
(*Macbeth to Seyton and Soldiers.*)

*BAR*.—Sweat, and wrangle at the bar.

BEN JONSON.—*The Forest*, to Sir Robert Worth.

A group of wranglers from the bar,  
Suspending here their mimic war.

BLOOMFIELD.—*Banks of the Wye*, Book i.

*BARK*.—Oh! while along the stream of Time thy name  
Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame,  
Say, shall my little bark attendant sail,  
Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale?

POPE.—*Essay on Man*, Epistle iv., line 383.

*BARLEY-CORN*.—Inspiring bold John Barleycorn!  
What dangers thou canst make us scorn!

BURNS.—*Tam O'Shanter*, line 105.

*BARREN*.—I pity the man who can travel from *Dan* to *Beersheba*,  
and cry, 'Tis all barren.

STERNE.—*A street in Calais—Sentimental Journey*.

*BASE*.—Lewd fellows of the baser sort.

ACTS, chapter xvii., verse 5.

I saw them murd'ring in cold blood,  
Not the gentlemen, but wild and rude—  
The baser sort.

SCOTT.—*Waverley*, Preface to Third Edition.

A base perjury man.

COLMAN, JUN.—*Heir-at-Law*, Act iv., scene 1.

1. And how does noble Chamont?

2. Never ill, man, until I hear of baseness,  
Then I sicken.

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.—*Nice Valor*, Act i, scene 1.

To what base uses we may return, Horatio!

SHAKSPERE.—*Hamlet*, Act v., scene 1. (*Hamlet to him.*)

Base in kind, and born to be a slave.

COWPER.—*Table Talk*, line 28.

Base men, that use them to so base effect!

SHAKSPERE.—*Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act ii., scene 7.

One more than two.—

Which the base vulgar do call three.

SHAKSPERE.—*Love's Labor's Lost*, Act i., scene 2.

Things base and vile holding no quantity,  
Love can transpose to form.

SHAKSPERE.—*Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act i., scene 1.

*BASE.*—The base is right; 'tis the base knave that jars.

*SHAKSPERE.*—*Taming of the Shrew*, Act iii., scene 1.

Base men by his endowments are made great.

*SHAKSPERE.*—*Richard II.*, Act ii., scene 3.

I have sounded the very base-string of humility.

*SHAKSPERE.*—*1 Henry IV.*, Act ii., scene 4.

A foutre for the world and worldlings base!

I speak of Africa and golden joys.

*SHAKSPERE.*—*2 Henry IV.*, Act v., scene 3.

Base is the slave that pays.

*SHAKSPERE.*—*Henry V.*, Act ii., scene 1.

As fearfully as doth a galled rock

O'erhang and jutting his confounded base.

*SHAKSPERE.*—*Henry V.*, Act iii., scene 1.

There is none of you so mean and base,

That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.

*SHAKSPERE.*—*Ibid.*

The strong base and building of my love

Is as the very centre of the earth.

*SHAKSPERE.*—*Troilus and Cressida*, Act iv., scene 2.

I should prove so base,

To sue, and be denied such common grace.

*SHAKSPERE.*—*Timon of Athens*, Act iii., scene 5.

Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees

By which he did ascend.

*SHAKSPERE.*—*Julius Cæsar*, Act ii., scene 1.

Who is here so base that would be a bondman?

If any, speak.

*SHAKSPERE.*—*Julius Cæsar*, Act iii., scene 2.

To what base uses we may return, Horatio.

*SHAKSPERE.*—*Hamlet*, Act v., scene 1.

You base foot-ball player.

*SHAKSPERE.*—*King Lear*, Act i., scene 4.

'Tis the plague of great ones;

Prerogativèd are they less than the base.

*SHAKSPERE.*—*Othello*, Act iii., scene 3.

Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away

Richer than all his tribe.

*SHAKSPERE.*—*Othello*, Act v., scene 2.

Base and unlustrous as the smoky light

That's fed with stinking tallow.

*SHAKSPERE.*—*Cymbeline*, Act i., scene 6.

*BASILISK*.—It is a basilisk unto mine eye ;  
Kills me to look on't.

SHAKSPERE.—Cymbeline, Act ii, scene 4.  
(Posthumus to Iachimo.)

*BATTERY*.—Let him alone, I'll go another way to work with him ;  
I'll have an action of battery against him, if there be any law in  
Illyria ; though I struck him first, yet it's no matter for that.

SHAKSPERE.—Twelfth Night, Act iv., scene 1.  
(Sir Andrew to Sir Toby.)

Prove this, thou wicked Hannibal, or I'll have mine action of battery  
on thee.

SHAKSPERE.—Measure for Measure, Act ii., scene 1.  
(Elbow to Escalus.)

Why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the sconce  
with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery ?

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act v., sc. 1. (Hamlet to Horatio.)

*BATTLE*.—For Freedom's battle once begun,  
Bequeath'd by bleeding sire to son,  
Though baffled oft is ever won.

BYRON.—The Giaour, line 123.

What a charming thing's a battle !

BICKERSTAFF.—The Recruiting Sergeant, scene 4.

But when all is past, it is humbling to tread  
O'er the weltering field of the tombless dead.

BYRON.—Siege of Corinth, Div. 17.

Battle of the ancient and modern Books.

SWIFT's Life 128. (By Roscoe.)

Besides I say, and will in battle prove,  
Or here or elsewhere.

SHAKSPERE.—Richard II., Act i., scene 1.

My dancing soul doth celebrate  
This feast of battle with mine adversary.

SHAKSPERE.—Richard II., Act i., scene 3.

The battle with the Centaurs, to be sung  
By an Athenian eunuch to the harp.

SHAKSPERE.—Midsummer Night's Dream, Act v., scene 1.

Our battle is more full of names than yours,  
Our men more perfect.

SHAKSPERE.—2 Henry IV., Act iv., scene 1.

You shall hear  
A fearful battle rendered you in music.

SHAKSPERE.—Henry V., Act i., scene 1.

*BATTLE.*—We would not seek a battle as we are ;  
Nor, as we are, we say we will not shun it.

SHAKSPERE.—Henry V., Act iii., scene 6.

Through their paly flames  
Each battle sees the other's umbered face.

SHAKSPERE.—Henry V., Act iv., Prol.

I am afeared there are few die well that die in a battle.

SHAKSPERE.—Henry V., Act iv., scene 1.

To demonstrate the life of such a battle,  
In life so lifeless as it shows itself.

SHAKSPERE.—Henry V., Act iv., scene 2.

In plain shock and even play of battle,  
Was ever known so great and little loss ?

SHAKSPERE.—Henry V., Act iv., scene 8.

*BE.*—The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be ; and that  
which is done, is that which shall be done ; and there is no new thing  
under the sun.

SOLOMON.—Ecclesiastes, chapter i, verse 9.

What has been, may be ; and what may be, may be supposed to be.

SWIFT.—A Further Search, etc. (See Appendix, page  
832, in Roscoe's Life of Swift, Vol. ii.

Things and actions are what they are, and the consequences of them  
will be what they will be.

BISHOP BUTLER.—Sermon 7 at the Rolls.

Everything is what it is, and not another thing.

BISHOP BUTLER.—Pref. to the Rolls Sermons, p. 16.

To be, or not to be, that is the question ;  
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer  
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,  
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,  
And, by opposing, end them ?

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act iii., scene 1.

(His Soliloquy on life and death.)

To be, contents his natural desire,  
He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire ;  
But thinks admitted to that equal sky,  
His faithful dog shall bear him company.

POPE.—Essay on Man, Epi. i., line 109.

*BEARDS.*—How many cowards wear yet upon their chins  
The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars !

SHAKSPERE.—Merchant of Venice, Act iii., scene 2.

(Bassanio to himself.)

*BEARDS.*—Ambiguous things that ape  
Goats in their visage, women in their shape.

BYRON.—The Waltz.

What a beard hast thou got! thou hast got more hair on thy chin  
than Dobbin my phill-horse has on his tail.

SHAKSPERE.—Merchant of Venice, Act ii., scene 2.  
(Gobo to his Son.)

1. His beard was grizzly? no.

2. It was, as I have seen it in his life,

A sable silver'd.

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act i., scene 2.  
(Hamlet and Horatio.)

Such a beard as youth gone out  
Had left in ashes.

TENNYSON.—Idylls of the King, Vivien.

So much a clown in gait and laugh,  
He wanted but a scrip and staff;  
And such a beard as hung in candles  
Down to Diogenes's sandals,  
And planted all his chin thick,  
Like him a dirty cynic.

CAWTHORNE.—Birth and Education of Genius.

A beard like an artichoke, with dry shrivelled jaws.

SHERIDAN.—The Duenna, Act iii., scene 7.

His beard as any sow or fox was red,  
And thereto broad as though it were a spade.

CHAUCER.—Prol. to the Canterbury Tales, line 554.

Preferring sense from chin that's bare,  
To nonsense throned in whisker'd hair.

GREEN.—The Spleen, line 750.

And there he lies with a great beard, like a Russian bear upon a drift  
of snow.

CONGREVE.—The Double Dealer, Act iii., scene 5.

Sir, you have the most insinuating manner, but indeed you should get  
rid of that odious beard—one might as well kiss a hedgehog.

SHERIDAN.—The Duenna, Act ii., scene 2.

His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops  
From eaves of reeds.

SHAKSPERE.—Tempest, Act v., scene 1.

Does he not wear a great round beard, like a glover's paring-knife?

SHAKSPERE.—Merry Wives of Windsor, Act i., scene 4.

A little wee face, with a little yellow beard, a Cain-colored beard.

SHAKSPERE.—Ibid.



*BEARDS*.—I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face.

SHAKSPERE.—*Much Ado About Nothing*, Act ii., scene 1.

He that hath a beard is more than a youth, and he that hath no beard is less than a man.

SHAKSPERE.—*Ibid*.

Indeed, he looks younger than he did, by the loss of a beard.

SHAKSPERE.—*Much Ado About Nothing*, Act iii., scene 2.

God's blessing on your beard !—Good sir, be not offended.

SHAKSPERE.—*Love's Labor's Lost*, Act ii., scene 1.

A beard, fair health, and honesty ;

With three-fold love I wish you all these three.

SHAKSPERE.—*Love's Labor's Lost*, Act v., scene 2.

You, that did void your rheum upon my beard

And foot me.

SHAKSPERE.—*Merchant of Venice*, Act i., scene 3.

What a beard hast thou got !

SHAKSPERE.—*Merchant of Venice*, Act ii., scene 2.

*BEASTS*.—A beast that wants discourse of reason.

SHAKSPERE.—*Hamlet*, Act i., scene 2.

(On his mother's marriage to his uncle.)

Here comes a pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongues are called fools.

SHAKSPERE.—*As You Like It*, Act v., scene 4.

(Jaques to Orlando.)

*BEAUTEOUS*.—For rarely do we meet in one combined,

A beauteous body and a virtuous mind.

JUVENAL.—*Transl. by Gifford*, Sat. x., line 297.

What's female beauty but an air divine

Through which the mind's all-gentle graces shine.

DR. YOUNG.—*Satire vi.*, line 151.

How beauteous mankind is ! O brave new world,

That has such people in't !

SHAKSPERE.—*Tempest*, Act v., scene 1.

True, that thou art beauteous ; truth itself, that thou art lovely.

SHAKSPERE.—*Love's Labor's Lost*, Act iv., scene 1.

Beauteous as ink ; a good conclusion.

Fair as a text B in a copy-book.

SHAKSPERE.—*Love's Labor's Lost*, Act v., scene 2.

Or with taper-light

To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish.

SHAKSPERE.—*King John*, Act iv., scene 2.

*BEAUTIES* no richer than rich taffeta.

SHAKSPERE.—*Love's Labor's Lost*, Act v., scene 2.

*BEAUTIFIED*.—Seeing you are beautified

With goodly shape.

SHAKSPERE.—*Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act iv., scene 1.

That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase; "beautified" is a vile phrase.

SHAKSPERE.—*Hamlet*, Act ii., scene 2.

*BEAUTIFUL*.—Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

SHAKSPERE.—*Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act iii., sc. 1.

I have loved her ever since I saw her; and still I see her beautiful.

SHAKSPERE.—*Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act ii., scene 1.

Far more beautiful

Than any woman in this waning age.

SHAKSPERE.—*Taming of the Shrew*, Induc. 2.

She's beautiful, and therefore to be wooed;

She is a woman, therefore to be won.

SHAKSPERE.—*1 Henry VI.*, Act v., scene 3.

Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!

Dove-feathered raven!

SHAKSPERE.—*Romeo and Juliet*, Act iii., scene 2.

*BEAUTY*.—Ay, my continent of beauty.

SHAKSPERE.—*Love's Labor's Lost*, Act iv., scene 1.

(Boyet to Rosaline.)

Beauty in distress shone like the sun

Piercing a Summer's cloud.

COLMAN, JUN.—*Battle of Hexham*, Act i., scene 3.

When beauty in distress appears,

An irresistless charm it bears:

In every breast does pity move,

Pity, the tenderest part of love.

YALDEN.—*To Captain Chamberlain*, Verse 3.

Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll;

Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.

POPE.—*Rape of the Lock*, Canto v., line 33.

Nature in various moulds has beauty cast,

And form'd the feature for each different taste:

This sighs for golden locks and azure eyes;

That for the gloss of sable tresses dies.

GAY.—*Dione*, Act iii., scene 1.

Were you with these, my prince, you'd soon forget

The pale, unripen'd beauties of the north.

ADDISON.—*Cato*, Act i.

BEAUTY.—'Tis not a set of features, nor complexion,  
The tincture of a skin that I admire ;  
Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover,  
Fades in the eye, and palls upon the sense.

ADDISON.—Cato, Act i., scene 1.

'Tis not a lip, or eye, we beauty call,  
But the joint force and full result of all.

POPE.—On Criticism, line 245.

Half light, half shade,  
She stood, a sight to make an old man young.

TENNYSON.—The Gardener's Daughter.

Where none admire, 'tis useless to excel ;  
Where none are beaux, 'tis vain to be a belle ;  
Beauty like wit, to judges should be shown ;  
Both most are valued where they best are known.

LYTTLETON.—Soliloquy of a Beauty, line 11.

Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,  
And beauty draws us with a single hair.

POPE.—Rape of the Lock, Canto ii., line 28.

She knows her man, and when you rant and swear,  
Can draw you to her with a single hair.

DRYDEN.—Sat. of Persius.

'Tis a powerful sex : they were too strong for the *first*, the *strongest*,  
and the *wisest* man that was ; they must needs be strong, when *one*  
*hair* of a woman can draw more than a hundred pair of oxen.

HOWELL.—Familiar Letters, Book ii., No. 4.  
(To T. D., Esq.)

And Beauty slumber'd in the arms of Love.

ROSCOE.—To Henry Fuseli. The Metrical Miscellany.

A thing of beauty is a joy forever :  
It's loveliness increases ; it will never  
Pass into nothingness.

KEATS.—Endymion, line 1.

Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night,  
As a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear.

SHAKSPERE.—Romeo and Juliet, Act i., scene 5.  
(Romeo to the Servant.)

Let him alone ;  
There's nothing that allays an angry mind  
So soon as a sweet beauty.

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.—The Elder Brother.

The beauty, that of late was in her flow'r, is now a ruin.

QUARLES.—Book i., No. ix., verse 5.

"Beauty is in the  
eyes of the beholder."

*BEAUTY.*—He's something stained  
With grief, that's beauty's canker.

*SHAKSPERE.*—*Tempest, Act i., scene 2.*

Shows all the beauty of the sun,  
And by and by a cloud takes all away.

*SHAKSPERE.*—*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act i., scene 3.*

So painted, to make her fair, that no man counts of her beauty.

*SHAKSPERE.*—*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act ii., scene 1.*

I mean that her beauty is exquisite, but her favor infinite.

*SHAKSPERE.*—*Ibid.*

Then let her beauty be her wedding-dower.

*SHAKSPERE.*—*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act iii., sc. 1.*

Say that upon the altar of her beauty  
You sacrifice your tears, your sighs.

*SHAKSPERE.*—*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act iii., sc. 2.*

Is she kind as she is fair?

For beauty lives with kindness.

*SHAKSPERE.*—*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act iv., sc. 2.*

What, have I 'scaped love-letters in the holiday-time of my beauty.

*SHAKSPERE.*—*Merry Wives of Windsor, Act ii., scene 1.*

Thou hast the right arched beauty of the brow that becomes the ship-  
tire.

*SHAKSPERE.*—*Merry Wives of Windsor, Act iii., scene 3.*

These black masks

Proclaim an enshield beauty.

*SHAKSPERE.*—*Measure for Measure, Act ii., scene 4.*

Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,  
To make thy riches pleasant.

*SHAKSPERE.*—*Measure for Measure, Act iii., scene 1.*

The goodness that is cheap in beauty makes beauty brief in goodness.

*SHAKSPERE.*—*Ibid.*

Hath homely age the alluring beauty took  
From my poor cheek?

*SHAKSPERE.*—*Comedy of Errors, Act ii., scene 1.*

I see the jewel best enamelled  
Will lose his beauty.

*SHAKSPERE.*—*Ibid.*

Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,  
I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die.

*SHAKSPERE.*—*Ibid.*

First he did praise my beauty, then my speech.

*SHAKSPERE.*—*Comedy of Errors, Act iv., scene 2.*

*BEAUTY*.—Exceeds her as much in beauty as the first of May doth the last of December.

*SHAKSPERE*.—*Much Ado About Nothing*, Act i., scene 1.

Thou wast ever an obstinate heretic in the despite of beauty.

*SHAKSPERE*.—*Ibid*.

For beauty is a witch,

Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.

*SHAKSPERE*.—*Much Ado About Nothing*, Act ii., scene 1.

On my eyelids shall conjecture hang,  
To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm.

*SHAKSPERE*.—*Much Ado About Nothing*, Act iv., scene 1.

Will you then write me a sonnet in praise of my beauty?

*SHAKSPERE*.—*Much Ado About Nothing*, Act v., scene 2.

My beauty, though but mean,  
Needs not the painted flourish of your praise.

*SHAKSPERE*.—*Love's Labor's Lost*, Act ii., scene 1.

Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,  
Not uttered by base sale of chapmen's tongues.

*SHAKSPERE*.—*Ibid*.

My beauty will be saved by merit!  
O heresy in fair, fit for these days!

*SHAKSPERE*.—*Love's Labor's Lost*, Act iv., scene 1.

Shall I teach you to know?—

Ay, my continent of beauty.

*SHAKSPERE*.—*Ibid*.

Beauty doth varnish age, as if new-born,  
And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy.

*SHAKSPERE*.—*Love's Labor's Lost*, Act iv., scene 3.

Where is a book?

That I may swear beauty doth beauty lack.

*SHAKSPERE*.—*Ibid*.

Have found the ground of study's excellence  
Without the beauty of a woman's face.

*SHAKSPERE*.—*Ibid*.

For where is any author in the world  
Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye?

*SHAKSPERE*.—*Ibid*.

Such fiery numbers as the prompting eyes  
Of beauty's tutors have enriched you with.

*SHAKSPERE*.—*Ibid*.

A light condition in a beauty dark.—

We need more light to find your meaning out.

*SHAKSPERE*.—*Love's Labor's Lost*, Act v., scene 2.



*BEAUTY*.—The lover, all as frantic,  
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt.

SHAKSPERE.—*Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act v., sc. 1.

Look on beauty,  
And you shall see 'tis purchased by the weight.

SHAKSPERE.—*Merchant of Venice*, Act iii., scene 2.

The beauteous scarf  
Veiling an Indian beauty.

SHAKSPERE.—*Ibid.*

Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

SHAKSPERE.—*As You Like It*, Act i., scene 3.

For honesty coupled to beauty is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

SHAKSPERE.—*As You Like It*, Act iii., scene 3.

I saw sweet beauty in her face,  
Such as the daughter of Agenor had.

SHAKSPERE.—*Taming of the Shrew*, Act i., scene 1.

Praised in every town,  
Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded.

SHAKSPERE.—*Taming of the Shrew*, Act ii., scene 1.

What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty,  
As those two eyes become that heavenly face?

SHAKSPERE.—*Taming of the Shrew*, Act iv., scene 5.

*BED*.—Who goes to bed, and doth not pray,  
Maketh two nights to every day.

GEORGE HERBERT.—*The Temple; Charms and Knots.*

Moss bestrowed

Must be their bed; their pillow was unsewed.

SPENSER.—*The Fairy Queen*, Book vi., chap. iv., stanza 14.

And spread around the rushes of repose.

SOUTHEY.—*Madoc*, pt. i., iii.

*BEES*.—He turned aside to see the carcase of the lion; and behold,  
there was a swarm of bees in the carcase.

JUDGES.—chap. xiv., v. 8; and see DAVIDSON's *Virgil*,  
by Buckley, Georgic iv.

'Tis seldom when the bee doth leave her comb in the dead carrion.

SHAKSPERE.—2 *Henry IV.*, act iv., scene 4.

(*The King to Warwick.*)

Where the bee sucks, there suck I.

SHAKSPERE.—*Tempest*, Act v., scene 1. (*A Song.*)

So work the honey bees;  
Creatures that, by a rule in nature, teach  
The act of order to a peopled kingdom.

SHAKSPERE.—*Henry V.*, Act i., scene 2. (*Canterbury.*)

*BEGGAR*.—A beggar begs that never begged before.

SHAKSPERE.—Richard II., Act v., scene .  
(The Duchess to Bolingbroke.)

Moody beggars, starving for a time  
Of pell-mell havock and confusion.

SHAKSPERE.—1 Henry IV., Act v., scene 1.  
(The King to Warwick.)

"I am unable," yonder beggar cries,  
"To stand or move." If he says true, he *lies*.

DR. DONNE.—Epigram.

When king Cophetua lov'd the beggar-maid.

SHAKSPERE.—Romeo and Juliet, Act ii., scene 1.  
(Mercutio to Benvolio.)

*BEGINNING*.—He has half the deed done, who has made a beginning.

HORACE.—By Smart, Book i., epistle 2.

When the ancients said that a work begun was half done, they meant  
that we ought to take the utmost pains in every undertaking to make  
a good beginning.

POLYBIUS.—V. 32. (Dr. Ramage, Beautiful Thoughts  
from Greek Authors.)

The mind must be excited to make a beginning.

SENECA.

The true beginning of our end.

SHAKSPERE.—Midsummer Night's Dream, Act v., sc. 1.  
(Enter Prologue.) A.D. 1600.

I see the beginning of my end, for I am almost starved.

MASSINGER.—The Virgin Martyr, Act iii., scene 3.  
(A.D. 1622.)

I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the  
last.

ST. JOHN.—The Revelation, Chapter xxii., verse 13.

Declaring the end from the beginning, and from the ancient times the  
things that are not yet done.

ISAIAH, Chapter xlvi., verse 10.

*BEHAVIOR*.—I will teach the children their behaviors.

SHAKSPERE.—Merry Wives of Windsor, Act iv., scene 4.

What an unweighed behavior hath this Flemish drunkard picked—with  
the devil's name!

SHAKSPERE.—Merry Wives of Windsor, Act ii., scene 1.

Seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviors  
to love.

SHAKSPERE.—Much Ado About Nothing, Act iii., scene 3.

*BEHAVIOR*.—Whom she hath in all outward behaviors seemed ever to abhor.

SHAKSPERE.—*Much Ado About Nothing*, Act ii., scene 3.

All his behaviors did make their retire  
To the court of his eye.

SHAKSPERE.—*Love's Labor's Lost*, Act ii., scene 1.

His gait majestical, and his general behavior vain, ridiculous, and thrasonical.

SHAKSPERE.—*Love's Labor's Lost*, Act v., scene 1.

Lest through thy wild behavior I be misconstrued.

SHAKSPERE.—*Merchant of Venice*, Act ii., scene 2.

The behavior of the country is most mockable at the court.

SHAKSPERE.—*As You Like It*, Act iii., scene 2.

Lest over-eying of his odd behavior.

SHAKSPERE.—*Taming of the Shrew*, Induc. 1.

This young man, for learning and behavior  
Fit for her turn, well read in poetry.

SHAKSPERE.—*Taming of the Shrew*, Act i., scene 2.

Her affability and bashful modesty,  
Her wondrous qualities and mild behavior.

SHAKSPERE.—*Taming of the Shrew*, Act ii., scene 1.

He was a frantic fool,  
Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behavior.

SHAKSPERE.—*Taming of the Shrew*, Act iii., scene 2.

*BELIEF*.—This would not be believ'd in Venice, though I should sware I saw't.

SHAKSPERE.—*Othello*, Act iv., scene 1.  
(Lodovico to Othello.)

And, to be King,

Stands not within the prospect of belief.

SHAKSPERE.—*Macbeth*, Act i., scene 3.  
(Macbeth to the Witches.)

I'll believe both ;

And what does else want credit, come to me,  
And I'll be sworn 'tis true.

SHAKSPERE.—*Tempest*, Act iii., scene 3.  
(Sebastian to Alonso.)

*BELLS*.—Silence that dreadful bell,  
It frights the Isle from her propriety.

SHAKSPERE.—*Othello*, Act ii., scene 3.

(The Moor, after the affray between Cassio and Montano.)

*BELLS*.—That all-softening, overpowering knell,  
The tocsin of the soul—the dinner bell.

BYRON.—Don Juan, Canto v., stanza 49.

There is in souls a sympathy with sounds ;  
How soft the music of those village bells,  
Falling at intervals upon the ear  
In cadence sweet, now dying all away.

COWPER.—The Task, Book vi., line 1.

Those evening bells ! those evening bells !  
How many a tale their music tells,  
Of youth, and home, and that sweet time,  
When last I heard their soothing chime !

TOM MOORE.—Vol. iv., page 157.

*BEND*.—Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,  
With 'bated breath, and whispering humbleness,  
Say this ?

SHAKSPERE.—Merchant of Venice, Act i., scene 3.  
(Shylock to Antonio.)

*BENEVOLENCE*.—The lessons of prudence have charms,  
And slighted may lead to distress ;  
But the man whom benevolence warms  
Is an angel who lives but to bless.

BLOOMFIELD.—The Banks of the Wye.

*BENT*.—They fool me to the top of my bent.

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act iii., scene 2.  
(The Prince to Polonius.)

*BEST*.—Who does the best his circumstance allows,  
Does well, acts nobly ; angels could no more.

DR. YOUNG.—Night ii., line 91.

*BETTER*.—A better man than his father.

SMART'S HORACE.—Book i., ode 15.

The better part of valor is discretion ; in the which better part I have  
saved my life.

SHAKSPERE.—1 Henry IV., Act v., scene 4.  
(Falstaff, after he had fallen down as if dead.)

Poor Jack, farewell !

I could have better spared a better man.

SHAKSPERE.—1 Henry IV., Act v., scene 4.  
(Prince Henry, who supposed him dead.)

*BIBLE*.—The sacred volume claimed their hearts alone,  
Which taught the way to glory and to God.

ANONYMOUS.—Collet's Rel. of Lit. 20.

*BIBLE*.—Whence but from Heaven, could men unskill'd in arts,  
In several ages born, in several parts,  
Weave such agreeing truths? or how, or why  
Should all conspire to cheat us with a lie?

DRYDEN.—*Religio Laici*, line 140.

Then for the style, majestic and divine,  
It speaks no less than God in every line;  
Commanding words; whose force is still the same  
As the first fiat that produced our frame.

DRYDEN.—*Ibid*, line 152.

Every leaf is a spacious plain; every link a flowing brook; every period  
a lofty mountain.

HERVEY.—*Descant upon Creation*.

Within that awful volume lies  
The Mystery of Mysteries!  
Happiest they of human race,  
To whom God has granted grace  
To read, to fear, to hope, to pray,  
To lift the latch and force the way;  
And better had they ne'er been born,  
Who read to doubt, or read to scorn.

SCOTT.—*The Monastery*, chap. xii.

Here there is milk for babes, whilst there is manna for Angels; truth  
level with the mind of a peasant, truth soaring beyond the reach of a  
Seraph.

REV. HUGH STOWELL.—Lecture at Exeter Hall, 28th  
November, 1854.

O may my understanding ever read  
This glorious volume, which thy wisdom made.

DR. YOUNG.—*The Last Day*, Book ii., line 331.

Carries her Bible tuck'd beneath his arm,  
And hides his hands to keep his fingers warm.

COWPER.—*Truth*, line 147.

And in that charter reads with sparkling eyes,  
Her title to a treasure in the skies.

COWPER.—*Truth*, line 329.

*BIBO*.—When Bibo thought fit from the world to retreat.

PRIOR.—*Bibo and Charon*.

*BIRDS*.—A bird of the air shall carry the voice, and that which hath  
wings shall tell the matter.

ECCLESIASTES, chapter x., verse 20.

Forewarn'd, if little bird their pranks behold,  
'Twill whisper in her ear, and all the scene unfold.

SHENSTONE.—*The Schoolmistress*, verse 17.



*BIRDS*.—A little bird in the air whispered the secret.

LONGFELLOW.—The Spanish Student, Act iii., scene 5.

There are no birds in last year's nest !

LONGFELLOW.—Miscellaneous Poems. (It is not always May.)

*BIRTH-DAY*.—Pleas'd to look forward, pleas'd to look behind,  
And count each birth-day with a grateful mind.

POPE.—2d Epistle to Book ii. of Horace, line 314.

Is that a birth-day ? 'tis alas ! too clear,

'Tis but the funeral of the former year.

POPE.—To Mrs. M. B., on her birth-day.

*BLACKGUARD*.—That each pull'd different ways with many an oath.  
"Arcades ambo," *id est*—blackguards both.

BYRON.—Don Juan, Canto iv., stanza 93.

*BLASPHEMY*.—Let not our streets with blasphemies resound,  
Nor lewdness whisper where the laws can reach.

DR. YOUNG.—On the Public Situation of the Kingdom,  
line 28.

And vows he would as soon read blasphemy.

HORACE WALPOLE.—Letter to Mason, July 5.

*BLAST*.—His rage, not his love, in that frenzy is shown,  
And the blast that blows loudest is soon overblown.

SMOLLETT.—Song, verse 1.

Sideral blast,

Vapor and mist, and exhalation hot,  
Corrupt and pestilent.

MILTON.—Paradise Lost, Book x.

*BLAZON*.—Nor florid prose, nor honeyed lies of rhyme,  
Can blazon evil deeds, or consecrate a crime.

BYRON.—Childe Harold, Canto i., stanza 3.

*BLEMISH*.—In nature there's no blemish but the mind ;  
None can be called deform'd but the unkind.

SHAKSPERE.—Twelfth Night, Act iii., scene 4.  
(Antonio musing.)

*BLESSED*.—Who breathes must suffer, and who thinks must mourn ;  
And he alone is blessed who ne'er was born.

PRIOR.—Solomon on the Vanity of the World.  
(Book iii., line 240.)

*BLESSINGS*.—With hearts resolved, and hands prepared,  
The blessings they enjoy to guard.

SMOLLETT.—Leven Water, last lines.

*BLESSINGS*.— Give thee my blessing? No, I'll ne'er  
Give thee my blessing; I'll see thee hang'd first;  
It shall ne'er be said I gave thee my blessing.

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.—The Knight of the Pestle,  
Act i., scene 4.

A cornucopia of blessings.

DE QUINCEY.—The Incognito.

*BLEST*.—Blest be that spot, where cheerful guests retire  
To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire;  
Blest that abode, where want and pain repair,  
And every stranger finds a ready chair;  
Blest be those feasts with simple plenty crown'd,  
Where all the ruddy family around  
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail;  
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale;  
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,  
And learn the luxury of doing good.

GOLDSMITH.—The Traveller, line 13.

*BLIND*.—I can no more believe old Homer blind,  
Than those who say the sun hath never shined;  
The age wherein he lived was dark; but He  
Could not want sight who taught the world to see.

DENHAM.—Progress of Learning, line 41.

*BLISS*.—We loathe what none are left to share:  
Even bliss—'twere woe alone to bear.

BYRON.—The Giaour.

On you be every bliss; and every day,  
In home-felt joys delighted, roll away,  
Yourselves, your wives, your long-descending race,  
May every God enrich with every grace.

POPE.—The Odyssey, Book xiii., line 56.

*BLOCKHEAD*.—Why, you metaphorical blockhead, why could you  
not say so at first?

MURPHY.—The Apprentice, Act i.

*BLOOD*.—Thoughts that would thicken my blood.

SHAKSPERE.—Winter's Tale, Act i., scene 2.  
(Polixenes to Leontes.)

What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards?  
Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards.

POPE.—Essay on Man, Epi. iv., line 215.

What bloody man is that?

SHAKSPERE.—Macbeth, Act i., scene 2.  
(Duncan meeting a bleeding soldier.)

*BLOOD*.—As fall the dews on quenchless sands,  
Blood only serves to wash ambition's hands.

BYRON.—Don Juan, Canto ix., stanza 59.

By the blood of the scratches.

REYNOLDS.—The Dramatist, Act iii., scene 1.

The strongest oats are straw  
To the fire i' the blood.

SHAKSPERE.—Tempest, Act iv., scene 1.

Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood,  
Advise me.

SHAKSPERE.—Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act iii., scene 1.

Stands at a guard with envy; scarce confesses  
That his blood flows.

SHAKSPERE.—Measure for Measure, Act i., scene 3.

A man whose blood  
Is very snow-broth.

SHAKSPERE.—Measure for Measure, Act i., scene 4.

The resolute acting of your blood  
Could have attained the effect of your own purpose.

SHAKSPERE.—Measure for Measure, Act ii., scene 1.

I'll to my brother:  
Though he hath fallen by prompture of the blood.

SHAKSPERE.—Measure for Measure, Act ii., scene 4.

In the heat of blood,  
And lack of tempered judgment afterward.

SHAKSPERE.—Measure for Measure, Act v., scene 1.

And all the conduits of my blood froze up.

SHAKSPERE.—Comedy of Errors, Act v., scene 1.

*BLOOM*.—O'er her warm cheek and rising bosom move,  
The bloom of young Desire and purple light of Love.

GRAY.—Progress of Poesy, Stanza 3.

Venus herself had breathed upon her son graceful looks, and the radiant  
bloom of youth, and breathed a sprightly lustre on his eyes.

VIRGIL.—The *Æneid*, Book i., line 590. (Davidson.)

Her bloom was like the springing flower,  
That sips the silver dew;

The rose was budded in her cheek,  
Just opening to the view.

MALLET.—Margaret's Ghost, 3 Percy Rel., page 393.

*BLOSSOMS*.—Soft infant blossoms their chaste odors pay,  
And roses blush their fragrant lives away.

GARTH.—The Dispensary, Canto vi., line 226.

*BLOSSOMS*.—But, undisturbed, they loiter life away,  
So wither green, and blossom in decay.

GARTH.—The Dispensary, Canto i., line 138.

*BLOT*.—Poets lose half the praise they should have got,  
Could it be known what they discreetly blot.

WALLER.—On Roscommon's Trans., *De Art. Poetica*.

Ev'n copious Dryden wanted, or forgot,  
The last and greatest art, the art to blot.

POPE.—To Augustus, Epistle i., line 280.

Not one immoral, one corrupted thought,  
One line which, dying, he could wish to blot.

LYTTLETON.—Prologue to Thomson's *Coriolagus*, Line 23.

No song  
Of mine, from youth to age, has left a stain  
I would blot out.

BOWLES.—Barnwell Hill, Part v., line 218.

It is a consolation that from youth to age, I have found no line I wished  
to blot, or departed a moment from the severer taste which I imbibed  
from the simplest and purest models of classical composition.

BOWLES.—Advertisement to St. John in Patmos.

I will excuse your blots upon paper, because they are the only blots  
that you ever did or ever will make.

SWIFT.—To Queensbury, 20th March, 1733.

*BLOW*.—I was most ready to return a blow,  
And would not brook at all this sort of thing,  
In my hot youth, when George the Third was king.

BYRON.—Don Juan, Canto i., stanza 212.

*BLUSH*.— I will go wash ;  
And when my face is fair, you shall perceive  
Whether I blush or no.

SHAKSPEARE.—Coriolanus, Act i., scene 9.  
(To his Generals.)

The rising blushes, which her cheek o'erspread,  
Are opening roses in the lily's bed.

GAY.—Dione, Act ii., scene 3.

The man that blushes, is not quite a brute.

DR. YOUNG.—Night vii., line 496.

Proceed, my son ! this youthful shame expel ;  
An honest business never blush to tell.

POPE.—The Odyssey, Book iii., line 19.

In morals blameless, as in manners meek,  
He knew no wish that he might blush to speak.

COWPER.—To the Memory of Dr. Lloyd, line 11.

*BLUSH*.—If blush thou must, then blush thou through  
A lawn; that thou may'st look  
As purest pearls, or pebbles do,  
When peeping through a brook.

*HERRICK*.—The Hesperides; to Julia, No. 70, Amatory  
Odes.

Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.

*SHAKSPEARE*.—Much Ado About Nothing, Act iv., scene 1.

I should blush, I know,  
To be o'erheard, and taken napping so.

*SHAKSPEARE*.—Love's Labor's Lost, Act iv., scene 3.

Cupid himself would blush  
To see me thus transformed to a boy.

*SHAKSPEARE*.—Merchant of Venice, Act ii., scene 6.

With safety of a pure blush thou mayst in honor come off again.

*SHAKSPEARE*.—As You Like It, Act i., scene 2.

I doubt not then but innocence shall make  
False accusation blush.

*SHAKSPEARE*.—Winter's Tale, Act iii., scene 2.

Thy cheeks

Blush for pure shame to counterfeit our roses.

*SHAKSPEARE*.—1 Henry VI., Act ii., scene 4.

Ne'er returneth

To blush and beautify the cheek again.

*SHAKSPEARE*.—2 Henry VI., Act iii., scene 2.

Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity!

*SHAKSPEARE*.—Richard III., Act i., scene 2.

If you can blush and cry "guilty," cardinal,  
You'll show a little honesty.

*SHAKSPEARE*.—Henry VIII., Act iii., scene 2.

If I blush,

It is to see a nobleman want manners.

*SHAKSPEARE*.—*Ibid*.

Bid the cheek be ready with a blush  
Modest as morning.

*SHAKSPEARE*.—Troilus and Cressida, Act i., scene 3.

She does so blush, and fetches her wind so short.

*SHAKSPEARE*.—Troilus and Cressida, Act iii., scene 2.

Come, come, what need you blush? shame's a baby.

*SHAKSPEARE*.—*Ibid*.



*BLUSH.*—

It is a part

That I shall blush in acting.

SHAKSPERE.—Coriolanus, Act ii., scene 2.

Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow

That lies on Dian's lap!

SHAKSPERE.—Timon of Athens, Act iv., scene 3.

Such an act

That blurs the grace and blush of modesty.

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act iii., scene 4.

O, shame! where is thy blush? Rebellious hell,

If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones.

SHAKSPERE.—Ibid.

*BLUSHED.*—We griev'd, we sigh'd, we wept; we never blush'd before.

COWLEY.—A Discourse by way of Vision, concerning Cromwell; the last line of the seventh verse of the rapture beginning "Curst be the man."

Ne'er blush'd unless, in spreading vice's snares,  
She blunder'd on some virtue unawares.

CHURCHILL.—The Rosciad, line 137.

*BOAST.*—Such is the Patriot's boast, where'er we roam,  
His first, best country, ever is at home.

GOLDSMITH.—The Traveller, line 73.

'Tis mighty easy o'er a glass of wine  
On vain refinements vainly to refine,  
To laugh at poverty in plenty's reign,  
To boast of apathy when out of pain.

CHURCHILL.—The Farewell, line 47.

Where boasting ends, there dignity begins.

DR. YOUNG.—Night viii., line 509.

*BOISTEROUS.*—'Tis a boisterous and a cruel style,  
A style for challengers.

SHAKSPERE.—As You Like It, Act iv., scene 3.

*BOLD.*—Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful.

SHAKSPERE.—Measure for Measure, Act iii., scene 1.

I know not by what power I am made bold,  
Nor how it may concern my modesty.

SHAKSPERE.—Midsummer Night's Dream, Act i., scene 1.

Had you been as wise as bold,  
Young in limbs, in judgment old.

SHAKSPERE.—Merchant of Venice, Act ii., scene 7.

May I be so bold to know the cause of your coming?

SHAKSPERE.—Taming of the Shrew, Act ii., scene 1.

**BOLD.**—The trust I have is in mine innocence,  
And therefore am I bold and resolute.

SHAKSPERE.—2 Henry VI., Act iv., scene 4.

O, 'tis a parlous boy;  
Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable.

SHAKSPERE.—Richard III., Act iii., scene 1.

Eyes, that so long hath slept upon  
This bold bad man.

SHAKSPERE.—Henry VIII., Act ii., scene 2.

I think we are too bold upon your rest.

SHAKSPERE.—Julius Cæsar, Act ii., scene 1.

I'll make so bold to call,  
For 'tis my limited service.

SHAKSPERE.—Macbeth, Act ii., scene 3.

A bold one, that dare look on that  
Which might appal the devil.

SHAKSPERE.—Macbeth, Act iii., scene 4.

**BOND.**—I'll have my bond: I will not hear thee speak;  
I'll have my bond: and therefore speak no more.

SHAKSPERE.—Merchant of Venice, Act iii., scene 3.

(Shylock to Antonio.)

Is it so nominated in the bond?

SHAKSPERE.—Merchant of Venice, Act iv., scene 1.

(Shylock to Portia.)

All bond and privilege of nature break.

SHAKSPERE.—Coriolanus, Act v., scene 3.

(The General to Virginia and others.)

**BONDSMEN.**—Hereditary bondsmen! know ye not  
Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow!

BYRON.—Childe Harold, Canto ii., stanza 76.

**BONES.**—Huge Ammonites and the first bones of time.

TENNYSON.—The Princess, p. 2.

**BONFIRES.**—1. The news, Rogero?

2. Nothing but bonfires.

SHAKSPERE.—Winter's Tale, Act v., scene 2.

(One Gentleman to another.)

**BOOK.**—'Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print;  
A book's a book, although there's nothing in't.

BYRON.—English Bards, line 51.

Not twice a twelvemonth, you appear in print,  
And when it comes, the court see nothing in't.

POPE.—Epilo. to Sat. Dialogue i., line 1.

BOOK.— She's a book

To be with care perus'd.

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.—The Lover's Progress,  
Act v., scene 3.

A good book is a precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life.

MILTON.—Areopagitica.

The style which makes books live.

JAS. BROWNE, LL.D., Biog. of Leibnitz.

The virtue of her lively looks

Excels the precious stone ;

I wish to have none other books

To read or look upon.

ANONYMOUS.—A praise of his Lady.—(Gilfillan's Specimens, Vol. I., page 132.)

My only books were woman's looks,

And folly's all they've taught me.

TOM MOORE.—The Time I've Lost in Wooing, Vol. III.,  
page 342.

No unregarded star

Contracts its light

Into so small a character,

Removed far from our human sight,

But if we steadfast look,

We shall discern

In it as in some holy book,

How man may heavenly knowledge learn.

HABINGTON.—Nox nocti, etc., verse 4.

Here, in the country, my books are my sole occupation ; books my sure solace, and refuge from frivolous cares. Books the calmers, as well as the instruction of the mind.

MRS. INCHBALD.—To Marry or not to Marry, Act ii.,  
scene 2.

Come my best friends, my books ! and lead me on.

COWLEY.—The Motto, line 25.

Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book.

SHAKSPERE.—Love's Labor's Lost, Act iv., scene 2.

Books, dear books,

Have been, and are my comforts ; morn and night,

Adversity, prosperity, at home,

Abroad, health, sickness—good or ill report,

The same firm friends ; the same refreshment rich,

And source of consolation.

DR. DODD.—Thoughts in Prison, Third Week:

PLINY, Junior.—Epistle i., line 8.

*BOOK*.—Shall we not believe books in print?

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.—The Night Walker, Act iii., scene 4.

Books cannot always please, however good;  
Minds are not ever craving for their food.

CRABBE.—The Borough, Letter 24.

Deeper than did ever plummet sound I'll drown my book.

SHAKSPERE.—Tempest, Act v., scene 1.

On a love-book pray for my success?—

Upon some book I love I'll pray for thee.

SHAKSPERE.—Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act i., scene 1.

I had rather than forty shillings I had my Book of Songs and Sonnets here.

SHAKSPERE.—Merry Wives of Windsor, Act i., scene 1.

You have not the Book of Riddles about you, have you?

SHAKSPERE.—Ibid.

Keep a gamester from the dice, and a good student from his book.

SHAKSPERE.—Merry Wives of Windsor, Act iii., scene 1.

*BO-PEEP*.—Where are you? I' troth she's in love with me, as I fancy; the roguish one's playing bo-beep.

RILEY'S PLAUTUS.—The Rudens, Vol. ii., Act ii., sc. 7.

[Both Horace and Virgil mention the game of hiding or bo-beep as a favorite one with the girls of their day.—RILEY. *Supra*, in *notis*.)

*BOOTS*.—*Proteus*. Nay, give me not the boots.

*Valentine*. No, I will not, for it boots thee not.

SHAKSPERE.—Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act i., scene 1.

*BORN*.—I was born, sir, when the crab was ascending, and all my affairs go backward.

CONGREVE.—Love for Love, Act ii., scene 1.

Born in a cellar, and living in a garret.

FOOTE.—The Author, Act ii.

Born in the garret, in the kitchen bred,  
Promoted thence to deck her mistress' head.

BYRON.—A Sketch, line 1.

Born in thy house, and in thy service bred,  
Nurs'd in thy arms, and at thy table fed.

CHURCHILL.—The Candidate.

Born not for ourselves, but for our friends,  
Our country, and our glory.

RANDOLPH.—The Muses' Looking-glass, Act iii., scene 1.

I was born to other things.

TENNYSON.—In Memoriam, CXIX., verse 3.

*BORN*.—Born of one mother in one happy mold,  
Born at one burden in one happy morn.

SPENCER.—Faerie Queen, Book IV., canto ii., stanza 41.

*BORROW*.—Who borrow much, then fairly make it known  
And damn it with *improvements* not their own.

DR. YOUNG.—Love of Fame, Sat. iii., line 23.

The borrow'd Majesty of England.

SHAKSPERE.—King John, Act i., scene 1.

(Chatillon to the King.)

Neither a borrower nor a lender be :  
For loan oft loses both itself and friend ;  
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act i., sc. 3. (Polonius to Laertes.)

Borrowing from Peter to pay Paul.

CICERO.—To Atticus, Verse 1.

*BOSOM*.—My bosom's lord sits lightly on his throne.

SHAKSPERE.—Romeo and Juliet, Act v., scene 1.

(Romeo to himself.)

I feel not  
This deity in my bosom.

SHAKSPERE.—Tempest, Act ii., scene 1.

My bosom, as a bed,  
Shall lodge thee till thy wound be thoroughly healed.

SHAKSPERE.—Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act i., scene 2.

Shall be delivered  
Even in the milk-white bosom of thy love.

SHAKSPERE.—Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act iii., scene 1.

Go to your bosom ;  
Knock there, and ask your heart what it doth know.

SHAKSPERE.—Measure for Measure, Act ii., scene 2.

Your desert speaks loud ; and I should wrong it,  
To lock it in the wards of covert bosom.

SHAKSPERE.—Measure for Measure, Act v., scene 1.

In her bosom I'll unclasp my heart  
And take her hearing prisoner.

SHAKSPERE.—Much Ado About Nothing, Act i., scene 1.

This man hath bewitched the bosom of my child.

SHAKSPERE.—Midsummer Night's Dream, Act i., sc. 1.

Upon faint primrose-beds were wont to lie,  
Emptying our bosoms of their counselsweet.

SHAKSPERE.—Ibid



*BOSOM.*—One turf shall serve as pillow for us both ;  
One heart, one bed, two bosoms, and one troth.

SHAKSPERE.—*Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act ii., sc. 2.

Two bosoms interchained with an oath ;  
So then two bosoms and a single troth.

SHAKSPERE.—*Ibid.*

*BOUNDS.*—Who shut up the sea with doors, and said, Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further ; and here shall thy proud waves be stayed.

JOB, chapter xxxviii., verses 8–11.

Thou hast set them their bounds, which they shall not pass : neither turn again to cover the earth.

PSALM civ., verse 9.

Fear ye not me ? Will ye not tremble at my presence ? which have placed the sand for the bound of the sea.

JEREMIAH, chapter v., verse 22.

The firstè Mover of the cause above,  
When he first made the fairè chain of love,  
Great was th' effect, and high was his intent ;  
Well wist he why, and what thereof he meant ;  
For with that fairè chain of love he bond  
The fire, the air, the water, and the lond  
In certain bondès, that they may not flee.

CHAUCER.—*The Knight's Tale*, line 2989.

*BOUNTIES.*—And can eternity belong to me,  
Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour ?

DR. YOUNG.—*Night i.*, line 64.

*BOUNTY.*—My bounty is as boundless as the sea,  
My love as deep, the more I give to thee  
The more I have, for both are infinite.

SHAKSPERE.—*Romeo and Juliet*, Act ii., scene 2.

(*Juliet to Romeo.*)

Our bounty, like a drop of water, disappears, when diffus'd too widely.

GOLDSMITH.—*The Good-natured Man*, Act iii.

*BOWL.*—Around whose lips ivy twines on high.

BANK'S *THEOCRITUS.*—*Idyll i.*, verse 29.

And in this bowl, where wanton ivy twines,  
And swelling clusters bend the curling vines,  
Four figures rising from their work appear,  
The various seasons of the rolling year.

POPE.—*Pastoral*, Spring, line 35.

*BOXES*.—And about his shelves  
A beggarly account of empty boxes.

SHAKSPERE.—Romeo and Juliet, Act v., scene 1.  
(Romeo *solus*.)

*BOY*.—I was the boy for bewitching 'em.

KENNEY.—A Song in the Opera of Matrimony, Act ii., scene 1.

Ah! happy years! once more, who would not be a boy?

BYRON.—Childe Harold, Canto ii., stanza 23.

Yet who would be a boy, a girl, again?

JAMES MONTGOMERY.—The Pelican Island, Canto 7.

*BRAIN*.—The times have been,  
That when the brains were out the man would die,  
And there an end.

SHAKSPERE.—Macbeth, Act iii., scene 4.  
(Macbeth, at sight of Banquo's ghost.)

O rare

The headpiece, if but brains were there.

PHÆDRUS.—Book i., Fable 7.

Thy commandment all alone shall live  
Within the book and volume of my brain,  
Unmix'd with baser matter.

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act i., scene 5.  
(Hamlet, obedient to his father's command.)

An excellent scholar: One that hath a head fill'd with calves' brains  
without any sage in them.

WEBSTER.—The White Devil, Act i., scene 1.

Cudgel thy brains no more about it; for your dull ass will not mend  
his pace with beating.

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act v., scene 1. (First Clown to  
the second Clown.)

*BRAVE*.—How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,  
By all their country's wishes blest!

COLLINS.—Ode written in 1746.

Brav'd in mine own house with a skein of thread!

SHAKSPERE.—Taming of the Shrew, Act iv., scene 3.  
(Petruchio to the Tailor.)

*BREACH*.—Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more:  
Or close the wall up with our English dead!

SHAKSPERE.—Henry V., Act iii., scene 1.  
(The King and his army before Harfleur.)

*BREAD*.—Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it after many days.

*ECCLESIASTES*, chapter xi., verse 1.

Thou shalt by trial know what bitter fare  
Is others' bread;—how hard the path to go  
Upward and downward by another's stair.

*DANTE*.—*Paradiso*, Canto xvii., line 58. (Wright.)

*BREAD AND SALT*.—Nor there will weary stranger halt,  
To bless the sacred "bread and salt."

*BYRON*.—*The Giaour*.

Why dost thou shun the salt? that sacred pledge,  
Which once partaken blunts the sabre's edge,  
Makes e'en contending tribes in peace unite,  
And hated hosts seem brethren to the sight.

*BYRON*.—*The Corsair*, Canto ii., part iv.; and see the book of Numbers, Chap. xviii., verse 19, and the notes there to Doyley and Mant's Bible.

*BREAKFAST*.—1. Is breakfast ready, mine host?

2. It is, my little Hebrew.

*ANONYMOUS*.—*The Merry Devil of Edmonton*. Last sc.

Then to breakfast with what appetite you have.

*SHAKSPERE*.—*Henry VIII.*, Act iii., scene 2.

(The King to his Lords, but frowning at Wolsey.)

Their breakfast so warm, to be sure they did eat,  
A custom in travellers mighty discreet.

*PRIOR*.—*Downhall*, a ballad.

*BRIEF*.—Brief, boy, brief!

*FLETCHER*.—*The Woman Hater*, Act i., scene 2.

We must be brief when traitors brave the field.

*SHAKSPERE*.—*Richard III.*, Act iv., scene 3.

(Richard to Ratcliffe.)

1. 'Tis brief, my lord,

2. As woman's love.

*SHAKSPERE*.—*Hamlet*, Act iii., scene 2.

(Hamlet and Ophelia at the Play.)

Brevity is the soul of wit.

*SHAKSPERE*.—*Hamlet*, Act ii., scene 2.

(Polonius to the King and Queen.)

*BRIGHT*.—All that's bright must fade,—

The brightest still the fleetest;

All that's sweet was made

But to be lost when sweetest.

*TOM MOORE*.—*National Airs (Indian)*, Vol. iv., p. 153.

*BRITAIN*.—But Britain, changeful as a child at play,  
Now calls in princes, and now turns away;  
Now Whig, now Tory, what we lov'd we hate;  
Now all for pleasure, now for Church or State;  
Now for Prerogative, and now for Laws;  
Effects unhappy! from a noble cause.

POPE.—To Augustus, Epi. i., line 155.

*BROOKS*.—Such brooks are welcome to me that o'erflow such liquor.

SHAKSPERE.—Merry Wives of Windsor, Act ii., scene 2.  
(Falstaff's play on the name of Master Brooks.)

*BRUTUS*.—Brutus is an honorable man,  
So are they all, all honorable men.

SHAKSPERE.—Julius Cæsar, Act iii., scene 1.  
(Mark Antony's oration on Cæsar's death.)

*BUBBLES*.—Like bubbles on the sea of matter borne,  
They rise, they break, and to that sea return.

POPE.—Essay on Man, Epi. iii., line 19.

For what are men who grasp at praise sublime,  
But *bubbles* on the rapid stream of time,  
That rise and fall, that swell and are no more,  
Born and forgot, ten thousand in an hour.

DR. YOUNG.—Love of Fame, Sat. ii., line 285.

The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,  
And these are of them.

SHAKSPERE.—Macbeth, Act i., scene 3.  
(Banquo to Macbeth when the Witches vanished.)

*BUCK*.—A buck of the first head.

SHAKSPERE.—Love's Labor's Lost, Act iv., scene 2.  
(Sir Nathaniel to Holofernes.)

*BUILDING*.—Which of you, intending to build a tower, sitteth not  
down first and counteth the cost, whether he have sufficient to  
finish it?

Lest haply, after he hath laid the foundation, and is not able to finish  
it, all that behold it begin to mock him.

Saying, this man began to build, and was not able to finish.

ST. LUKE, Chap. xiv., verses 28, 29, 30.

When we mean to build,  
We first survey the plot, then draw the model;  
And when we see the figure of the house,  
Then must we rate the cost of the erection:  
Which if we find outweighs ability,  
What do we then, but draw anew the model  
In fewer offices; or, at least, desist  
To build at all?

SHAKSPERE.—2 Henry IV., Act i., scene 3. (Lord Bar-  
dolph urging caution before hazarding a battle.)

*BUILDING*.—Or what king, going to make war against another king, sitteth not down first, and consulteth whether he be able with ten thousand to meet him that cometh against him with twenty thousand?—*ST. LUKE*, chap. xiv., verse 31.

Much more, in this great work,  
(Which is, almost, to pluck a kingdom down  
And set another up,) should we survey  
The plot of situation, and the model;  
Consent upon a sure foundation;  
Question surveyors: know our own estate,  
How able such a work to undergo,  
To weigh against his opposite; or else,  
We fortify in paper, and in figures,  
Using the names of men instead of men;  
Like one that draws the model of a house  
Beyond his power to build it; who, half through,  
Gives o'er, and leaves his part-created cost  
A naked subject to the weeping clouds,  
And waste for churlish winter's tyranny.

*SHAKSPEARE*.—2 Henry IV., Act i., scene 3.

(Lord Bardolph.)

The man who builds, and wants wherewith to pay,  
Provides a home from which to run away.

*DR. YOUNG*.—Love of Fame, line 163.

Too low they build who build beneath the stars.

*DR. YOUNG*.—Night viii., line 215.

*BULLET*.—The bullet has its billet.

*OLD PLAY: SCOTT*.—Count Robert of Paris, chap. xxv.

*BURKE*.—Oft have I wonder'd that on Irish ground  
No poisonous reptiles ever yet were found:  
Reveal'd the secret stands of Nature's work;  
She saved her venom to create a *BURKE*.

*WARREN HASTINGS*.—An epigram produced by him when  
writhing under the agony of a protracted prosecution.  
(*Encycl. Brit.*, Vol. xi., p. 164; 7th edition.)

Here lies our good Edmund, whose genius was such,  
We scarcely can praise it, or blame it, too much;  
Who, born for the universe, narrowed his mind,  
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind.

*GOLDSMITH*.—Retaliation, line 29.

One large of soul, of genius unconfined,  
Born to delight, instruct, and mend mankind;  
Burke! in whose breast a Roman ardor glow'd;  
Whose copious tone with Grecian richness flow'd;  
Well hast thou found, if such thy country's doom,  
A timely refuge in the sheltering tomb.—*CANNING*.—New Morality.



*BURKE*.—He was not for himself design'd,  
But born to be of use to all mankind.

LUÇAN.—Rowe's Transl., Book ii., line 592.

Born, not for myself, my Lord, but for mankind.

BEAUMONT and F.—The Honest Man's Fortune, Act iv.,  
scene 2.

Though equal to all things, for all things unfit ;  
Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit ;  
For a patriot too cool : for a drudge disobedient ;  
And too fond of the *right* to pursue the *expedient*.

GOLDSMITH.—Retaliation, line 37.

*BURN*.—One fire burns out another's burning.

SHAKSPERE.—Romeo and Juliet, Act i., scene 2.  
(Benvolio to Romeo.)

And one scold makes another cease.

ROWE.—On a Simile of Pope's.

Come, we burn daylight.

SHAKSPERE.—Romeo and Juliet, Act i., scene 4.  
(Mercutio to Romeo.)

*BUSINESS*.—I am going to parliament ;  
You understand this bag : if you have any business  
Depending there, be short and let me hear it—  
And pay your fees.

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.—The Little French Lawyer,  
Act i., scene 1.

He that attends to his interior self,  
That has a heart, and keeps it ; has a mind  
That hungers, and supplies it ; and who seeks  
A social, not a dissipated life,  
Has business.

COWPER.—The Garden, line 373.

*BUSY*.—In the busy haunts of men,  
In the still and shadowy glen.

MRS. HEMANS.—Tale of the Secret Tribunal.

And shunned the busy haunts of men.

HOMER.—The Iliad of the Earl of Derby, Book vi. line 240 ;  
and "the busy hum of men" in the 10th Book, line 16.

We talk here in the public haunt of men.

SHAKSPERE.—Romeo and Juliet, Act iii., scene 1.  
(Benvolio to Mercutio.)

Tower'd cities please us then,  
And the busy hum of men.

MILTON.—L'Allegro, line 118.

*BUTTER.*—'Twas her brother that in pure kindness to his horse  
butter'd his hay.

*SHAKSPERE.*—King Lear, Act ii., scene 4.  
(The Fool to Lear.)

For now I fear it will be said,  
No butter sticks upon his bread.

*SWIFT.*—Pastoral Dialogue.

*BUTTERFLY.*—Satire or sense, alas! can Sporus feel?  
Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel!

*POPE.*—Epi. to Arbuthnot, line 305.

Ocean into tempest wrought,  
To waft a feather, or to drown a fly.

*DR. YOUNG.*—Night i., line 153.

*BY.*—By and by is easily said.

*SHAKSPERE.*—Hamlet, Act iii., scene 2.  
(Hamlet to his Friends.)

Let by-gones be by-gones.

*OLD SAYING.*

Let the past be past.

*HOMER.*—The Iliad of Lord Derby, Book xvi., line 72.

Let us not burden our remembrances with  
A heaviness that's gone.

*SHAKSPERE.*—The Tempest, Act v., scene 1.  
(Prospero to Alonzo.)

*CABIN'D.*—But now, I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in  
To saucy doubts and fears.

*SHAKSPERE.*—Macbeth, Act iii., scene 4.  
(Macbeth to First Murderer.)

*CÆSAR.*—Cæsar with a senate at his heels.

*POPE.*—Essay on Man, Epi. iv., line 258.

As for Cæsar,

Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.

*SHAKSPERE.*—Antony and Cleopatra, Act iii., scene 2.  
(Enobarbus to Agrippa.)

What tributaries follow him to Rome,  
To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?

*SHAKSPERE.*—Julius Cæsar, Act i., scene 1.  
(Marcellus to Citizens.)

Imperial Cæsar, dead, and turn'd to clay,  
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away;  
O, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,  
Should patch a wall, to expel the winter's flaw!

*SHAKSPERE.*—Hamlet, Act v., scene 1. (To Horatio.)

*CÆSAR*.—How like a deer stricken by many princes,  
Dost thou here lie.

SHAKSPERE.—Julius Cæsar, Act iii., scene 1.  
(Mark Antony lamenting over Cæsar.)

*CAKES*.—Dost thou think because thou art virtuous,  
There shall be no more cakes and ale?

SHAKSPERE.—Twelfth Night, Act ii., scene 3.  
(Sir Toby to the Clown.)

You cannot eat your cake and have it.

PLAUTUS.—Trinummus, Act ii., scene 4.

*CALAMITIES*.—Since, with an equal weight on all,  
Calamities domestic fall.

WHEELWRIGHT'S Pindar, 1st Nemean Ode, line 78.

*CALEDONIA*.—O Caledonia! stern and wild,

Meet nurse for a poetic child!

Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,

Land of the mountain and the flood,

Land of my sires! what mortal hand, }

Can e'er untie the filial band }

That knits me to thy rugged strand!

SCOTT.—Last Minstrel, Canto vi., stanza 2.

*CALM*.—How calm, how beautiful, comes on

The stilly hour, when storms are gone.

TOM MOORE.—The Fire Worshippers.

The winds are out of breath.

DRYDEN.—Astrea Redux, line 224.

The holy calm that leads to heavenly musing.

RODGERS.—Human Life, page 83, edition 1834.

1. See me, how calm I am.

2. Ay, People are generally calm at the misfortunes of others.

GOLDSMITH.—She Stoops to Conquer.

*CALUMNY*.—Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt  
not escape calumny.

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act iii., scene 1.  
(Hamlet to Ophelia.)

Virtue itself escapes not calumnious strokes.

SHAKSPERE.—Ibid., Act i., scene 3. (Laertes.)

*CANDLE*.—1. How far that little candle throws its beams!

So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

2. When the moon shone we did not see the candle;

So doth the greater glory dim the less.

SHAKSPERE.—Merchant of Venice, Act v., scene 1.  
(Portia and Nerissa.)

*CANDLE*.—He that adds anything to you, 'tis done  
Like his that lights a candle to the sun.

*FLETCHER*.—To Sir Walter Aston, line 19.

*BEAUMONT and FLETCHER*.—Vol. ii., page 13.

*DR. YOUNG*.—Love of Fame, Sat. 7, line 98.

*CANDOR*.—Unto the end shall charity endure,  
And candor hide those faults it cannot cure.

*CHURCHILL*.—The Apology.

*CANKER*.—That which the palmer-worm hath left, hath the locust  
eaten : and that which the locust hath left, hath the canker-worm  
eaten ; and that which the canker-worm hath left, hath the cater-  
pillar eaten.

*JOEL*, chapter i., verse 4.

In the sweetest bud

The eating canker dwells.

*SHAKSPERE*.—Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act i., scene 1.  
(Proteus to Valentine.)

Now will canker sorrow eat my bud.

*SHAKSPERE*.—King John, Act iii., scene 4. (Constance.)

Some to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds.

*SHAKSPERE*.—Midsummer Night's Dream, Act ii., sc. 3.  
(Titania.)

She never told her love,

But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,  
Feed on her damask cheek.

*SHAKSPERE*.—Twelfth Night, Act ii., scene 4. (Viola.)

Loathsome canker lives in sweetest bud.

*SHAKSPERE*.—Sonnet 35.

So far from sounding and discovery

As is the bud bit with an envious worm,  
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,  
Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.

*SHAKSPERE*.—Romeo and Juliet, Act i., scene 1.  
(Montagu to Benvolio.)

The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye,

As the perfumed tincture of the roses,  
Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly  
When summer's breath their masked bud discloses.

*SHAKSPERE*.—Sonnet 54.

I had rather be a canker in a hedge than a rose in his grace.

*SHAKSPERE*.—Much Ado About Nothing, Act i., scene 3.  
(Don John of his Brother.)

*CANKER*.—Hath not thy rose a canker, Somerset?

SHAKSPERE.—1 Henry VI., Act ii., scene 4.  
(Plantagenet.)

And but he's something stain'd  
With grief, that's beauty's canker, thou might'st call him  
A goodly person.—SHAKSPERE.—Tempest, Act i., scene 2.  
(Prospero to Miranda.)

As killing as the canker to the rose.

MILTON.—Lycidas, line 45.

The canker galls the infants of the spring,  
Too oft before their buttons be disclos'd.

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act i., scene 3. (Laertes.)

*CANNONADE*.—E'en the whole world, blockheads and men of letters,  
Enjoy a cannonade upon their betters.

DR. WOLCOTT.—The Romish Priest, a Tale.

Many saints have been canonized who ought to have been cannonaded.

COLTON.—Lacon; or, Many Things in a Few Words.

*CANOPIED*.—I know a bank——

Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine.

SHAKSPERE.—Midsummer Night's Dream, Act ii., sc. 2.

Where'er the rude and moss-grown beech  
O'er-canopies the glade.

GRAY.—Ode on Spring, stanza ii., line 3.

*CANTANKEROUS*.—Well, now, that's mighty provoking! But I  
hope, Mr. Faulkland, as there are three of us come on purpose for the  
game, you won't be so cantankerous as to spoil the party by sitting  
out. —SHERIDAN.—The Rivals, Act v., scene 3.

[The same word will be found in "The Waterman," by DIBDIN, Act ii., scene 3.]

*CANVAS*.—LELY on animated canvas stole

The sleepy eye, that spoke the melting soul.

POPE.—To Augustus, Epi. i., line 149.

Heaven speed the canvas, gallantly unfurl'd,  
To furnish and accommodate a world,  
To give the pole the produce of the sun,  
And knit the unsocial climates into one!

COWPER.—Charity, line 123.

*CAP*.—PET. Why, this was moulded on a porringer;  
A velvet dish; fye, fye! 'Tis lewd and filthy;  
Why, 'tis a cockle or a walnut shell,  
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap;  
Away with it, come, let me have a bigger.

KATE. I'll have no bigger; this doth fit the time,  
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.

SHAKSPERE.—Taming of the Shrew, Act iv., scene 3.



*CAPTIVATE*.—Seek to delight, that they may mend mankind,  
And, while they captivate, inform the mind.

COWPER.—Hope, line 758.

*CARCANET*.—Say, that I lingered with you at your shop,  
To see the making of her carcanet,  
And that to-morrow you will bring it home.

SHAKSPERE.—Comedy of Errors, Act iii., scene 1.

In Harrington's Orlando Furioso, we have—  
About his neck a carknet rich he ware.

KNIGHT'S SHAKSPERE.—*Supra*.

*CARE*.—Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,  
And where care lodges, sleep will never lie.

SHAKSPERE.—Romeo and Juliet, Act ii., scene 3.

(Friar Lawrence.) See THEOCRITUS, Idylls 21, line 5.

I am sure care's an enemy to life.

SHAKSPERE.—Twelfth Night, Act i., scene 3.

(Sir Toby to Maria.)

Care to our coffin adds a nail, no doubt;  
And every grin so merry draws one out.

DR. WOLCOT.—Ode XV., Vol. II., Edition 1794.

I have done nothing but in care of thee,  
Of thee, my dear one.

SHAKSPERE.—Tempest, Act i., scene 2.

Every man shift for all the rest, and let no man take care for himself.

SHAKSPERE.—Tempest, Act v., scene 1.

I thank thee for thine honest care;  
Which to requite, command me while I live.

SHAKSPERE.—Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act iii., sc. 1.

The great care of goods at random left  
Drew me from embracements of my spouse.

SHAKSPERE.—Comedy of Errors, Act i., scene 1.

When I am dull with care and melancholy,  
Lightens my humor with his merry jests.

SHAKSPERE.—Comedy of Errors, Act i., scene 2.

Poor fool, it keeps on the windy side of care.

SHAKSPERE.—Much Ado About Nothing, Act ii., sc. 1.

What though care killed a cat, thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill  
care.

SHAKSPERE.—Much Ado About Nothing, Act v., scene 1.

Dost thou think I care for a satire or an epigram?

SHAKSPERE.—Much Ado About Nothing, Act v., scene 4.

By the world, I would not care a pin.

SHAKSPERE.—Love's Labor's Lost, Act iv., scene 3

*CARE*.—Great reason; for past cure is still past care.

SHAKSPERE.—*Love's Labor's Lost*, Act v., scene 2.

They lose it that do buy it with much care.

SHAKSPERE.—*Merchant of Venice*, Act i., scene 1.

What care I for words? yet words do well

When he that speaks them pleases.

SHAKSPERE.—*As You Like It*, Act iii., scene 5.

Her care should be

To comb your noddle with a three-legged stool.

SHAKSPERE.—*Taming of the Shrew*, Act i., scene 1.

I do care for something; but in my conscience, sir, I do not care for you.

SHAKSPERE.—*Twelfth Night*, Act iii., scene 1.

Keep good quarter and good care to-night.

SHAKSPERE.—*King John*, Act v., scene 5.

Things past redress are now with me past care.

SHAKSPERE.—*Richard II.*, Act ii., scene 3.

To drive away the heavy thought of care.

SHAKSPERE.—*Richard II.*, Act iii., scene 4.

My care is loss of care, by old care done;

Your care is gain of care, by new care won.

SHAKSPERE.—*Richard II.*, Act iv., scene 1.

I most humbly beseech your lordship to have a reverent care of your health.

SHAKSPERE.—*2 Henry IV.*, Act i., scene 2.

If my heart be not ready to burst,—well, sweet Jack, have a care of thyself.

SHAKSPERE.—*2 Henry IV.*, Act ii., scene 4.

*CARES*.—Life's cares are comforts; such by heaven design'd;

He that has none, must make them or be wretched.

DR. YOUNG.—*Night ii.*, line 160.

*CARNAGE*.—Carnage is God's daughter.

BYRON.—*Don Juan*, Canto viii., stanza 9; in allusion to the following lines—

But thy most dreaded instrument

In working out a pure intent,

Is man array'd for mutual slaughter,

Yea, carnage is thy daughter.

WORDSWORTH.—*Thanksgiving Ode*.

[Judas and Simon Maccabeus in days of old, and Gustavus Adolphus in modern days, fighting for the violated rights of conscience against perfidious despots and murdering oppressors, exhibit to us the incarnation of Wordsworth's principle.—DE QUINCEY on this phrase: see his explanatory notes in his *Miscellanies*, p. 7, title "War."]

**CARVE**.—Courteous he was, lowly and serviceable,  
And carv'd before his father at the table.

CHAUCER.—Prol. to the Canterbury Tales, Line 99.

I'll carve your name on barks of trees,  
With true-love knots and flourishes.

BUTLER.—Hudibras, Part II., Canto i., line 565.

Your fair name upon the rind of every gentle poplar and amorous  
myrtle with adoration carv'd and kneel'd unto.

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.—The Lover's Progress,  
Act i., scene 1.

'Tis hard to carve for others' meat,  
And not have time one's self to eat;  
Though, be it always understood,  
Our appetites are full as good.

LLOYD.—The Author's Apology.

Rural carvers, who with knives deface the panels.

COWPER.—The Sofa, Line 281.

**CASE**.—1. I know your good nature in a case like this, and—  
2. State the symptoms of the case, Sir Charles.

COLMAN.—The Poor Gentleman, Act i., scene 2.

**CAST**.—I have set my life upon a cast,  
And I will stand the hazard of the die.

SHAKSPERE.—Richard III., Act v., scene 4. (*Solus*.)

**CASTLES**.—Leaving the wits the spacious air,  
With license to build castles there.

SWIFT.—Vanbrugh's House.

[And see the same idea in his "Duke of Grafton's Answer to Dean Smedley's  
Petition;" BROOME.—Poverty and Poetry; CHURCHILL.—Night, Epi. to Robert Lloyd;  
SHENSTONE.—On Taste, Part II.; and LLOYD, Epi. to Colman.]

**CAT**.—Playing the mouse, in absence of the cat.

SHAKSPERE.—Henry V., Act i., sc. 2. (Westmoreland.)

When the cat's away, the mice will play.

[An old Swedish saw which is literally "When the cat is away the rats dance on  
the table." ANDERSON.—Okavango River, Chap. 17.]

**CATASTROPHE**.—So! so! here's fine work!—here's fine suicide,  
parricide, and simulation, going on in the fields! and Sir Anthony  
not to be found to prevent the *antistrophe*!

SHERIDAN.—The Rivals, Act v., scene 1.

I'll tickle his catastrophe for this.

ANONYMOUS.—The Merry Devil of Edmonton.

**CATCH**.—Catch as catch can.

ATHENÆUS.—Lib. v., page 193; a saying of Antiochus  
Epiphanes.

*CATCH*.—For why? Because the good old Rule  
Sufficeth them; the simple plan,  
That they should take who have the power,  
And they should keep who can.

WORDSWORTH.—Rob Roy's grave.

*CATO*.—The dawn is overcast, the morning low'rs,  
And heavily in clouds brings on the day;  
The great, th' important day, big with the fate  
Of Cato, and of Rome.

ADDISON.—Cato, Act i., scene 1.

*CAVIARE*.—'Twas caviare to the general.

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act ii., scene 2.  
(The Prince to the Players.)

*CEDAR*.—The Cedar whose top mates the highest cloud,  
Whilst his old father Lebanon grows proud  
Of such a child; and his vast body laid  
Out many a mile, enjoys the filial shade.

CHURCHILL.—Gotham, Book i., line 299.

*CENSORIOUS*.—Be not too rigidly censorious,  
A string may jar in the best master's hand,  
And the most skilful archer miss his aim;—  
I would not quarrel with a slight mistake.

ROSCOMMON.—Art of Poetry.

*CENSURE*.—But we condemn the fury of these days,  
And revere no less their censure than their praise.

COWLEY.—Prologue to the Guardian.

Numbers err in this;  
Ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss.

POPE.—On Criticism, line 5.

Censure is the tax a man pays to the public for being eminent.

SWIFT.—Thoughts on various subjects.

No might nor greatness in mortality  
Can censure 'scape.

SHAKSPERE.—Measure for Measure, Act iii., scene 2.

Betray themselves to every modern censure worse than drunkards.

SHAKSPERE.—As You Like It, Act iv., scene 1.

Therefore beware my censure and keep your promise.

SHAKSPERE.—Ibid.

If you do censure me by what you were,  
Not what you are.

SHAKSPERE.—1 Henry VI., Act v., scene 5.

Will you go  
To give your censures in this weighty business?

SHAKSPERE.—Richard III., Act ii., scene 2.

*CENSURE*.—To avoid the carping censures of the world.

SHAKSPERE.—Richard III., Act iii., scene 5.

*CHAIN*.—The chain that's fixed to the throne of Jove,  
On which the fabrick of our world depends;  
One link dissolved, the whole creation ends.

WALLER.—On His Majesty's danger at St. Andero,  
verse 168.

Vast chain of being !  
From Nature's chain whatever link you strike,  
Tenth or ten thousandth breaks the chain alike.

POPE.—Essay on Man, Epistle i., line 237.

*CHAIR*.—I love it, I love it, and who shall dare  
To chide one for loving that old arm-chair ?

ELIZA COOK.—The old arm-chair.

Their is no flock, however watch'd and tended,  
But one dead lamb is there ;  
There is no fireside howsoe'er defended,  
But has one vacant chair.

LONGFELLOW.—Resignation.

So much the vital spirits sink  
To see the vacant chair and think,  
How good ! how kind ! and he is gone !

TENNYSON.—In Memoriam.

*CHAMBER*.—Sitting in my dolphin-chamber, at the round-table, by a  
sea-cole fire.

SHAKSPERE.—2 King Henry IV., Act ii., scene 1.  
(Hostess to Falstaff.)

*CHANCE*.—A lucky chance, that oft decides the fate  
Of mighty monarchs.

THOMSON.—Summer.

Such is the chance of war.

HOMER.—The Iliad, Book xvii., line 255. (Derby.)

There is divinity in odd numbers, either in nativity, chance, or death.

SHAKSPERE.—Merry Wives of Windsor, Act v., scene 1.

I may chance have some odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me.

SHAKSPERE.—Much Ado About Nothing, Act ii., scene 3.

An there be any matter of weight chances, call up me.

SHAKSPERE.—Much Ado About Nothing, Act iii., scene 3.

They have writ the style of gods  
And made a push at chance and sufferance.

SHAKSPERE.—Much Ado About Nothing, Act v., scene 1

Come, bring me unto my chance.

SHAKSPERE.—Merchant of Venice, Act ii., scene 1.



*CHANCE*.—You that choose not by the view,  
Chance as fair and choose as true!

*SHAKSPERE*.—Merchant of Venice, Act iii., scene 2.

I am questioned by my fears, of what may chance  
Or breed upon our absence.

*SHAKSPERE*.—Winter's Tale, Act i., scene 2.

We profess  
Ourselves to be the slaves of chance, and flies  
Of every wind that blows.

*SHAKSPERE*.—Winter's Tale, Act iv., scene 4.

Though I am not naturally honest,  
I am so sometimes by chance.

*SHAKSPERE*.—Ibid.

And summed the account of chance.

*SHAKSPERE*.—2 Henry IV., Act i., scene 1.

How chances mock,  
And changes fill the cup of alteration  
With divers liquors!

*SHAKSPERE*.—2 Henry IV., Act iii., scene 1.

Of the main chance of things  
As yet not come to life.

*SHAKSPERE*.—Ibid.

Against ill chances men are ever merry;  
But heaviness foreruns the good event.

*SHAKSPERE*.—2 Henry IV., Act iv., scene 2.

In the reproof of chance  
Lies the true proof of men.

*SHAKSPERE*.—Troilus and Cressida, Act i., scene 3.

Injury of chance  
Puts back leave-taking, justles roughly by  
All time of pause.

*SHAKSPERE*.—Troilus and Cressida, Act iv., scene 4.

That common chances common men could bear.

*SHAKSPERE*.—Coriolanus, Act iv., scene 1.

Determine on some course,  
More than a wild exposure to each chance.

*SHAKSPERE*.—Ibid.

Repose you here in rest,  
Secure from worldly chances and mishaps!

*SHAKSPERE*.—Titus Andronicus, Act i., scene 1.

Ah, what an unkind hour  
Is guilty of this lamentable chance!

*SHAKSPERE*.—Romeo and Juliet, Act v., scene 3.

*CHANCE*.—If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me,  
Without my stir.

*SHAKSPERE*.—Macbeth, Act i., scene 3.

Had I but died an hour before this chance,  
I had lived a blessed time.

*SHAKSPERE*.—Macbeth, Act ii., scene 3.

I would set my life on any chance,  
To mend it, or be rid on't.

*SHAKSPERE*.—Macbeth, Act iii., scene 1.

And the chance of goodness  
Be like our warranted quarrel!

*SHAKSPERE*.—Macbeth, Act iv., scene 3.

It is a chance which does redeem all sorrows  
That ever I have felt.

*SHAKSPERE*.—King Lear, Act v., scene 3.

Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,  
Of moving accidents by flood and field.

*SHAKSPERE*.—Othello, Act i., scene 3.

The shot of accident, nor dart of chance,  
Could neither graze nor pierce.

*SHAKSPERE*.—Othello, Act iv., scene 1.

In our sports my better cunning faints  
Under his chance.

*SHAKSPERE*.—Antony and Cleopatra, Act ii., scene 3.

Though written in our flesh, we shall remember  
As things but done by chance.

*SHAKSPERE*.—Antony and Cleopatra, Act v., scene 2.

*CHANGE*.—  
Of change.

The ever whirling wheel

*SPENSER*.—On Mutability, Canto vi., line 1.

Change but the name, of thee the tale is told.

*HORACE*.—Sat. i., Book i., line 89. (Francis.)

Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots?

*JEREMIAH*, chapter xiii., verse 23.

Whate'er the passion, knowledge, fame, or pelf,  
Not one will change his neighbour with himself.

*POPE*.—Essay on Man, Epistle ii., line 261.

Where yet was ever found a mother  
Who'd give her booby for another?

*GAY*.—Fable iii., line 33.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.

*BYRON*.—The Dream, line 75.

*CHANGE*.—Fear of change  
Perplexes monarchs.

MILTON.—Paradise Lost, Book i.

No :—Let the eagle change his plume,  
The leaf its hue, the flower its bloom ;  
But ties around his heart were spun,  
That could not, would not, be undone !

CAMPBELL.—O'Connor's Child.

The French and we still change, but here's the curse,  
They change for better, and we change for worse.

DRYDEN.—Prologue to the Spanish Friar.

Nothing is thought rare  
Which is not new and followed ; yet we know  
That what was worn some twenty years ago  
Comes into grace again.

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.—Prologue to the Noble Gentleman, line 4.

Alas ! in truth, the man but chang'd his mind,  
Perhaps was sick, in love, or had not dined.

POPE.—Moral Essays, Epistle i. to Sir R. Temple, line 127.

How chang'd, alas, from what it once had been !  
'Tis now degraded to a public inn.

GAY.—A True Story.

As school-maids change their names  
By vain, though apt, affection.

SHAKSPERE.—Measure for Measure, Act i., scene 4.

You must, sir, change persons with me, ere you make that my report.

SHAKSPERE.—Measure for Measure, Act v., scene 1.

Changed slander to remorse ; that is some good.

SHAKSPERE.—Much Ado About Nothing, Act iv., sc. 1.

Nine changes of the watery star hath been  
The shepherd's note.

SHAKSPERE.—Winter's Tale, Act i., scene 2.

And lean-looking prophets whisper fearful change.

SHAKSPERE.—Richard II., Act ii., scene 4.

How chances mock,  
And changes fill the cup of alteration  
With divers liquors !

SHAKSPERE.—2 Henry IV., Act iii., scene 1.

Hang ye ! Trust ye ?

With every minute you do change a mind.

SHAKSPERE.—Coriolanus, Act i., scene 1.

*CHANGE.*—Though chance of war hath wrought this change of cheer.

*SHAKSPERE.*—Titus Andronicus, Act i., scene 1.

The inconstant moon,

That monthly changes in her circled orb.

*SHAKSPERE.*—Romeo and Juliet, Act ii., scene 2.

And all things change them to the contrary.

*SHAKSPERE.*—Romeo and Juliet, Act iv., scene 5.

A poor unmanly melancholy sprung

From change of fortune.

*SHAKSPERE.*—Timon of Athens, Act iv., scene 3.

How that might change his nature, there's the question.

*SHAKSPERE.*—Julius Cæsar, Act ii., scene 1.

Now I change my mind,

And partly credit things that do presage.

*SHAKSPERE.*—Julius Cæsar, Act v., scene 1.

For use almost can change the stamp of nature.

*SHAKSPERE.*—Hamlet, Act iii., scene 4.

For this "would" changes,

And hath abatements and delays.

*SHAKSPERE.*—Hamlet, Act iv., scene 7.

You see how full of changes his age is.

*SHAKSPERE.*—King Lear, Act i., scene 1.

The lamentable change is from the best;

The worst returns to laughter.

*SHAKSPERE.*—King Lear, Act iv., scene 1.

Since I saw you last,

There is a change upon you.

*SHAKSPERE.*—Antony and Cleopatra, Act ii., scene 6.

The miserable change now at my end

Lament nor sorrow at.

*SHAKSPERE.*—Antony and Cleopatra, Act iv., scene 15.

Do that thing that ends all other deeds;

Which shackles accidents and bolts up change.

*SHAKSPERE.*—Antony and Cleopatra, Act v., scene 2.

Not I,

Inclined to this intelligence, pronounce

The beggary of this change.

*SHAKSPERE.*—Cymbeline, Act i., scene 6.

The hearts

Of all his people shall revolt from him,

And kiss the lips of unacquainted change.

*SHAKSPERE.*—King John, Act iii., scene 4.

(Pandulph to Lewis.)

*CHAOS*.—For he being dead, with him is beauty slain,  
And beauty dead, black chaos comes again.

*SHAKSPERE*.—Venus and Adonis, stanza 170.

Excellent wretch ! perdition catch my soul  
But I do love thee ! and when I love thee not  
Chaos is come again.

*SHAKSPERE*.—Othello, Act iii., scene 3.  
(Othello's love for his Wife.)

But, should he hide his face, th' astonish'd sun,  
And all th' extinguish'd stars, would loosening reel  
Wide from their spheres, and chaos come again.

*THOMSON*.—Summer, line 182.

Yet, yet a moment, one dim ray of light,  
Indulge dread chaos and eternal night.

*POPE*.—The Dunciad, Book iv., line 1.

Then rose the seed of chaos, and of night,  
To blot out order, and extinguish light.

*POPE*.—The Dunciad, Book iv., line 13.

Lo ! thy dread empire, chaos ! is restored ;  
Light dies before thy uncreating word :  
Thy hand, great Anarch ! let's the curtain fall ;  
And universal darkness buries all.

*POPE*.—The Dunciad, Book iv., line 653.

Eldest night and chaos ancestors of nature.

*MILTON*.—Paradise Lost, Book ii., line 894.

*CHAPEL*.—Wherever God erects a house of prayer,  
The devil always builds a chapel there.

*DE FOE*.—The True-born Englishman.

No sooner is a temple built to God, but the devil builds a chapel hard by.

*GEORGE HERBERT*.—Jacula Prudentum ;

*BURTON'S Anatomy of Mel.*, Part iii., section 4.

*CHAPTER*.—Who read a chapter when they rise,  
Shall ne'er be troubled with ill eyes.

*GEORGE HERBERT*.—The Temple Charms and Knots.

*CHARITY*.—O, poor charity !  
Thou art seldom found in scarlet.

*WEBSTER*.—The White Devil.

For since kind Heaven with wealth our realm has blest,  
Give it to Heaven, by aiding the distrest.

*POPE*.—The Odyssey, Book xi., line 426.

Above all things have fervent charity among yourselves : for charity  
shall cover the multitude of sins.

*ST. PETER*, chapter iv., verse 8.



*CHARMS*.—How often have I paused on every charm,  
The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,  
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,  
The decent church that topp'd the neighbouring hill;  
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,  
For talking age and whispering lovers made.

GOLDSMITH.—Deserted Village, line 9.

For a charm of powerful trouble,  
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

SHAKSPERE.—Macbeth, Act iv., scene 1.

I'll charm the air to give a sound,  
While you perform your antic round.

SHAKSPERE.—Ibid.

Mumbling of wicked charms, conjuring the moon  
To stand auspicious mistress.

SHAKSPERE.—King Lear, Act ii., scene 1.

Is there not charms  
By which the property of youth and maidhood  
May be abused?

SHAKSPERE.—Othello, Act 1, scene 1.

Thou hast practised on her with foul charms.

SHAKSPERE.—Othello, Act 1, scene 2.

*CHARTER*.—I must have liberty  
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,  
To blow on whom I please.

SHAKSPERE.—As You Like It, Act ii., scene 7.  
(Jaques to Duke S.)

When he speaks,

The air, a charter'd libertine, is still.

SHAKSPERE.—Henry V., Act i., scene 1.  
(Canterbury to Eliza.)

*CHASE*.—That excellent grand tyrant of the earth,  
Thy womb let loose, to chase us to our graves.

SHAKSPERE.—Richard III., Act iv., scene 4.  
(Queen Margaret to the Duchess.)

*CHASTITY*.—She that has that is clad in complete steel.

MILTON.—Comus.

[See and compare the narrative of Bellerophon in Book vi., line 84, in the Homer of Lord Derby, with the narrative of Joseph and Potiphar's Wife, given in Genesis, chapter xxxix., verses 6-20.]

*CHATHAM*.—His speech, his form, his action, full of grace,  
And all his country beaming in his face,  
He stood, as some inimitable hand  
Would strive to make a Paul or Tully stand.

COWPER.—Table Talk, line 347.

*CHATHAM*.—Such men are raised to station and command,  
When Providence means mercy to a land.

COWPER.—*Ibid*, line 355.

*CHATTER*.—Like a crane or a swallow so did I chatter.

ISAIAH, chapter xxxviii., verse 14.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow

To join the brimming river,

For men may come and men may go,

But I go on for ever.—TENNYSON.—*The Brook*.

(Moxon's Selection of his Works, page 119, Ed. 1865.)

*CHEEK*.—See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand !

O, that I were a glove upon that hand,

That I might touch that cheek !

SHAKSPERE.—*Romeo and Juliet*, Act ii., scene 2.

[Oh, that I were a flea upon that lip!—Shirley; *The School of Compliments*. Oh, that I were a veil upon that face! S. Marmion; *The Antiquary*, Act ii., scene 1. See Dodsley's Collection of Old Plays, Volume x., page 26.]

On the cold cheek of death smiles and roses are blending,

And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb.

BEATTIE.—*The Hermit*, verse 6, last lines.

*CHERRY*.—We grew together,

Like to a double cherry, seeming parted.

SHAKSPERE.—*Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act iii., sc. 2.

(Helena to Hermia.)

Two lovely berries moulded on one stem ;

So with two seeming bodies, but one heart.

SHAKSPERE.—*Ibid*.

*CHICKENS*.—What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,  
At one fell swoop ?

SHAKSPERE.—*Macbeth*, Act iv., scene 3.

(Macduff to Malcolm.)

To swallow gudgeons 'ere they're catch'd,

And count their chickens 'ere they're hatch'd.

BUTLER.—*Hudibras*, Part ii., Canto iii., line 923.

*CHILD*.—The childhood shews the man,

As morning shews the day.

MILTON.—*Paradise Regained*, Book iv.

The child is genuine, you may trace

Throughout the sire's transmitted face.

GREEN.—*The Spleen*, line 11.

Oft too the mind well pleased surveys,

Its progress from its childish days ;

Sees how the current upwards ran,

And reads the child o'er in the man.

LLOYD.—*Epistle to Coleman*, line 17.

*CHILD.*— Did the man enjoy  
In after life, the visions of the boy?

*CRABBE.*—Tales of the Hall, Book ix.

The child is father of the man.

*WORDSWORTH.*—My Heart Leaps Up, line 7.

A little model the master wrought,  
Which should be to the larger plan  
What the child is to the man.

*LONGFELLOW.*—(By the Seaside building the ship.)

Youth, what man's age is like to be, doth show ;

We may our ends by our beginnings know.

*DENHAM.*—On Prudence, line 225. [The same idea is found in the French proverb, *l' Homme est toujours l' enfant, et l' enfant toujours l' homme.* The man is always the child, and the child is always the man.] (From a Dictionary of Quotations, published by G. G. and J. Robinson, Paternoster Row, 1799.)

When the man you see

You find him what you saw the boy would be,

Disguis'd a little ; but we still behold

What pleased, and what offended us of old.

*CRABBE.*—Tales of the Hall, Book iii.

The man you see through life retain'd

The boy's defects, his virtues too remain'd.

*CRABBE.*—*Ibid.*

*CHILDHOOD.*—Alas, my lord, my life is not a thing

Worthy your noble thoughts ! 'Tis not a life,

'Tis but a piece of childhood thrown away.

*BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.*—*Philaster*, Act v., scene 2.

Childhood, who like an April morn appears,

Sunshine and rain, hopes clouded o'er with fears.

*CHURCHILL.*—*Gotham*, Book i.

*CHILDREN.*—Unruly children make their sire stoop.

*SHAKSPERE.*—*Richard II.*, Act iii., scene 4.

(The Gardener to his Assistants.)

The pleasure that some fathers feed upon

Is my strict fast,—I mean my children's looks.

*SHAKSPERE.*—*Ibid.*, Act ii., scene 1.

(Old Gaunt to Richard.)

As children gathering pebbles on the shore.

*MILTON.*—*Paradise Regained*, Book iv.

[“A remarkable anticipation,” says the Rev. Geo. Gilfillan, “of Newton's famous saying, ‘I do not know what I may appear to the world; but to myself I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the seashore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me.’”—*Newton's Life*.]

*CHILDREN*.—Newton, (that proverb of the mind,) alas !  
Declared, with all his grand discoveries recent,  
That he himself felt only “like a youth  
Picking up shells by the great ocean—Truth.”

BYRON.—Don Juan, Canto vii., verse 5, line 5

When I look on my boys  
They renew all my joys,  
Myself in my children I see ;  
While the comforts I find  
In the kingdom my mind,  
Pronounce that my kingdom is free.

LLOYD.—Song in the Capricious Lovers, air 2.

By sports like these are all their cares beguil'd ;  
The sports of children satisfy the child.

GOLDSMITH.—The Traveller.

A little bench of heedless bishops here,  
And there a chancellor in embryo.

SHENSTONE.—The Schoolmistress, stanza 28.

*CHIPS*.— You may trace him oft  
By scars which his activity has left  
Beside our roads and pathways ; . . . .  
He who with pocket-hammer smites the edge  
Of luckless rock or prominent stone,  
. . . . detaching by the stroke  
A chip or splinter.

WORDSWORTH.—The Excursion, Book iii., page 83.

*CHIVALRY*.—The age of chivalry is gone.

BURKE.—Portrait of Marie Antoinette.

*CHOICE*.—We had a choice of difficulties.

GENERAL WOLFE.—(In his despatch from before Quebec.  
London Gazette, Extra, 16 October, 1759.)

*CHORUSES*.—For Choruses of Flowers, Trees, Waters, Elements,  
Planets, Time, Months, Seasons, and the year, see

CHURCHILL.—Gotham, Book i., line 243.

*CHRISTENING*.—This country has spoiled them ; this same christen-  
ing will ruin the colonies.

FOOTE.—The Patron, Act i.

*CHRISTIANS*.—O, Father Abraham, what these Christians are,  
Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect  
The thoughts of others.

SHAKSPERE.—Merchant of Venice, Act i., scene 3.  
(Shylock to Antonio and Bassanio.)

The disciples were called Christians first at Antioch.

The ACTS, chapter xi., verse 26.

CHRISTIANS.—I am sure she is a good Christian, and, which is almost as rare, a good woman.

SWIFT.—To Pope, 30th October, 1727.

CHRISTMAS.—Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes,  
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,  
The bird of dawning singeth all night long;  
And then, they say no spirit can walk abroad,  
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act i., scene 1, near the end.  
(Marcellus to Horatio on the crowing of the cock.)

The time draws near the birth of Christ,  
The moon is hid, the night is still;  
The Christmas bells from hill to hill  
Answer each other in the mist.

TENNYSON.—In Memoriam, 28, verse 1.

CHURCH.—When once thy foot enters the church, be bare—  
God is more there than thou : for thou art there  
Only by his permission. Then beware  
And make thyself all reverence and fear.

HERBERT.—The Temple Church Porch, verse 68.

Some to church repair,  
Not for the doctrine, but the music there.

POPE.—On Criticism, line 342.

I joy dear mother, when I view  
Thy perfect lineaments and hue  
Both sweet and bright :  
Beauty in thee takes up her place,  
And dates her letters from thy face,

When she doth write.—HERBERT.—The British Church, verse 1.

Who builds a church to God, and not to fame,  
Will never mark the marble with his name.

POPE.—Moral Essays, Epistle iii. to Bathurst, line 285.

For he loveth our nation, and hath built us a synagogue.

ST. LUKE, chapter vii., verse 5.

[The elders of the Jews to Jesus on behalf of the centurion's servant, who was sick and ready to die.]

Fond fools

Promise themselves a name from building churches.

RANDOLPH.—The Muses' Looking-glass, Act iii., scene 1.

CHURCH AND STATE.—The union of church and state, is not to make the church *political*, but the state *religious*.

LORD ELDON.—His Life, xxi., Law Magazine, page 74.

For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world ; but that the world through him might be saved.

ST. JOHN, chapter iii., verse 17.



*CHURCH AUTHORITY*.—If Chaldee, Hebrew, Syriac, will not bend,  
And stubborn Greek refuse to be their friend ;  
If languages and copies all say, No !  
The church *has said it, and it must be so !*

ANONYMOUS.—Quoted by the Rev. Hugh McNeile, D.D.,  
formerly Canon of Chester, and now Dean of Ripon, in  
his work on the Church and the Churches, vol. i., p. 268.

*CHURLISH*.—My master is of churlish disposition,  
And little recks to find the way to heaven  
By doing deeds of hospitality.

SHAKSPERE.—As You Like It, Act ii., scene 4.  
(Corin to Rosalind.)

I tell thee, churlish priest,  
A minist'ring angel shall my sister be,  
When thou liest howling.

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act v., scene 1.  
(Laertes to the Priest who refused Ophelia Christian  
burial.)

*CIRCLE*.—As on the smooth expanse of crystal lakes  
The sinking stone at first a circle makes ;  
The trembling surface by the motion stirr'd,  
Spreads in a second circle, then a third ;  
Wide, and more wide, the floating rings advance,  
Fill all the watery plain, and to the margin dance.

POPE.—Temple of Fame, line 436.

The small pebble stirs the peaceful lake ;  
The circle mov'd, a circle straight succeeds,  
Another still, and still another spreads.

POPE.—Essay on Man, Epistle iv., line 364.

Glory is like a circle in the water,  
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,  
Till, by broad spreading, it disperse to nought.

SHAKSPERE.—1 Henry VI., Act i., scene 2.  
(La Pucelle to Charles the Dauphin.)

Circles in water as they wider flow  
The less conspicuous in their progress grow,  
And when at last they trench upon the shore,  
Distinction ceases and they're view'd no more.

CRABBE.—The Borough, Letter 3.

*CIRCUMSTANCE*.—*Speed*. Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance.  
*Proteus*. It shall go hard, but I'll prove it by another.

SHAKSPERE.—Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act i., scene 1.

*CITY*.—Here have we no continuing city, but we seek one to come.  
St. PAUL to the Hebrews, chapter xiii., verse 14.

*CIVIL*.—Good-breeding ne'er commands us to be civil  
To those who give the nation to the devil ;  
Who at our surest best foundation strike,  
And hate our monarch and our Church alike.

ROWE.—Prologue to the Non-jurors.

*CLAWING*.—Have always been at daggers-drawing,  
And one another clapper-clawing.

BUTLER.—Hudibras, Part ii., Canto ii., line 79.

*CLAY*.—May I lie cold before that dreadful day,  
Press'd with a load of monumental clay !

POPE.—Homer's Iliad, Book vi., line 590.

For ever will I sleep, while poor maids cry,

“ Alas ! for pity stay,

And let us die

With thee ; men cannot mock us in the clay.”

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.—The Captain.

Ay ; these look like the workmanship of Heaven,  
This is the porcelain clay of human kind,  
And therefore cast into these noble moulds.

DRYDEN.—Don Sebastian, Act i., scene 1.

The precious porcelain of human clay.

BYRON.—Don Juan, Canto iv., stanza 11.

There let me sleep forgotten in the clay.

BRUCE.—Elegy written in Spring, verse 23.

*CLEAN YOUR SHOES ?*

GAY.—Trivia, Book i., line 24 ; Book ii., line 100.

*CLERGY*.—I never saw, heard, nor read, that the clergy were beloved  
in any nation where Christianity was the religion of the country.

SWIFT.—Thoughts on Religion.

*CLIMB*.—Ah ! who can tell how hard it is to climb  
The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar !

BEATTIE.—The Minstrel, verse i., line 1.

Fain would I climb, but that I fear to fall.

[A line written by Sir Walter Raleigh, with a diamond ring, on the glass of a window  
in a pavilion of Queen Elizabeth, who, on being informed of it, wrote underneath it :]

“ If thy mind fail thee, do not climb at all.”

SCOTT.—Kenilworth, chapter xvii.

1. I am lost in thought.

2. Thought of the Queen, perhaps ?

1. Why, if it were,

Heaven may be thought on, though too high to climb.

2. Oh ! now I find where your ambition drives.

DRYDEN.—Spanish Friar, Act i., scene 1.

*CLIMB*.—He either fears his fate too much,  
Or his deserts are small,  
Who dares not put it to the touch,  
To win or lose it all.

SCOTT.—Introduction to *Chronicles of the Cannongate*,  
volume xix.

He that climbs the tall tree has won right to the fruit ;  
He that leaps the wide gulf should prevail in his suit.

SCOTT.—The *Talisman*, chapter xxvi.

The lower still you crawl, you'll climb the higher.

SMOLLETT.—Advice, line 64.

Downward to climb, and backward to advance.

POPE.—The *Dunciad*, Book ii., line 320.

*CLOAKS*.—When clouds are seen wise men put on their cloaks.

SHAKSPERE.—Richard III., Act ii., scene 3.

(Third Citizen to his Companion.)

*CLOCK*.—The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve.

SHAKSPERE.—*Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act v., sc. 1.

(Theseus.)

Great Nature's well set clock in pieces took ;  
On all the springs and smallest wheels did look  
Of life and motion ; and with equal art  
Made up again the whole of every part.

COWLEY.—The *Davideis*, Book i., line 743.

The clock of his age had struck fifty-eight.

CELLINI.—Quoted by Disraeli in the first volume of his  
*Current of Literature*, page 99.

Haggard and hollow and wan, and without either thought or motion,  
E'en as the face of a clock from which the hands have been taken.

LONGFELLOW.—*Evangeline*.

Look at the clock.—BARHAM.—*Ingoldsby Legends*.

*CLOUD*.—Sometime we see a cloud that's dragonish,  
A vapour, sometime like a bear, or lion,  
A tower'd citadel, a pendent rock,  
A forked mountain, or blue promontory  
With trees upon't that nod unto the world,  
And mock our eyes with air : thou hast seen these signs ;  
They are the black vesper's pageants.

SHAKSPERE.—Antony and Cleopatra, Act iv., scene 12.

(Antony to Eros.)

Ascending through the opening of cloud-curtains.

LONGFELLOW.—The *Song of Hiawatha*.

(The peace pipe.)

*CLOUD*.—Closed with a cloud.

ST. JOHN.—The Revelation, chapter x., verse 1.

Yonder cloud

That rises upward always higher,  
A looming bastion fringed with fire.

TENNYSON.—In Memoriam, 15, verses 4, 5.

Can such things be,

And overcome us like a summer cloud,  
Without our special wonder?

SHAKSPERE.—Macbeth, Act iii., scene 4.

(Macbeth, after he had seen the Ghost of Banquo.)

*COACH*.—Go call a coach, and let a coach be call'd ;

And let the man that calls it be the caller ;

And in his calling let him nothing call,

But Coach, Coach, Coach ! O for a Coach, ye Gods !

CAREY.—Chrononhotonthologos, scene 5.

Much use of a coach makes us lose the benefit of our legs.

SENECA.—Epistle 10.

Use legs and have legs.

SWIFT.—Abstract of Collins' Discourse.

*COCK-A-HOOP*.—And having routed the whole troop,  
With victory was cock-a-hoop.

BUTLER.—Hudibras, Part i., Canto iii., line 13.

You'll make a mutiny among my guests !

You will set a cock-a-hoop ! you'll be the man !

SHAKSPERE.—Romeo and Juliet, Act i., scene 5.

(Capulet to Tybalt.) The origin of this phrase is very doubtful. See *Knight's Shakspeare*.

*COCK-CROWING*.— . . . The early village cock  
Hath twice done salutation to the morn.

SHAKSPERE.—Richard III., Act v., scene 3.

(Ratcliff to Richard.)

Hark, hark ! I hear

The strain of strutting chanticleer

Cry, Cock-a-doodle-do.—SHAKSPERE.—Tempest, Act i., scene 2.

A Song (Ariel.)

Thy boastful mirth let jealous rival spill,

Insult thy crest, and glossy pinions tear,

And ever in thy dreams the ruthless fox appear.

BEATTIE.—The Minstrel, Book i., stanza 36.

That house doth every day more wretched grow,

Where the Hen louder than the Cock doth crow.

FRENCH PROVERB.—(Howell's Letters, Book i., section iv., stanza 9.

*COFFIN*.—No useless coffin enclos'd his breast,  
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;  
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,  
With his martial cloak around him.

REV. CHAS. WOLFE.—Monody on the Death of Sir John Moore.

*COIN*. . . . Coin Heaven's Image  
In stamps that are forbid.

SHAKSPERE.—Measure for Measure, Act ii., scene 4.  
(Angelo to Isabella.)

This is the very coinage of your brain.

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act iii., scene 4.  
(The Queen to Hamlet.)

*COLD*.—The air bites shrewdly.

SHAKSPERE.—Ibid, Act i., scene 4.  
(The Prince to Horatio and Marcellus.)

*COLD*.— A man whose blood  
Is very snow-broth.

SHAKSPERE.—Measure for Measure, Act i., scene 5.  
(Lucio to Isabella.)

Cold as the turkeys coffin'd up in crust.

SHIRLEY.—The Sisters.

The cold in clime are cold in blood,  
Their love can scarce deserve the name;  
But mine was like a lava flood,  
That boils in Ætna's breast of flame.

BYRON.—The Giaour.

She though in full blown flower of glorious beauty, grows cold even in the summer of her age.

LEE and DRYDEN'S *ÆDIPUS*, Act iv., scene 1.  
(Ægæon to Ædipus.)

*COLOSSUS*.—Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world  
Like a Colossus; and we petty men  
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about  
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.

SHAKSPERE.—Julius Cæsar, Act i., scene 2.  
(Cassius to Brutus.)

*COLOURS*.—Mocking the air with colours idly spread.

SHAKSPERE.—King John, Act v., scene 1.  
(The Bastard to the King.)

*COLUMN*.—Where London's column, pointing to the skies.  
Like a tall bully, lifts the head and lies.

POPE.—Moral Essays, to Bathurst, Epi. iii., line 339.



*COLUMN*.—So like a shatter'd column lay the King.

TENNYSON.—Morte D'Arthur.

*COMBINATION*.—A combination, and a form, indeed,  
Where every god did seem to set his seal  
To give the world assurance of a man.

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act iii., scene 4.  
(The Prince to his Mother.)

*COME*.—Come what come may;  
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

SHAKSPERE.—Macbeth, Act i., scene 3.  
(Macbeth to Banquo.)

Come live with me, and be my love.

MARLOWE.—A Song. It is also in COTTON, in his invitation to Phillis.

*COMFORT*.—That comfort comes too late;  
'Tis like a pardon after execution;  
That gentle physic, given in time, had cur'd me;  
But now I am past all comforts here, but prayers.

SHAKSPERE.—Henry VIII., Act iv., scene 2.  
(Katherine to Capucius.)

He receives comfort like cold porridge.

SHAKSPERE.—Tempest, Act ii., scene 1.  
(Sebastian to Alonzo.)

*COMMENTATORS*.—Some future strain, in which the muse shall tell  
How *science* dwindles, and how *volumes* swell,  
How commentators each dark passage shun,  
And hold their farthing candle to the sun.

DR. YOUNG.—Love of Fame, Sat. vii., line 95.

*COMMON*.—As common as a barber's chair.

BURTON.—Anat. of Melancholy, Ed. 1651, page 665.

Like a barber's chair, that fits all buttocks.

SHAKSPERE.—All's Well that Ends Well, Act ii., scene 2.  
(Clown to the Countess.)

As common as the stairs

That mount the capitol.

SHAKSPERE.—Cymbeline, Act i., scene 7.  
(Ichimo to Imogen.)

As common as the highway.

OLD PROVERB.—Knight's Shak. Sup.

This comes of visiting commoners.

GARRICK.—High Life Below Stairs, Act ii.

*COMMUNION*.—They eat, they drink, and in communion sweet  
Quaff immortality and joy.

MILTON.—*Paradise Lost*, Book V., line 637.

Thus may we abide in union,  
With each other and the Lord,  
And possess in sweet communion  
Joys which earth cannot afford.

REV. JOHN NEWTON.—*Benediction*, verse 2.

*COMPANY*.—It is certain that either wise bearing or ignorant carriage, is caught as men take diseases, one of another; therefore, let men take heed of their company.

SHAKSPERE.—2 *Henry IV.*, Act v., scene 1.  
(Falstaff *solus*.)

Get the gone;  
I see thou art not for my company.

SHAKSPERE.—*Titus Andronicus*, Act iii., scene 2.  
(Titus to Marcus.)

Is all our company here?

SHAKSPERE.—*Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act i., scene 2.  
(Quince to Bottom.)

I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.

SHAKSPERE.—*As You Like It*, Act iii., scene 2.  
(Jaques to Orlando.)

Catius is ever moral, ever grave,  
Thinks who endures a knave, is next a knave,  
Save just at dinner—then prefers, no doubt,  
A rogue with venison, to a saint without.

POPE.—*Moral Essays*, Epi. i., To Temple, line 77.

Preferring, with a soul as black as soot,  
A rogue on horseback to a saint on foot.

WOLCOT.—*The Lousiad*, Canto i.

A pleasant companion is as good as a coach.

SWIFT.—*The Tripos*, Act iii.  
(*Jucundus comes est pro vehiculo*.)

Company, villainous company, hath been the spoil of me.

SHAKSPERE.—1 *Henry IV.*, Act iii., scene 3.  
(Falstaff to Bardolph.)

*COMPARE*.—So I had known whelps like dogs, so kids like their dams:  
thus I was wont to compare great things with small.

DAVIDSON'S *VIRGIL*, by Buckley, page 2.

*COMPARE*.—So, if great things to small may be compar'd,  
 Xerxes, the liberty of Greece to yoke,  
 From Susa, his Memnonian palace high,  
 Came to the sea; and, over Hellespont  
 Bridging his way, Europe with Asia joined,  
 And scourged with many a stroke the indignant waves.

MILTON.—Paradise Lost, Book X.

If I may be allowed to compare little matters with great ones, Anapis  
 also loved me.—RILEY'S OVID.—Meta, page 174.

*COMPARISONS*.—One fairer than my love! the all-seeing sun  
 Ne'er saw her match, since first the world begun.

SHAKSPERE.—Romeo and Juliet, Act i., scene 2.  
 (Romeo to Benvolio.)

Compare her face with some that I shall show,  
 And it will make thee think thy swan a crow.

SHAKSPERE.—Ibid.  
 (Benvolio to Romeo.)

To seek through the regions of the earth  
 For one his like, there would be something failing  
 In him that should compare.—SHAKSPERE.—Cymbeline, Act i., scene 1.

To me he seems like diamond to glass.

SHAKSPERE.—Pericles, Act ii., scene 3.  
 (Thaisa to Pericles.)

Thou art an eagle to a wren.

WOLCOT.—Ode i., To the Academicians, verse 8, 1782.

No *caparisons*, miss, if you please,

*Caparisons* don't become a young woman.

SHERIDAN.—The Rivals, Act iv., scene 2.

Comparisons are *odorous*.

SHAKSPERE.—Much Ado About Nothing, Act iii., scene 5.  
 (Dogberry.)

1. By heavens, a most edible coparisó.

2. Odious thou would'st say; for coparisós are odious.

ANONYMOUS.—Sir Giles Goosecappe, an old Comedy of  
 1606.

Leave her, and I will leave comparing thus;  
 She and comparisons are odious.

DR. DONNE.—The Comparison.

Comparisons are odious.

BURTON.—3 Anat. of Mel., sec. iii. mem. 1., sub. 2.

GEORGE HERBERT.—*Jacula Prudentum*.

HEYWOOD.—A Woman Kill'd with Kindness. Act i.,  
 scene 1.

*COMPARISONS.*—To liken them to your auld-warld squad,  
I must needs say comparisons are odd.

BURNS.—Brigs of Ayr.

*COMPASS.*—A rusty nail, placed near the faithful compass  
Will sway it from the truth, and wreck the argosy.

SCOTT.—The Talisman, chapter xxiv., quoting "The Crusade."

*COMPOSING.*—'Tis true, composing is the nobler part,  
But good translation is no easy art.

ROSCOMMON.—On translated Verse.

*COMPOSURE.*—The school was done, the bus'ness o'er,  
When, tir'd of Greek and Latin lore,  
Good Syntax sought his easy chair,  
And sat in calm composure there.

WILLIAM COMBE.—Doctor Syntax. Canto i., line 1.

*CONCEIT.*—Lay open to my earthly-gross conceit,  
Smothered in errors.

SHAKSPERE.—Comedy of Errors, Act iii., scene 2.

I am pressed down with conceit—  
Conceit, my comfort and my injury.

SHAKSPERE.—Comedy of Errors, Act iv., scene 2.

His fair tongue, conceit's expositor,  
Delivers in such gracious words.

SHAKSPERE.—Love's Labor's Lost, Act ii., scene 1.

A good lustre of conceit is a tuft of earth;  
Fire enough for a flint.

SHAKSPERE.—Love's Labor's Lost, Act iv., scene 2.

Their conceits have wings  
Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, swifter things.

SHAKSPERE.—Love's Labor's Lost, Act v., scene 2.

Thrust thy sharp wit quite through my ignorance;  
Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit.

SHAKSPERE.—Ibid.

You have a noble and a true conceit  
Of god-like amity.

SHAKSPERE.—Merchant of Venice, Act iii., scene 4.

*CONCLUSION.*—But this denoted a foregone conclusion.

SHAKSPERE.—Othello, Act iii., scene 3.  
(The Moor to Iago.)

*CONDUCT.*—Take heed lest passion sway  
Thy judgment to do aught which else free-will  
Would not admit.

MILTON.—Paradise Lost, Book viii., line 635.

**CONDUCT.**— I argue not  
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot  
Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer  
Right onward.

MILTON.—Sonnet xxii.

Were man

But constant, he were perfect.

SHAKSPERE.—Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act v., scene 4.  
(Proteus.)

And let men so conduct themselves in life  
As to be always strangers to defeat.

YONGE'S Cicero.—A precept of Atreus, Tusculan Disp.  
Book v., div. 18.

When once our grace we have forgot,  
Nothing goes right; we would, and we would not.

SHAKSPERE.—Measure for Measure, Act iv., scene 4.  
(Anglo repentant.)

But by bad courses may be understood,  
That their events can never fall out good.

SHAKSPERE.—Richard II., Act ii., scene 1.  
(York to the King.)

Circles are prais'd, not that abound  
In largeness, but th' exactly round:  
So life we praise, that does excel,  
Not in much time, but acting well.

WALLER.—Long and Short Life. Epigrams.

**CONFIDENCE.**—In maiden confidence she stood,  
Though mantled in her cheek the blood,  
And told her love with such a sigh  
Of deep and hopeless agony.

SCOTT.—Lady of the Lake, Canto iv., stanza 18.

**CONFIDENCE.**—If ever you betray what you are intrusted with, you  
forfeit my *malevolence* for ever; and your being a simpleton shall be  
no excuse for your *locality*.

SHERIDAN.—The Rivals, Act i., scene 2.

**CONFOUND.**—The attempt and not the deed, confounds us.

SHAKSPERE.—Macbeth, Act ii., scene 2.  
(Lady Macbeth.)

If ever fearful  
To do a thing, when I the issue doubted,  
Whereof the execution did cry out  
Against the non-performance; 'twas a fear  
Which oft infects the wisest.

SHAKSPERE.—Winter's Tale, Act i., scene 2.  
(Camillo to Leontes.)



*CONFUSION*.—I saw and heard, for such a numerous host  
Fled not in silence through the frightened deep;  
With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,  
Confusion worse confounded.

MILTON.—Paradise Lost, Book ii., line 993.

There is confusion worse than death.

TENNYSON.—The Lotos Eaters. Choric, verse 6.

*CONJECTURES*.—If there's a Power above  
(And that there is all nature cries aloud,  
Through all her works) he must delight in virtue;  
And that which he delights in must be happy.  
But when? or where? this world was made for Cæsar;  
I'm weary of conjectures—this must end them.

ADDISON.—Cato, Act v., scene 1.

*CONQUEST*.—And ever since the Conquest have been fools.

ROCHESTER.—Letter from Artemisia to Chloe. Line 51  
from end.

*CONSCIENCE*.—Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;  
And thus the native hue of resolution  
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;  
And enterprizes of great pith and moment,  
With this regard, their currents turn awry,  
And lose the name of action.

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act iii., scene 1.  
(His Soliloquy.)

Thy conscience

Is so possessed with guilt.

SHAKSPERE.—Tempest, Act i., scene 2.

Now is Cupid a child of conscience; he makes restitution.

SHAKSPERE.—Merry Wives, Act v., scene 5.

I'll teach you how you shall arraign your conscience.

SHAKSPERE.—Measure for Measure, Act ii., scene 3.

Ere you flout old ends any further, examine your conscience.

SHAKSPERE.—Much Ado, Act i., scene 1.

If Don Worm, his conscience, find no impediment to the contrary.

SHAKSPERE.—Much Ado, Act v., scene 2.

Done in the testimony of a good conscience.

SHAKSPERE.—Love's Labor's Lost, Act iv., scene 2.

Consciences, that will not die in debt.

SHAKSPERE.—Love's Labor's Lost, Act v., scene 2.

Trust that man in nothing, who has not a conscience in every thing.

STERNE.—Tristram Shandy, Vol. ii., chap. xvii. and sermon 27.

*CONSENT*.—My consent goes not that way.

SHAKSPERE.—Merry Wives of Windsor, Act iii., scene 2.  
(Page to Hostess.)

Let him light his pipe with his consent if he pleases. Wilful against  
Wise for a wagar.

COLLEY CIBBER.—The Non-Juror, Act i., scene 1.

A little still she strove and much repented,  
And whispering "I will ne'er consent"—consented.

BYRON.—Don Juan, Canto i., verse 117.

She hugg'd th' offender, and forgave th' offence.

DRYDEN.—Cymon and Iphigenia, line 367.

*CONSIDERATION*.—What you have said,  
I will consider; what you have to say,  
I will with patience hear; and find a time  
Both meet to hear and answer.

SHAKSPERE.—Julius Cæsar, Act i., scene 3.  
(Brutus to Cassius.)

Consideration like an angel came,  
And whipp'd the offending Adam out of him.

SHAKSPERE.—Henry V., Act i., scene 1.  
(Canterbury to Ely.)

*CONSTABLE*.—Quoth Hudibras, "Friend Ralph, thou hast  
Outrun the constable at last."

BUTLER.—Hudibras, Part i., Canto iii., line 1367.

Who thinks you the most *desartless* man to be a constable?

SHAKSPERE.—Much Ado About Nothing, Act iii., scene 3.  
(Dogberry to 1st Watch.)

You are thought here to be the most *senseless* and fit man for the con-  
stable of the watch; therefore bear you the lantern.

SHAKSPERE.—Much Ado About Nothing, Act iii., scene 3  
(Dogberry to 2nd Watch.)

What does this fellow of a constable mean by interrupting our play?

FIELDING.—The Author's Farce, Act iii., scene 1.

*CONSTANCY*.—Hang constancy, you know too much of the world to  
be constant, sure.

FIELDING.—Love in several Masques, Act iv., scene 2.

'Tis often constancy to change the mind.

HOOLE'S ANASTATIO.—(SIEVES.) Vol i., section 8.

*CONSTRUE*.—But men may construe things after their fashion.  
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.

SHAKSPERE.—Julius Cæsar, Act i., scene 3.  
(Cicero to Casca.)

*CONSTRUE*.—O illegitimate construction.

SHAKSPERE.—Much Ado About Nothing, Act iii., scene 4  
(Margaret to Beatrice.)

*CONSUMMATION*.—'Tis a consummation  
Devoutly to be wish'd.

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act iii., scene 1. (His Soliloquy.)

*CONTEMPLATION*.—To contemplation's sober eye,  
Such is the race of man.

And they that creep, and they that fly,  
Shall end where they began.

GAY.—On the Spring, verse 4.

For contemplation he, and valour form'd ;  
For softness she, and sweet attractive grace.

MILTON.—Paradise Lost, Book iv., line 297.  
(Adam and Eve.)

*CONTENT*.—Content with poverty, my soul I arm ;  
And virtue, though in rags, will keep me warm.

DRYDEN.—29th Ode, Horace, Book iii., verse 8.

I have learned in whatsoever state I am therewith to be content.

PHILIPPIANS, chapter iv., verse 11.

Mecænas, what's the cause that no man lives  
Contented with the lot which reason gives,  
Or chance presents ; yet all with envy view  
The schemes that others variously pursue ?

FRANCIS' HORACE.—Book i., Sat. 1.

Learn this of me, where'er thy lot doth fall,  
Short lot, or not, to be content with all.

HERRICK.—Hesperides, Aphorisms, No. 215.

I am quite my own master, agreeably lodged, perfectly easy in my circumstances. I am contented with my situation, and happy because I think myself so.

LE SAGE.—Gil Blas, Book vii., chapter 13.

All things on earth thus change, some up, some down ;  
Content's a kingdom, and I wear that crown.

HEYWOOD.—A Woman Kill'd with Kindness.

As fancy should advise,  
I'd always take my morning exercise ;  
For sure no minutes bring us more content  
Than those in pleasing useful studies spent.

POMFRET.—The Choice.

When well at ease and happy, live content,  
And then consider why that life was lent.

DENHAM.—On Prudence, line 239.

*CONTENT.*—How does your content  
Tender your own good fortune?

SHAKSPERE.—*Tempest*, Act ii., scene 1.

The image of it gives me content already.

SHAKSPERE.—*Measure for Measure*, Act iii., scene 1.

I commend you to your own content.

SHAKSPERE.—*Comedy of Errors*, Act i., scene 2.

He that commends me to mine own content  
Commends me to the thing I cannot get.

SHAKSPERE.—*Ibid.*

*CONTENTIONS.*—Contentions fierce,  
Ardent, and dire, spring from no petty cause.

SCOTT.—*Peveril of the Peak*, chap. xl., quoting “*Albion*”

Contention bold, with iron lungs,  
And Slander with her hundred tongues.

ED. MOORE.—*Selim the Persian*.

In this contention, it is difficult to say which party succeeded.

FIELDING.—*Joseph Andrews*.

Contention is a hydra's head : the more they strive the more they may  
and as Praxiteles did by his glass, when he saw a scurvy face in it  
brake it in pieces : but for that one he saw many more as bad in a  
moment.—BURTON.—*Anat. of Mel.*, Part ii., sec. 3, mem. 7.

Even as a broken mirror, which the glass  
In every fragment multiplies, and makes

A thousand images of one that was

The same, and still the more, the more it breaks.

BYRON.—*Childe Harold*, Canto iii., stanza 33, page 61.

*CONTEST.*—Between nose and eyes a strange contest arose,  
The spectacles set them unhappily wrong ;  
The point in dispute was, as all the world knows,  
To which the said spectacles ought to belong.

COWPER.—*Report of an Adjudged Case*.

*CONTRITE.*—Prostrate my contrite heart I rend :

My God, my Father, and my Friend !

Do not forsake me in my end !

ROSCOMMON.—*Day of Judgment*, verse 17.

*CONVERSE.*—Studious let me sit,  
And hold high converse with the mighty dead.

THOMSON.—*Winter*, line 431.

In days of yore when time was young,  
When birds convers'd as well as sung,  
When use of speech was not confin'd  
Merely to brutes of human kind.—LLOYD.—*Hare and Tortoise*.

CONVERSE.—With thee conversing I forget the way.

GAY.—*Trivia*, Book ii., line 480.

With thee conversing I forget all time.

MILTON.—*Paradise Lost*, Book iv., line 639.

While we converse with her, we mark

No want of day, nor think it dark.

WALLER.—*The Night Piece*.

COOKS.—Are these the choice dishes the doctor has sent us?

Is this the great poet whose works so content us?

This Goldsmith's fine feast, who has written fine books?

Heaven sends us good *meat*, but the *Devil sends cooks*.

GARRICK.—On Goldsmith's "*Retaliation*."

COPY.—You are the cruel'st she alive,

If you will lead these graces to the grave,

And leave the world no copy.

SHAKSPERE.—*Twelfth Night*, Act i., scene 5.

(*Viola to Olivia.*)

CORAL.—Full fathom five thy father lies;

Of his bones are coral made;

Those are pearls that were his eyes;

Nothing of him that doth fade,

But doth suffer a sea change.

SHAKSPERE.—*Tempest*, Act i., scene 2. (*Ariel sings.*)

CORD.—Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken,  
or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel be broken at the  
cistern. Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was: and the  
spirit to God that gave it.

ECCLESIASTES, chapter xii., verses 6, 7.

CORINTH.—It is not every man's lot to gain Corinth.

SMART'S HORACE.—Book i., epistle 17.

CORK.—The cork shall start obsequious to my thumb.

SCOTT.—*Peveril of the Peak*, chapter xxii.

CORNISH MEN.—By Pol, Tre, and Pen,

You may know the Cornish men.—SCOTT.—*Kenilworth*, chapter i.

CORPORAL. *The Corporal*.—Tread lightly on his ashes, ye men of  
genius—for he was your kinsman; weed his grave clean, ye men of  
goodness—for he was your brother. Oh, Corporal! had I thee but  
now—now that I am able to give thee a dinner and protection—how  
would I cherish thee!

But alas! alas! alas! now that I can do this, the occasion is lost—for  
thou art gone; thy genius fled up to the stars, from whence it came;  
and that warm heart of thine, with all its generous and open vessels,  
compressed into a *clod of the valley*!

STERNE.—*Tristram Shandy*, Volume vi., chapter xxv.



*CORRUPTIONS*.—Corruptions can only be expiated by the blood of the just ascending to heaven by the steps of the scaffold.

DE TOCQUEVILLE.—*Histoire de Louis XV.*, ii., 583.

*CORSAIR*.—He left a Corsair's name to other times,  
Link'd with one virtue, and a thousand crimes.

BYRON.—*The Corsair*, Canto iii., stanza 24.

*COT—COTTAGE—COTTAR*—At night returning, every labour sped,  
He sits him down the monarch of a shed;  
Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys  
His children's looks that brighten at the blaze;  
While his lov'd partner, boastful of her hoard,  
Displays her cleanly platter on the board.

GOLDSMITH.—*The Traveller*.

An' makes him quite forget his labour and his toil.

BURNS.—*The Cottar's Saturday Night*, verse 3.

The little smiling cottage, warm embower'd;  
The little smiling cottage, where at eve  
He meets his rosy children at the door,  
Prattling their welcomes, and his honest wife,  
With good brown cake and bacon slice, intent  
To cheer his hunger after labour hard.

DYER.—*The Fleece*, Book i.

And when from wholesome labour he doth come,  
With wishes to be there and wish'd-for home,  
He meets at door the softest human blisses,  
His chaste wife's welcome, and dear children's kisses.

COWLEY.—*Transl. Georg.*, Book ii., 458.

*COUGH*.—Adepts in the speaking trade  
Keep a cough by them ready made.

CHURCHILL.—*The Ghost*, Book ii.

And coughing drowns the parson's saw.

SHAKSPERE.—*Love's Labor's Lost*, Act v.

*COUNCIL*.—Want of judgment, Drollio;

An unlearned council,—I ever told you so,—

Never more heads nor ever less wit, believe it.

SUCKLING.—*The Sad One*, Act iii., scene 2.

*COUNTRY*.—It is sweet and glorious to die for one's country.

HORACE.—Book iii., Ode ii.; and see CICERO in the *Tusculan Disputations*; BEN JONSON in the play of *Catiline*, Act iii., scene 2; and BEAUMONT and FLETCHER, in the *Faithful Friends*, Act ii., scene 3.

*COUNTRY*.—A glorious death is his  
Who for his country falls.

HOMER.—The Iliad of Lord Derby, Book xv., line 578.  
(Hector to his troops.)

*COURAGE*.—Remember now, when you meet your antagonist, do everything in a mild, agreeable manner. Let your courage be as keen, but, at the same time, as polished as your sword.

SHERIDAN.—The Rivals, Act iii., scene 4.

Courage never to submit or yield.

MILTON.—Paradise Lost, Book i., line 108.

A courage to endure and to obey.

TENNYSON.—Isabel, verse 2.

Courage mounteth with occasion.

SHAKSPERE.—King John, Act ii., scene 1.  
(Austria to King Philip.)

*COURT*.—1. Wast ever in court, shepherd?

2. No, truly.

1. Then thou art d—d. Thou art in a parlous state, shepherd.

SHAKSPERE.—As You Like It, Act iii., scene 2.  
(Touchstone to Corin.)

I will make a star-chamber matter of it.

SHAKSPERE.—Merry Wives of Windsor, Act i., scene 1.  
(Shallow to Sir Hugh Evans.)

There is a court above, of the star-chamber,  
To punish routs and riots.

BEN JONSON.—Magnetic Lady, Act iii., scene 4.  
Knight's Note.

*COURTESY*.—I am the very pink of courtesy.

SHAKSPERE.—Romeo and Juliet, Act ii., scene 4.  
(Mercutio to Romeo.)

*COUSIN*.—His master and he are scarce cater-cousins.

SHAKSPERE.—Merchant of Venice, Act ii., scene 2.  
(Gobbo to Launcelot.)

*COWARD*.—Where's the coward that would not dare  
To fight for such a land?

SCOTT.—Marmion, Canto iv., stanza 30.

Cowardice

Hath made us by-words to our enemies.

SHAKSPERE.—3 Henry VI., Act i., scene 1.  
(Warwick to Plantagenet, Duke of York.)

You trembling coward who forsook his master.

HOME.—Douglas, Act ii., scene 1.

*COWARD.*—Cowards die many times before their deaths :  
 The valiant never taste of death but once.  
 Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,  
 It seems to me most strange that men should fear ;  
 Seeing that death, a necessary end,  
 Will come when it will come.

*SHAKSPERE.*—Julius Cæsar, Act ii., scene 2.  
 (Cæsar to Calphurnia.)

A plague of all cowards !  
 Give me a cup of sack, rogue. Is there no virtue, extant ?  
 You rogue, here's lime in this sack too. There is nothing but roguery  
 to be found in villanous man : yet a coward is worse than a cup of  
 sack with lime in it.

*SHAKSPERE.*—1 Henry IV., Act ii., scene 4.  
 (Falstaff to Prince Henry.)

Is there no virtue in the world ?

*LONGFELLOW.*—The Spanish Student, Act i., scene 5.

*COWLEY.*—He more had pleas'd us, had he pleased us less.

*ADDISON.*—An Account of English Poets.

*CRADLE.*—All that lies betwixt the cradle and the grave, is uncertain.

*SENECA.*—Of a Happy Life, chap. xxii.

From the material tomb,  
 To the grave's faithful womb.

*COWLEY.*—Life.

From the cradle to the tomb,  
 Not all gladness, not all gloom.

*ANONYMOUS.*

To the coffin, from the cradle.

*PRIOR.*—Moral to "The Ladle."

Hard-travell'd from the cradle to the grave.

*YOUNG.*—Night vi., line 221.

A little rule, a little sway,  
 A sunbeam in a winter's day,  
 Is all the proud and mighty have  
 Between the cradle and the grave.

*DYER.*—Grongar Hill, line 89.

The hearts within thy valleys bred,  
 The fiery souls that might have led  
 Thy sons to deeds sublime,  
 Now crawl from cradle to the grave,  
 Slaves—nay the bondmen of a slave,  
 And callous save to crime.

*BYRON.*—The Giaour.

*CRADLE*.—Most wretched men  
Are cradled into poetry by wrong,  
They learn in suffering what they teach in song.

SHELLEY.—Julian and Maddalo.

Scourged by the winds and cradled on the rock.

CAMPBELL.—The pleasures of Hope, Part i.

*CREATURE*.—The creature's at his dirty work again.

POPE.—Epi. to Arbuthnot.

Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth  
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep.

MILTON.—Paradise Lost, Book iv., line 677.

*CREED*.—I make no man's creed but my own.

STERNE.—Tristram Shandy, Vol. viii., chapter viii.

Sapping a solemn creed with solemn sneer.

BYRON.—Childe Harold, Canto iii., stanza 107.

*CRIMES*.—Tremble thou wretch,  
That has within thee undivulged crimes,  
Unwhipp'd of justice.

SHAKSPERE.—King Lear, Act iii., scene 2.  
(The King.)

Sprung from that parent of ten thousand crimes,  
The *New Philosophy* of modern times.

CANNING.—New Morality.

Contrivances of the time  
For sowing broadcast the seeds of crime.

LONGFELLOW.—The Golden Legend, Div. 5.  
(Scene at the foot of the Alps.)

*CRIPPLE*.—Amongst all honest christian people,  
Whoe'er breaks limbs maintains the cripple.

PRIOR.—To Fleetwood Shepard, Esq.

*CRITIC*.—I am nothing if not critical.

SHAKSPERE.—Othello, Act, ii., scene 1.  
(Iago to Desdemona.)

Blame where you must, be candid where you can,  
And be each critic the good-natured man.

GOLDSMITH.—Epi. to "Good-natured man."

Ah, ne'er so dire a thirst of glory boast,  
Nor in the critic let the man be lost.

POPE.—Essays on Criticism, Part ii., line 523.

Critics indeed are valuable men,  
But hyper-critics are as good again.

JAMES BRAMSTON.—The Man of Taste.

*CRITIC*.—Sleeping, talking, and laughing, are qualities sufficient to furnish out a critic.

SWIFT.—Sermon 10.

He wreathed the rod of criticism with roses.

DISRAELI.—On Bayle.

But his hand drops no flowers.

DISRAELI.—Curiosities of Lit., Vol. i., page 15.

(Comparing Le Clerc with Bayle.)

Who high in letter'd reputation sit,

And hold, Astrea-like, the scales of wit.

CHURCHILL.—The Apology, line 11.

*CROSS*.—On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,

Which Jews might kiss and Infidels adore.

POPE.—Rape of the Lock, Canto ii., line 7.

Near to that spot where Charles bestrides a horse,

In humble prose the place is Charing Cross.

FOOTE.—Prol. to the Englishman Returned to Paris, line 12.

*CROOKED*.—Straight down Crooked Lane,

And all around the square.—TOM HOOD.—A Plain Direction, verse 1.

*CROTCHET*.—Thou hast some crotchets in thy head now.

SHAKSPERE.—Merry Wives of Windsor, Act ii., scene 1.

(Mrs. Ford to her Husband.)

*CROW*.—The impudent crow with full throat invites the rain, and solitary stalks by herself on the dry sand.

DAVIDSON'S VIRGIL.—(Buckley) Georgics, Book i., p. 45.

If the old shower-foretelling crow

Croak not her boding note in vain,

To-morrow's eastern storm shall strow

The woods with leaves, with weeds the main.

FRANCIS' HORACE.—Book iii., Ode xvii., line 9.

It warn't for nothing that the raven was croaking on my left hand.

RILEY'S PLAUTUS.—Vol. i. The Aulularia, Act iv., sc. 3.

That raven on the left-hand oak

(Curse on his ill-betiding croak)

Bodes me no good.

GAY.—Fable xxxvii., Farmer's Wife and the Raven.

*CROWN*.—Within the hollow crown

That rounds the mortal temples of a king,

Keeps death his court; and there the antick sits,

Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp.

SHAKSPERE.—Richard II., Act iii., scene 2.

(To Aumerle.)



*CROWN*.—This coronet part between you.

*SHAKSPERE*.—King Lear, Act i., scene 1.  
(The King to Cornwall and Albany.)

*CRUEL*.—I must be cruel, only to be kind.

*SHAKSPERE*.—Hamlet, Act iii., scene 4.  
(To his Mother.)

*CRY*.—The author raises mountains seeming full,  
But all the cry produces little wool.

*KING*.—Art of Cookery, line 195; *SWIFT*, Prol. to a Play.

Or shear swine, all cry and no wool.

*BUTLER*.—Hudibras, Part i., Canto i., line 852.

*CRYING*.—We came crying hither,  
Thou know'st the first time that we smell the air  
We wawl and cry.

When we are born, we cry, that we are come  
To this great stage of fools.

*SHAKSPERE*.—King Lear, Act iv., scene 6.  
(The King to Gloster.)

And when I was born, I drew in the common air, and fell upon the  
earth, which is of like nature, and the first voice which I uttered was  
crying, as all others do.

*WISDOM OF SOLOMON*, chapter vii., verse 3.

So runs my dream; but what am I?

An infant crying in the night:

An infant crying for the light,

And with no language but a cry.

*TENNYSON*.—In Memoriam, 53.

*CUCKOO*.—How sweet the sound of the cuckoo's note!  
Whence is the magic pleasure of the sound?

*GRAHAME*.—Birds of Scotland, Part ii., line 1.

The cuckoo then on every tree,  
Mocks married men, for thus sings he,  
Cuckoo!

Cuckoo! Cuckoo! O word of fear,  
Unpleasing sound to the married ear.

*SHAKSPERE*.—Love's Labor's Lost, Act v., scene 2.  
(A song at the end of the Act.)

The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,  
The plain-song cuckoo gray,  
Whose note full many a man doth mark,  
And dares not answer nay.

*SHAKSPERE*.—Midsummer Night's Dream, Act iii., sc. 1.  
(Bottom, singing.)

*CUCKOO*.—With the hymns of the church, and the plain song.

LONGFELLOW.—*Evangeline*, Part i., division 1.

Why do you weep, you cuckoo?

RILEY's *Plautus*, Volume i. The *Pseudolus*, Act i., sc. 1.

*CUPID*.—Now is Cupid a child of conscience; he makes restitution.

SHAKSPERE.—*Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act v., scene 5.

Cupid is a good hare-finder and Vulcan a rare carpenter.

SHAKSPERE.—*Much Ado About Nothing*, Act i., sc. 1.

If we can do this, Cupid is no longer an archer: his glory shall be ours.

SHAKSPERE.—*Much Ado About Nothing*, Act ii., sc. 1.

Of this matter

Is little Cupid's crafty arrow made,

That only wounds by hearsay.

SHAKSPERE.—*Much Ado About Nothing*, Act iii., sc. 1.

Then loving goes by haps:

Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps.

SHAKSPERE.—*Ibid.*

He hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bow-string, and the little hang-man dare not shoot at him.

SHAKSPERE.—*Much Ado About Nothing*, Act iii., sc. 2.

I think scorn to sigh: methinks I should outswear Cupid.

SHAKSPERE.—*Love's Labor's Lost*, Act i., scene 2.

Cupid's butt-shaft is too hard for Hercules' club.

SHAKSPERE.—*Ibid.*

He is Cupid's grandfather, and learns news of him.

SHAKSPERE.—*Love's Labor's Lost*, Act ii., scene 1.

This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid:

Regent of love-rhymes, lord of folded arms.

SHAKSPERE.—*Love's Labor's Lost*, Act iii., scene 1.

Shot, by heaven!

Proceed, sweet Cupid: thou hast thumped him with thy bird-bolt.

SHAKSPERE.—*Love's Labor's Lost*, Act iv., scene 3.

*CUPS*.—The iron cup chained for the general use.

ROGERS.—*Inscription in the Crimea*.

[Not inapplicable to the fountains now in use all over the kingdom.]

When you smooth

The brows of care, indulge the festive vein

In cups by well-informed experience found

The least your bane.—ARMSTRONG.—*On Preserving Health*, line 476.

[In an essay on the excellences of Tar Water, Bishop Berkeley says, "It emulates the virtues of that famous plant Gin Seng, so much valued in China as the only cordial that raises the spirits without depressing them." See his *Siris*, volume ii., division 66.—"The effect of all wines and spirits upon me is strange. It settles, but it makes me gloomy."—BYRON, *Diary*, 1821.]

*CUR.*—O 'tis a foul thing when a cur cannot keep himself in all companies !

*SHAKSPERE.*—Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act iv., sc. 4.  
(Launce with his Dog.)

*CURB.*—Curb this cruel devil of his will.

*SHAKSPERE.*—Merchant of Venice, Act iv., scene 1.  
(Bassanio to Portia.)

*CURFEW.*—The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,  
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,  
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,  
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

*GRAY.*—Elegy, verse 1.

What time the labour'd ox  
In his loos'd traces from the furrow came,  
And the swink'd hedger at his supper sat.

*MILTON.*—Comus, and the Lady.

*CURIOSITY.*—Let us satisfy our eyes  
With the memorials, and the things of fame,  
That do renown this city.

*SHAKSPERE.*—Twelfth Night, Act iii., scene 3.  
(Sebastian to Antonio.)

I will bespeak our diet,  
Whiles you beguile the time and feed your knowledge  
With viewing of the town.

*SHAKSPERE.*—Ibid. (Antonio to Sebastian.)

*CUSTOM.*—The breach of custom  
Is breach of all.

*SHAKSPERE.*—Cymbeline, Act iv., scene 2.  
(Imogen to Guiderius.)

Custom calls me to 't ;—  
What custom wills, in all things should we do 't ?

*SHAKSPERE.*—Coriolanus, Act ii., scene 3. (*Solus.*)

It is a custom,  
More honour'd in the breach than the observance.

*SHAKSPERE.*—Hamlet, Act i., scene 4.  
(Hamlet to Horatio.)

New customs,  
Though they be never so ridiculous,  
Nay, let them be unmanly, yet are follow'd.

*SHAKSPERE.*—Henry VIII., Act i., scene 3.  
(Sands to the Chamberlain.)

*CUT.*—Can ready compliments supply,  
On all occasions cut and dry.

*SWIFT.*—Furniture of Woman's Mind.

*CUT*.—Jokes of all kinds, ready cut and dry.

*MICROCOSM*.—Volume i., No. viii., page 68.

According to her cloth she cut her coat.

*DRYDEN*.—Cock and the Fox.

This was the most unkindest cut of all.

*SHAKSPERE*.—Julius Cæsar, Act iii., scene 2.  
(Antony to the Citizens.)

*CYNOSURE*.—Where perhaps some Beauty lies,  
The Cynosure of neighbouring eyes.

*MILTON*.—L'Allegro, line 79.

*CYPHER*.—Be not a figure among cyphers.

*MAUNDER'S Treasury of Knowledge*, page 638, ed. 1859.

Here's another of your cyphers to fill up the number :

Oh brave old ape in a silken coat !

*FORD*.—'Tis Pity, Act i.

1. A most fine figure !

2. To prove you a cypher.

*SHAKSPERE*.—Love's Labor's Lost, Act i., scene 2.

*DAFFODILS*.— Daffodils,

That come before the swallow dares.

• *SHAKSPERE*.—Winter's Tale, Act iv., scene 3.  
(Perdita to Florizel.)

*DAGGER*.—Is this a dagger which I see before me,  
The handle toward my hand ? Come, let me clutch thee.

*SHAKSPERE*.—Macbeth, Act ii., scene 1. (*Macbeth solus*.)

*DAISY*.—Thou lifts thy unassuming head

In humble guise ;

But now the share uptears thy bed,

And low thou lies.

*BURNS*.—To a Mountain Daisy, verse 5.

Like a fair flower by the keen share oppress'd.

*DRYDEN'S VIRGIL*.—The Æneid, Book ix., line 435.

A purple flower cut down by the plough.

*DAVIDSON*.—The Æneid, sup.

Wee modest crimson-tipped flower,

Thou's met me in an evil hour ;

For I maun crush amang the stour

Thy slender stem ;

To spare thee now is past my power

Thou bonnie gem !

*BURNS*.—To a Mountain Daisy, verse 1.

*DAISY*.—There is a Mosgiel farm; and that's the very field where Burns ploughed up the daisy.

WORDSWORTH.—Volume v., page 243. [Burns seems to have had the passage from Virgil in his mind when he painted the mountain Daisy.]

*DAMES*.—Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet,  
To think how mony counsels sweet,  
How mony lengthen'd sage advices,  
The husband frae the wife despises!

BURNS.—Tam o' Shanter, line 33.

*DAMN*.—Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,  
And without sneering, teach the rest to sneer.

POPE.—Epistle to Arbuthnot, line 201.

Or ravish'd with the whistling of a name,  
See Cromwell damn'd to everlasting fame.

POPE.—Essay on Man, Epistle iv., line 283.

Charm'd with the foolish whistling of a name.

COWLEY.—Transl. Georg., Book ii., line 458.

[The phrase is Cowley's and not Pope's, for he was not born until thirty years after the death of Cowley.]

*DANCE*. When you do dance, I wish you  
A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do  
Nothing but that.

SHAKSPERE.—Winter's Tale, Act iv., scene 3.  
(Florizel to Perdita.)

Like a wave of the sea.

ST. JAMES, General Epistle, chapter i., verse 6.

To dance attendance on their lordships' pleasures.

SHAKSPERE.—Henry VIII., Act v., scene 2.  
(The King to Butts.)

Light quirks of music, broken and uneven,  
Make the soul dance upon a jig to heaven.

POPE.—Moral Essays, Epistle iv., line 143.

*DANCING*.—The dancing pair, that simply sought renown,  
By holding out, to tire each other down.

GOLDSMITH.—Deserted Village, line 25.

Though civil persons they, you ruder were,  
And had more humours than a dancing bear.

ROWE.—Tonson and Congreve.

*DANGER*.—Keep together here, lest, running thither,  
We unawares run into danger's mouth.

MILTON.—Samson Agonistes.



*DANGER*.—Out of this nettle danger we pluck this flower, safety.

SHAKSPERE.—1 Henry IV., Act ii., scene 3.

(Hotspur reading a letter of caution.)

This flower of wifely patience.

CHAUCER.—The Clerk's Tale, Part v., line 8795.

*DANIEL*.—A Daniel come to judgment ! yea, a Daniel !

O wise young judge, how do I honor thee !

SHAKSPERE.—Merchant of Venice, Act iv., scene 1.

(Shylock to Portia.)

A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew !

SHAKSPERE.—Ibid. (Gratiano to Shylock.)

*DARE*.—Prithee, peace.

I dare do all that may become a man ;

Who dares do more, is none.

SHAKSPERE.—Macbeth, Act i., scene 7. (To his Lady.)

And these she answer'd kindly as she could,

But still "I dare not," waited on "I would."

CRABBE.—Tales of the Hall, Volume ii., Book xv.

What man dare, I dare ;

Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,

The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hircan tiger,

Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves

Shall never tremble.

SHAKSPERE.—Macbeth, Act iii., scene 4.

(To the Ghost of Banquo.)

*DARED*.—What ? am I dar'd and bearded to my face ?

SHAKSPERE.—1 Henry VI., Act i., scene 3.

(Gloster to Winchester.)

And dar'st thou then

To beard the lion in his den,

The Douglas in his hall ?

SCOTT.—Marmion, Canto vi., stanza 14.

Determined, dared, and done.

SMART.—Song to David, verse 86.

*DAREST*.—Dar'st thou, Cassius, now

Leap in with me into this angry flood,

And swim to yonder point ? Upon the word

Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,

And bade him follow.—SHAKSPERE.—Julius Cæsar, Act i., scene 2.

(Cassius to Brutus.)

*DARKNESS VISIBLE*.—Of darkness visible so much be lent,

As half to show, half veil the deep intent.

POPE.—The Dunciad, Book iv., line 3.

*DARKNESS VISIBLE*.—Darkness visible.

MILTON.—Paradise Lost, Book i., line 63.

Darkness, thou first great parent of us all,  
Thou art our great original !

YALDEN.—Hymn.

*DAUGHTER*.—The mother to her daughter spake,

Daughter, said she, arise ;  
Thy daughter to her daughter take  
Whose daughter's daughter cries.

RILEY's Dictionary of Classical Quotations, 221.

[A distich, according to Zuinglius, on a lady of the family of the Dalburgs, who saw her descendants to the sixth generation.]

Had he no friend—no daughter dear,  
His wandering toil to share and cheer ;  
No son to be his father's stay,  
And guide him in the rugged way.

SCOTT.—Last Minstrel, conclusion of Canto iii.

If a daughter you have, she's the plague of your life,  
No peace shall you know though you've buried your wife !  
At twenty she mocks at the duty you taught her—  
Oh, what a plague is an obstinate daughter !

SHERIDAN.—The Duenna, Act i., scene 3.

My daughter was ever a good girl.

MURPHY.—Three Weeks after Marriage, Act ii.

Ada, sole daughter of my house and heart.

BYRON.—Childe Harold, Canto iii., stanza 1.

*DAY*.—One day in thy courts is better than a thousand.

PSALM lxxxiv., verse 10.

Empire and love ! the vision of a day.

YOUNG.—Force of Religion, Book i., line 94.

One day spent well, and agreeable to your precepts, is preferable to an eternity of error.

YONGE's CICERO.—Tusculan Disp., Book v., division 2.

Frail empire of a day !

That with the setting sun extinct is lost.

SOMMERVILLE.—Hobbinol, Canto iii., line 326.

Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.

ST. MATTHEW, chapter vi., verse 34.

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,  
The bridal of the earth and sky,  
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night ;  
For thou must die.

GEORGE HERBERT.—The Temple ; Virtue.

*DAY*.—Seeming to weep the dying day's decay.

BYRON.—Don Juan, Canto iii., stanza 108, line 6.

At the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,  
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove,  
When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,  
And nought but the nightingale's heard in the grove.

BEATTIE.—The Hermit, line 1.

The bright possession of a day.

BROOME.—Lady and her Looking-glass.

Not all Apollo's Pythian treasures hold  
Can bribe the poor possession of a day,

HOMER.—The Iliad, Book ix., line 525. (Pope.)

O life frail offspring of a day!

'Tis puff'd with one short gasp away!  
Swift as the short-lived flower it flies,  
It springs, it fades, it blooms, it dies.

BROOME.—Melancholy.

Such and so varied, the precarious play  
Of fate with man, frail tenant of a day.

SCOTT.—Peveril of the Peak, chapter xxv.

Day is driven on by day, and the new moons hasten to their wane.

SMART'S HORACE.—Book ii., Ode xviii.

*DAYS*.—Though fallen on evil days,  
On evil days though fallen, and evil tongues.

MILTON.—Paradise Lost, Book vii., line 25.

We are fallen on dark and evil days!

MRS. HEMANS.—Siege of Valencia, scene i., page 264;  
and see ROGERS' Italy, the Campagna of Florence,  
page 116, edition 1830.

Enlarge my life with multitude of days,  
In health, in sickness, thus the suppliant prays;  
Hides from himself his state, and shuns to know  
That life protracted is protracted woe.

DR. JOHNSON.—Vanity of Human Wishes, line 255.

Thy shoes shall be iron and brass; and as thy days, so shall thy  
strength be.

MOSES.—On his blessing the tribe of Asher.  
(Deuteronomy, chapter xxxiii., verse 25.)

Thinking of the days that are no more.

TENNYSON.—The Princess, page 78.

*DE MORTUIS NIL NISI BONUM*.—Of the dead be nothing said but  
what is good.

RILEY'S Dictionary of Latin Quotations.

*DEAD*.—Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven !  
Thy ignomy sleep with thee in the grave,  
But not remember'd in thy epitaph !

SHAKSPERE.—1 Henry IV., Act v., scene 4.  
(Prince Henry on Hotspur's death.)

No farther seek his merits to disclose,  
Or draw his frailties from their dead abode ;  
There they alike in trembling hope repose,  
The bosom of his Father and his God.

GRAY's Elegy.—The Epitaph, verse 3.

Of no distemper, of no blast he died,—  
But fell like autumn fruit that mellowed long ;  
Even wondered at because he dropt no sooner ;  
Fate seemed to wind him up for fourscore years,  
Yet feebly ran he on ten winters more,  
Till like a clock worn out with eating time,  
The wheels of weary life at last stood still.

LEE and DRYEN.—Edipus, Act iv., scene 1.  
(Egeon to Edipus on the death of king Polybus.)

He still might doubt the tyrant's power ;  
So fair, so calm, so softly seal'd,  
The first, last look by death reveal'd !  
Such is the aspect of this shore ;  
'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more !  
So coldly sweet, so deadlly fair,  
We start, for soul is wanting there.—BYRON.—The Giaour, line 87.

He who hath bent him o'er the dead,  
Ere the first day of death is fled—  
The first dark day of nothingness,  
The last of danger and distress,  
(Before Decay's effacing fingers,  
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers)—  
And mark'd the mild angelic air,  
The rapture of repose that's there.

BYRON.—The Giaour, line 68. [See a note to Buckley's  
Translation of Sophocles, *Edipus Tyr.*, paragraph 53.]

*Fal.*—What ! is the old king dead ?

*Pistol.*—As nail in door.

SHAKSPERE.—2 Henry IV., Act v., scene 3.

O lady, he is dead and gone !  
Lady, he's dead and gone !  
And at his head a green grass turfe,  
And at his heels a stone.

ANONYMOUS.—1 Percy Reliques, Book ii., page 260.  
(The Friar of Orders Gray.)

*DEAD*.— *And must I die, she said,  
And unreveng'd? 'tis doubly to be dead!*

DRYDEN.—*The Æneid, Book iv., near the end.*

Come! let the burial rite be read—the funeral song be sung!  
An anthem for the queenliest dead that ever died so young—  
A dirge for her the doubly dead in that she died so young.

POE.—*Lenore, verse 1.*

I have syllables of dread;  
They can wake the dreamless dead.

W. L. BOWLES.—*Grave of the Last Saxon, line 32.*

Let the dead bury their dead.

ST. MATTHEW, chapter viii., verse 22. [That is, let the dead in trespasses and sins perform the office of burying those who are naturally dead.—Note by Archbishop Newcome.]

*DEAF*.—What does he say, John—eh? I am hard of hearing.

GARRICK.—*Lethe, Act 1.*

Like the deaf adder that stoppeth her ears; which refuseth to hear the voice of the charmer; charm he never so wisely.

PSALM lviii., verse 4. (*Prayer Book Version.*)

*DEAR*.—A man he was to all the country dear.

GOLDSMITH.—*The Deserted Village, line 141.*

Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,  
Dear, as the light that visits these sad eyes,  
Dear, as the ruddy drops that warm my heart.

GRAY.—*The Bard, stanza iii., line 11.*

As dear to me as are the ruddy drops,  
That visit my sad heart.

SHAKSPERE.—*Julius Cæsar, Act ii., scene 1.*  
(*Brutus to Portia.*)

Dear as the vital warmth that feeds my life,  
Dear as these eyes that weep in fondness o'er thee.

OTWAY.—*Venice Preserved.*

Devilish dear, master classic, devilish dear!

FOOTE.—*The Englishman in Paris, Act i., scene 1.*

Dear Tom, this brown jug that now foams with mild ale.

FAWKES.—*The Brown Jug, a Song.*

This is a dear mercy, and thou seest it not.

SHAKSPERE.—*Romeo and Juliet, Act iii., scene 3.*

If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

SHAKSPERE.—*Julius Cæsar, Act iii., scene 2.*



*DEAR.*—When she was dear to us, we did hold her so ;  
But now her price is fall'n.

*SHAKSPERE.*—King Lear, Act i., scene 1.

Your dear lies dead,  
And your unblest fate hies.

*SHAKSPERE.*—Othello, Act v., scene 1.

That's more  
Than some, whose tailors are as dear as yours,  
Can justly boast of.

*SHAKSPERE.*—Cymbeline, Act ii., scene 3.

*DEATH.*—O proud death !  
What feast is toward in thine eternal cell,  
That thou so many princes, at a shoot,  
So bloodily hast struck ?

*SHAKSPERE.*—Hamlet, Act v., scene 2. (Fortinbras.)

The rest is silence.

*SHAKSPERE.*—Ibid. (Hamlet dying.)

Look down,

And see what death is doing.

*SHAKSPERE.*—Winter's Tale, Act iii., scene 2.  
(Paulina to Leontes.)

In the midst of life we are in death.

*BURIAL SERVICE.*

Death finds us 'mid our play-things—snatches us,  
As a cross nurse might do a wayward child,  
From all our toys and baubles. His rough call  
Unlooses all our favorite ties on earth ;  
And well if they are such as may be answer'd  
In yonder world, where all is judged of truly.

*OLD PLAY ; and see SENECA, Epistle xxiii.*

Sure as night follows day,  
Death treads in pleasure's footsteps round the world,  
When pleasure treads the paths which reason shuns.

*DR. YOUNG.*—Night v., line 863.

The farthest from the fear,  
Are often nearest to the stroke of fate.

*DR. YOUNG.*—Night v., line 790.

And when obedient nature knows his will,  
A fly, a grapestone, or a hair can kill.

*PRIOR.*—Ode to the Memory of Villiers, line 53. [The ripping of a hang-nail is sufficient to despatch us. We are afraid of inundations from the sea when a glass of wine, if it goes the wrong way, is enough to suffocate us. *SENECA, Epistle xxiii.* Pope Adrian IV. was choked by a fly.]

*DEATH.*—What day, what hour, but knocks at human hearts,  
To wake the soul to sense of future scenes?

Deaths stand like Mercurys, in every way,

And kindly point us to our journey's end.

*DR. YOUNG.*—Night vii., line 2.

The hour conceal'd and so remote the fear,  
Death still draws nearer, never seeming near.

*POPE.*—Essay on Man, Epistle iii., line 75.

Death lies on her, like an untimely frost,  
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.

*SHAKSPERE.*—Romeo and Juliet, Act iv., scene 5.

(Capulet on seeing Juliet apparently dead.)

Death lays his icy hand on kings.

*SHIRLEY.*—Song in the contention of Ajax and Ulysses.

His tongue is now a stringless instrument.

*SHAKSPERE.*—Richard II., Act ii., scene 1.

(Northumberland to the King, announcing Gaunt's death.)

All that lives must die,  
Passing through nature to eternity.

*SHAKSPERE.*—Hamlet, Act i., scene 2.

(The Queen to Hamlet.)

Death's but a path that must be trod,  
If man would ever pass to God.

*PARNELL.*—Night piece on Death, line 67.

From the first corse, till he that died to day,  
This must be so.

Why should we, in our peevish opposition,  
Take it to heart?

*SHAKSPERE.*—Hamlet, Act i., scene 2.

(The King to Hamlet.)

The sense of death is most in apprehension;  
And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,  
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great  
As when a giant dies.

*SHAKSPERE.*—Measure for Measure, Act iii., scene 1.

(Isabella to her brother.)

The weariest and most loathed worldly life  
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment  
Can lay on nature, is a paradise  
To what we fear of death.

*SHAKSPERE.*—Measure for Measure, Act iii., scene 1.

(Claudio to Isabella.)

*DEATH.*—Death will have his day.

SHAKSPERE.—Richard II., Act iii., scene 2. (The King.)

As man, perhaps, the moment of his breath,  
Receives the lurking principle of death;  
The young disease, that must subdue at length,  
Grows with his growth, and strengthens with his strength.

POPE.—Essay on Man, Epistle ii., line 133.

Death is the worst  
That fate can bring, and cuts off ev'ry hope.

LILLO.—Fatal Curiosity, Act i., scene 2.

Death hath ten thousand several doors  
For men to take their exits.

JOHN WEBSTER.—The Duchess of Malfy; MASSINGER.—  
The Parliament of Love, Act iv., scene 2.—Death hath  
a thousand doors to let out life; MASSINGER.—A Very  
Woman, Act v., scene 4.

Death rides in triumph,—fell destruction  
Lashes his fiery horse, and round about him  
His many thousand ways to let out souls.

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.—Bonduca, Act iii., scene 5.

Death hath so many doors to let out life.

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.—The Custom of the Courts.  
Act ii., scene 2.

Death's thousand doors stand open.

BLAIR.—The Grave, line 394.

Death in a thousand shapes.

VIRGIL.—Æneid, Book ii., line 370.

Death's shafts fly thick!—BLAIR.—The Grave, line 447.

Men drop so fast, 'ere life's mid stage we tread,  
Few know so many friends alive, as dead.

DR. YOUNG.—Satire v., line 97.

When I remember all

The friends so link'd together,

I've seen around me fall,

Like leaves in wintry weather;

I feel like one who treads alone

Some banquet hall deserted,

Whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead,

And all but he departed.

TOM MOORE.—Oft in the Stilly Night, stanza 2.

On this side and on that, men see their friends  
Drop off like leaves in autumn.

BLAIR.—The Grave, line 467.

*DEATH*.—When in this vale of years I backward look,  
And miss such numbers, numbers too of such,  
Firmer in health, and greener in their age,  
And stricter on their guard, and fitter far  
To play life's subtle game, I scarce believe  
I still survive.

DR. YOUNG.—Night iv., line 124.

But when within the walls our troops take breath,  
Lock fast the brazen bars, and *shut out death*.

POPE.—The Iliad, Book xxi., line 631.

(Priam to his guards.)

Devouring famine, plague, and war,

Each able to undo mankind,

Death's servile emissaries are,

Nor to these alone confin'd,

He hath at will

More quaint and subtle ways to kill ;

A smile or kiss, as he will use the art,

Shall have the cunning skill to break a heart.

SHIRLEY.—Cupid and Death.

Still at last, to his beloved bowl

He clung, and cheer'd the sadness of his soul ;

For though a man may not have much to fear,

Yet death looks ugly when the view is near.

CRABBE.—The Borough, Letter xvi.

Death comes but once.

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.—The Sea Voyage, Act i.,  
scene 1.

Death is the crown of life.

DR. YOUNG.—Night iii., line 526.

*DEATH AND THE PALE HORSE*.—I looked and behold a pale horse :  
and his name that sat on him was Death.

REVELATIONS, chapter vi., verse 8.

Behind her death,

Close following pace for pace, not mounted yet

On his pale horse.

MILTON.—Paradise Lost, Book x., line 588.

*DEBORAH'S SONG*.—His mother look'd from her lattice high—

Why comes he not ? His steeds are fleet,—

Why sends not the Bridegroom his promised gift ?

Is his heart more cold, or his barb less swift ?

BYRON.—The Giaour.

[Compare these lines with the song of Deborah, JUDGES, chap. v., verses 28—30.]

*DECAY*.—A fiery soul, which, working out its way,  
Fretted the pigmy body to decay,  
And o'er-inform'd the tenement of clay.

DRYDEN.—Absalom and Achithophel, Part i., line 156.

The unreach'd Paradise of our despair,  
Which o'er informs the pencil and the pen,  
And overpowers the page where it would bloom again.

BYRON.—Childe Harold, Canto iv., stanza 122, line 7.

Nature strips her garment gay,  
And wears the vesture of decay.

LOGAN.—The Country in Autumn.

Sinks to the grave with unperceived decay,  
While resignation gently slopes the way.

GOLDSMITH.—The Deserted Village, line 109.

So peaceful shalt thou end thy blissful days,  
And steal thyself from life by slow decays.

POPE.—The Odyssey, Book xi., line 164.

Those domes where Cæsars once bore sway,  
Defaced by time, and tottering in decay.

GOLDSMITH.—The Traveller, line 159.

*DECIDE*.—Who shall decide when doctors disagree,  
And soundest casuists doubt, like you and me?

POPE.—Moral Essays, Epistle iii.

*DECOCTIONS*.—Therefore their nourishment of farce you choose,  
Decoctions of a barley-water Muse.

DRYDEN.—A Prologue, No. xi., Johnson's Poets.

*DECREE*.—It must not be; there is no power in Venice  
Can alter a decree established:

'Twill be recorded for a precedent;  
And many an error by the same example,  
Will rush into the state.

SHAKSPERE.—Merchant of Venice, Act iv., scene 1.

(Portia to the Court of Justice.)

*DEED*.—A little water clears us of this deed.

SHAKSPERE.—Macbeth, Act ii., scene 2.

(Lady Macbeth to her Husband.)

A deed without a name.

SHAKSPERE.—Macbeth, Act iv., scene 1.

(Answer of the Witches to Macbeth.)

How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds  
Make ill deeds done.

SHAKSPERE.—King John, Act iv., scene 2.

(The King to Hubert.)



*DEED*.—A bloody deed : almost as bad, good mother,  
As kill a king, and marry with his brother.

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act iii., scene 4.

(To his mother.)

*DEEP*.—In the lowest deep, a lower deep  
Still threatening to devour me, opens wide,  
To which the Hell I suffer seems a Heaven.

MILTON.—Paradise Lost, Book iv., line 76.

The always-wind-obeying deep.

SHAKSPERE.—Comedy of Errors, Act i., scene 1.

(Ægeon to the Duke.)

Deep calleth unto deep.

PSALM xlii., verse 7.

Deep answereth to deep.

MACDONALD.—England's Antiphon, 3.

*DEEPER*.—She by the river sat, and sitting there,  
She wept, and made it deeper by a tear.

HERRICK.—Hesp., No. 332. (Julia, weeping.)

*DEGREE*.—And though that I of auncestry

A baron's daughter be,

Yet have you proved howe I you loved

A squyer of lowe degrè.

ANONYMOUS.—The Nut-Browne Maid, 2 Percy Rel., 28.

Yet was he but a squire of low degree.

SPENSER.—Faerie Queen, Book iv., Canto vii., stanza 15.

As in this world there are degrees of evils,  
So in this world there are degrees of devils.

WEBSTER.—The White Devil. (Flaminius to Brach.)

*DEITY*.—Look down, my son ! and see

The bright procession of a deity.

HUGHES.—The Triumph of Peace, line 13.

*DELIBERATION*.—Deep on his front engraven

Deliberation sat, and public care.

MILTON.—Paradise Lost, Book ii., line 302.

*DELIGHT*.—But such a sacred and home-felt delight,

Such sober certainty of waking bliss,

I never heard till now.

MILTON.—Comus, line 262.

To scorn delights and live laborious days.

MILTON.—Lycidas, line 72.

In this Fool's paradise he drank delight.

CRABBE.—The Borough, Letter xii.

*DELIGHTFUL*.—Delightful task ! to rear the tender thought,  
To teach the young idea how to shoot,  
To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,  
To breathe the enliv'ning spirit, and to fix  
The generous purpose in the glowing breast.

THOMSON.—Spring, line 1149.

*DEMOCRACY*.—1. Lycurgus ! set up a Democracy in Sparta.  
2. Do you first set up a Democracy in your own house.

PLUTARCH.—Morals, Apophthegms of Kings.

*DENIED*.—Let this great maxim be my virtue's guide—  
In part she is to blame who has been tried ;  
He comes too near, who comes to be denied.

MONTAGUE, Lady M. W.—The Woman's Resolve.

*DEPORTMENT*.—What's a fine person or a beauteous face,  
Unless deportment gives them decent grace.

CHURCHILL.—The Rosciad, line 741.

*DERBY DILLY*.—So down thy hill, romantic Ashburn, glides  
The Derby Dilly, carrying three insides.  
One in each corner sits, and lolls at ease,  
With folded arms, propp'd back, and outstretch'd knees,  
While the press'd bodkin, punch'd and squeezed to death,  
Sweats in the midmost place, and pants for breath.

CANNING.—Loves of the Triangles, last lines.

*DESCRIPTION*.—For her own person,  
It beggar'd all description.

SHAKSPERE.—Antony and Cleopatra, Act ii., scene 2.  
(Enobarbus to Agrippa.)

I have described her, and sure my picture is not so bad as to require its  
name under it.

FIELDING.—Love in several Masques, Act i., scene 1 ;  
COLLEY CIBBER, the Comical Lovers, Act i., scene 1.

*DESERT*.—Use every man after his desert, and who should 'scape  
whipping !

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act ii., scene 2.  
(The Prince to Polonius.)

O, your desert speaks loud ; and I should wrong it to lock it in the  
wards of covert bosom.

SHAKSPERE.—Measure for Measure, Act v., scene 1.  
(The Duke to Angelo.)

*DESERTED*.—Deserted at his utmost need,  
By those his former bounty fed ;  
On the bare earth exposed he lies,  
With not a friend to close his eyes.

DRYDEN.—Alexander's Feast, verse 4.

*DESPAIR*.—Despair, sir, is a dauntless hero.

HOLCROFT.—The road to Ruin, Act iii., scene 2.

Our crimes would despair, if they were not cherished by our virtues.

SHAKSPERE.—All's Well that Ends Well, Act iv., scene 3.

Therefore betake thee

To nothing but despair.

SHAKSPERE.—A Winter's Tale, Act iii., scene 2.

I will despair, and be at enmity

With cozening hope.

SHAKSPERE.—Richard II., Act ii., scene 2.

Discomfort guides my tongue,

And bids me speak of nothing but despair.

SHAKSPERE.—Richard II., Act iii., scene 2.

Hope gives not so much warrant as despair.

SHAKSPERE.—2 Henry IV., Act i., scene 3.

God be praised, that to believing souls

Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair!

SHAKSPERE.—2 Henry VI., Act ii., scene 1.

Our hap is loss, our hope but sad despair.

SHAKSPERE.—3 Henry VI., Act ii., scene 3.

*DESPERATE*.—Diseases desperate grown,

By desperate appliance are reliev'd.

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act iv., scene 3.

(The King.)

*DESTINY*.—Seek not to know what must not be reveal'd;

Joys only flow where Fate is most conceal'd;

Too busie Man wou'd find his Sorrows more,

If future Fortunes he shou'd know before;

For by that knowledge of his Destiny

He would not live at all, but always die.

DRYDEN.—The Indian Queen, Act iii., scene 1.

Marriage is ever made by destiny.

CHAPMAN.—All Fools, Act v., scene 1.

Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.

SHAKSPERE.—Merchant of Venice, Act ii., scene 9.

(Nerissa to Portia.)

FARQUHAR.—The Recruiting Officer, Act iii., scene 2.

1. You remember who encouraged me to love, and promis'd me his assistance?

2. Ay, while there was Hope, *Frank*, while there was Hope; but there's no contending with one's destiny.

DRYDEN.—Evening's Love, Act ii., scene 1.

*DESTINY*.—Make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage.

SHAKSPERE.—*Tempest*, Act i., scene 1.

Destiny,

That hath to instrument this lower world

And what is in 't.—SHAKSPERE.—*Tempest*, Act iii., scene 3.

Yon orphan heirs of fixed destiny,

Attend your office and your quality.

SHAKSPERE.—*Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act v., scene 5.

If then true lovers have been ever crossed,

It stands as an edict in destiny.

SHAKSPERE.—*Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act i., scene 1.

The lottery of my destiny

Bars me the right of voluntary choosing.

SHAKSPERE.—*Merchant of Venice*, Act ii, scene 1.

*DESTROY*.—Willing to destroy what they care not to imitate.

SWIFT.—*The Tatler*, No. 68.

*DETRACTION*.—Mankind praise against their will,

And mix as much detraction as they can.

DR. YOUNG.—*Night viii.*, line 494.

I hate the man who builds his name

On ruins of another's fame.—GAY.—*Fable xlv.*, line 1.

Black detraction will find faults where they are not.

MASSINGER.—*The Guardian*, Act i., scene 1.

The low desire, the base design

That makes another's virtue less.

LONGFELLOW.—*The ladder of St. Augustine*.

*Deus nobis hæc otia fecit.*

VIRGIL.—*Eclogue i.* (Tityrus to Melibæus.)

A God hath vouchsafed us this tranquillity. (The Motto of the Arms of Liverpool.)

*DEVELOPED*.—1. What's the meaning of this?

2. That gentleman can tell you—'twas he *enveloped* the affair to me.

SHERIDAN.—*The Rivals*, Act v., scene 1.

*DEVIL*.—Be sober, be vigilant; because your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about seeking whom he may devour.

ST. PETER, 1st Epi., chapter v., verse 8.

It is by the Vicar's skirts that the Devil climbs into the belfry.

LONGFELLOW.—*The Spanish Student*, Act i., scene 2.

[This is a Spanish proverb, and charges the clergy with being the authors of the chiefest spiritual mischiefs which have risen up in the Church. (Dean Trench, now Archbishop of Dublin. Proverbs and their lessons, Lecture 4.) And into God's church lewd hirelings climb. Milton, *Par.*, Lost Book iv.]

*DEVIL*.—No such thing as being borne to eminence by laying hold of another's skirt.

LANDELL'S Lecture at Exeter Hall, 21st Nov., 1854.

He that entereth not by the door into the sheep-fold but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber.

ST. JOHN, chapter x., verse 1.

The devil hath power to assume a pleasing shape.

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act ii., scene 2, near the end.

What, can the devil speak true?

SHAKSPERE.—Macbeth, Act i., scene 3. (Banquo.)

The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.

SHAKSPERE.—Merchant of Venice, Act i., scene 3.  
(Antonio to Bassanio.)

And thus I clothe my naked villany

With odd old ends, stolen forth of holy writ;

And seem a saint when most I play the devil.

SHAKSPERE.—Richard III., Act i., scene 3. (*Solus*.)

Sometimes the devil doth preach.

WEBSTER.—The Duchess of Malfi, Act ii., scene 7.  
(Ferdinand to Bosola.)

*Qui non dat quod habet, Dæmon infra ridet.*

ANONYMOUS.

The devil below laughs at him who will not give of that which he has.

[The Latin is from an inscription over a well at Wavertree, and bears date A.D. 1414, or in the 2nd year of the reign of King Henry V.—Each letter is a capital, and between each capital is a period, so that the reader is for some time puzzled to make it out.]

The devil was sick, the devil a monk would be;

The devil was well, the devil a monk was he.

BABELAIS.—Vol. ii., Book iv., chapter xxiv.

*DEVOTION*.—With devotion's visage,

And pious action, we do sugar o'er

The devil himself.

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act iii., scene 1.  
(Polonius to Ophelia and the King.)

O the cursed devil,

Which doth present us with all other sins

Thrice candied o'er.

WEBSTER.—The White Devil. (Vittoria to Zanche.)

Seeming devotion does but gild a knave,

That's neither faithful, honest, just, nor brave;

But where religion does with virtue join,

It makes a hero like an angel shine.

WALLER.—A fragment on Ovid.



*DEW*.—The dew of thy birth is of the womb of the morning.

PSALM cx., verse 3.

Her birth was of the womb of morning dew,

And her conception of the joyous prime.

SPENSER.—*Fairy Queen*, Book iii., Canto vi.

The dew waits for no voice to call it to the sun.

REV. JOSEPH PARKER, D.D., *Ecce Deus*, chapter 7.

*DEW-DROP*.—And like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,

Be shook to airy air.

SHAKSPERE.—*Troilus and Cressida*, Act iii., scene 3.

(Patroclus to Achilles.)

*DIAL*.—He drew a dial from his poke ;

And, looking on it with lack-lustre eye,

Says, very wisely, "It is ten o'clock ;"

"Thus we may see," quoth he, "how the world wags."

SHAKSPERE.—*As You Like It*, Act ii., scene 7.

(Jaques to Duke S.)

*DIAMOND*.—I see how thine eye would emulate the diamond.

SHAKSPERE.—*Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act iii., scene 3.

A lady wall'd about with diamonds.

SHAKSPERE.—*Love's Labor's Lost*, Act v., scene 2.

This diamond he greets your wife withal,

By the name of most kind hostess.

SHAKSPERE.—*Macbeth*, Act ii., scene 1.

Which parted thence,

As pearls from diamonds dropped.

SHAKSPERE.—*King Lear*, Act iv., scene 3.

To me he seems like diamond to glass.

SHAKSPERE.—*Pericles*, Act ii., scene 3.

The diamonds of a most praised water

Do appear to make the world twice rich.

SHAKSPERE.—*Pericles*, Act iii., scene 2.

*DIDO AND ENEAS*.—When Dido found Eneas would not come,  
She mourned in silence, and was Di-do-dum.

V Notes and Queries 68 : PORSON, the supposed author.

*DIE*.—Shall I, wasting in dispaire,

Dye because a woman's faire ?

Or make pale my cheeks with care

Cause another's rosie are ?

Be shee fairer than the day,

Or the flow'ry meads in May ;

If she be not so to me,

What care I how faire shee be ?

GEO. WHITHER.—From the "Mistresse of Philarete," 3  
Percy Reliques, page 245.

*DIE*.—Die all ! die nobody ! die like demi-gods !

REYNOLDS.—The Dramatist, Act iv., scene 2.

And they died as if overcome by sleep.

HESIOD.—Weeks and Days, line 115. (Banks.)

Ay, but to die, and go we know not where ;

To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot.

SHAKSPERE.—Measure for Measure, Act iii., scene 1.

(Claudio to Isabella.)

It is appointed once for all to die.

LILLO.—The Christian Hero, Act iii.

To die,—to sleep,—

No more ; and, by a sleep, to say we end

The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks

That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation

Devoutly to be wish'd.

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act iii., scene 1.

(His Soliloquy on Life and Death.)

To die,—to sleep,—

To sleep ! perchance to dream :—ay, there's the rub :

For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,

When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,

Must give us pause.

SHAKSPERE.—Ibid., Act iii., scene 1.

(The Soliloquy continued.) See "Whips."

O God ! it is a fearful thing

To see the human soul take wing.

BYRON.—Prisoner of Chillon, Div. viii.

'Tis a vile thing to die, my gracious lord,

When men are unprepar'd, and look not for it.

SHAKSPERE.—Richard III., Act iii., scene 2.

(Catesby to Hastings.)

What pity is it

That we can die but once to serve our country !

ADDISON.—Cato, Act iv.

But shall die like men ; and fall like one of the princes.

PSALM lxxxii., verse 7.

Acquit yourselves like men.

LILLO.—The Christian Hero, Act v.

It is as natural to die as to be born ; and to a little infant, perhaps, the one is as painful as the other.

BACON.—On Death, Essay ii.

The slender debt to nature's quickly paid,

Discharged, perchance, with greater ease than made.

QUARLES.—Book ii., No. xiii., line 17.

*DIE*.—He that dies, pays all debts.

SHAKSPERE.—The Tempest, Act iii., sce. 2. (Stephano.)

The times have been,

That, when the brains were out, the man would die.

SHAKSPERE.—Macbeth, Act iii., scene 4.

Blow, wind ! come, wrack !

At least we'll die with harness on our back.

SHAKSPERE.—Macbeth, Act v., scene 5.

All that lives must die,

Passing through nature to eternity.

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act i., scene 2.

If it were now to die,

'Twere now to be most happy.

SHAKSPERE.—Othello, Act ii., scene 1.

*DIFFERENT*.—Different good, by art or nature given  
To different nations, makes their blessings even.

GOLDSMITH.—The Traveller, line 79.

In differing breasts what differing passions glow !

Ours kindle quick, but yours extinguish slow.

GARTH.—To Lady Lenos.

*DIGESTION*.—Now, good digestion wait on appetite,  
And health on both !

SHAKSPERE.—Macbeth, Act iii., scene 4. (To his Lady.)

A good digestion to you all ; and, once more,

I shower a welcome on you ; welcome all.

SHAKSPERE.—Henry VIII., Act i., scene 4. (Wolsey.)

Things sweet to taste, prove digestion sour.

SHAKSPERE.—Richard II, Act i., scene 3.

(Gaunt to the King.)

Unquiet meals make ill digestions.

SHAKSPERE.—Comedy of Errors, Act v., scene 1.

(The Abbess to Adriana.)

*DISCORD*.—Discords make the sweetest airs.

BUTLER.—Hudibras, Part iii., Canto i., line 919.

Discord oft in music makes the sweeter lay.

SPENCER.—Fairy Queen, Book iii., Canto ii.

From hence, let fierce contending nations know,

What dire effects from civil discords flow.

ADDISON.—Cato, Act v., scene 4.

*DISCOURSE*.—She'd come again, and with a greedy ear

Devour up my discourse.—SHAKSPERE.—Othello, Act i., scene 3.

(How he won Desdemona.)

*DISCOURSE*.—It will discourse most excellent music.

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act iii., scene 2.

(The Prince to Guildenstern.)

Fresh hints may be given and the ball of discourse kept up.

SWIFT.—Intro. To Polite Conversation. (ROSCOE'S Edition of his Life, Vol. ii., page 326.)

*DISCRETION*.—Let's teach ourselves that honourable stop  
Not to outport discretion.

SHAKSPERE.—Othello, Act ii., scene 3.

(To Cassio to look to the guard.)

It show'd discretion, the best part of valour.

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.—A King and No King, Act iv., scene 3.

Discretion ! hang discretion ! hang ye all !

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.—The Pilgrim, Act ii., scene 1.

*DISCUSSION*.—Friendly free discussion calling forth  
From the fair jewel Truth its latent ray.

THOMSON.—Liberty, Part ii.

*DISEASE*.—Diseased nature oft times breaks forth  
In strange eruptions.

SHAKSPERE.—1 Henry IV., Act iii., scene 1.

(Hotspur to Glendower.)

*DISGRACE*.—Could he with reason murmur at his case,  
Himself sole author of his own disgrace ?

COWPER.—Hope, line 316.

*DISHONOUR*.—Put on him

What forgeries you please ; marry, none so rank

As may dishonour him.

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act ii., scene 1.

(Polonius to Reynaldo.)

I am more amazed at his dishonour

Than at the strangeness of it.

SHAKSPERE.—Measure for Measure, Act v., scene 1.

I rather would have lost my life betimes

Than bring a burthen of dishonour home.

SHAKSPERE.—2 Henry VI., Act iii., scene 1.

Your dishonour

Mangles true judgment.

SHAKSPERE.—Coriolanus, Act iii., scene 1.

Since dishonour traffic with man's nature,

He is but outside.

SHAKSPERE.—Timon of Athens, Act i., scene 1.

*DISHONOUR*.—Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,  
But mine own safeties.

SHAKSPERE.—Macbeth, Act iv., scene 3.

*DISOBEDIENCE*.—Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit  
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste  
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,  
With loss of Eden, till one greater Man  
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,  
Sing, heavenly muse.

MILTON.—Paradise Lost, Book i., line 1.

*DISPATCH*.— You have made  
The world your gallery, can dispatch a business  
In some three minutes with the antipodes,  
And in five more, negotiate the globe over.

BEN JONSON.—The Fortunate Isles.

*DISPLACED*.—You have displac'd the mirth, broke the good meeting,  
With most admir'd disorder.

SHAKSPERE.—Macbeth, Act iii., scene 4.  
(Lady Macbeth to her Husband.)

*DISPOSTION*.—A truant disposition, good my lord.

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act i., scene 2.  
(Horatio to Hamlet.)

I know our country disposition well.

SHAKSPERE.—Othello, Act iii., scene 3.  
(Iago to Othello.)

*DISPUTE*.—*Mal.* Dispute it like a man.

*Macd.* I shall do so ;

But I must also feel it as a man.

SHAKSPERE.—Macbeth, Act iv., scene 3.

*DISSENSION*.—But now our fates from unmomentous things  
May rise like rivers out of little springs.

CAMPBELL.—Theodric.

Alas ! how light a cause may move  
Dissension between hearts that love !  
Hearts that the world in vain had tried,  
And sorrow but more closely tied ;  
That stood the storm when waves were rough,  
Yet in a sunny hour fall off.

TOM MOORE.—The Light of the Harem, Vol. vii., page 22.

Great floods have flown from simple sources.

SHAKSPERE.—All's Well that Ends Well, Act ii., scene 1.  
(Helena to the King.)



*DISSENSIONS.*—Dissensions, like small streams, are first begun ;  
Scarce seen they rise, but gather as they run.

GARTH.—The Dispensary, Canto iii., line 184.

Civil dissension is a viperous worm  
That gnaws the bowels of the commonwealth.

SHAKSPERE.—1 Henry VI., Act iii., scene 1.

(The King to Gloster and Winchester.)

Could we forbear dispute, and practice love,  
We should agree, as angels do above.

WALLER.—Divine Love, Canto iii.

*DISTANCE.*—She pleased while distant, but when near she charm'd.

SHENSTONE.—The Judgment of Hercules, line 96.

'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,  
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.

CAMPBELL.—Pleasure of Hope, Part i.

Wishes, like painted landscapes, best delight  
Whilst distance recommends them to the sight ;  
Plac'd afar off, they beautiful appear :  
But show their coarse and nauseous colors, near.

DR. YALDEN.—Against Enjoyment, line 25, A.D. 1736.

As distant prospects please us, but when near  
We find but desert rocks and fleeting air.

DR. GARTH.—The Dispensary, Canto iii., line 27, A.D. 1718.

*DISTRESS.*—Affliction's sons are brothers in distress,  
A brother to relieve, how exquisite the bliss !

BURNS.—Winter Night, last lines of the quoted strain in  
verse 6.

Are not both gainers when the heart's distress,  
Is so divided that the pain is less ?

CRABBE.—Tales of the Hall, Book x.

Common distress is a great promoter both of friendship and speculation.

SWIFT.—To Bolingbroke, May 1, 1719.

*DIVINE.*—I wish there was not a polemic divine, said Yorick, in the  
kingdom ; one ounce of practical divinity is worth a painted ship-load  
of all their reverences have imported these fifty years.

STERNE.—Tristram Shandy, Volume v., chapter xxviii.

It is a good divine that follows his own instructions.

SHAKSPERE.—The Merchant of Venice, Act i., scene 2.  
(Portia to Nerissa.)

The virgins are soft as the roses they twine,  
And all, save the spirit of man, is divine.

BYRON.—The Bride of Abydos, Canto i., stanza 1.

*DIVINITY*.—A divinity resides within my breast.

OVID.—IV. Pontic Epistle. (Riley's Translation, 433.)

There is a Deity within us.

OVID.—The Fasti, Book vi., line 5. (Riley's Translation.)

There's a Divinity that shapes our ends,

Rough-hew them how we will.

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act v., scene 2.

(Hamlet to Horatio.)

There is a divinity in odd numbers,

Either in nativity, chance or death.

SHAKSPERE.—Merry Wives of Windsor, Act v., scene 1.

(Falstaff to Mrs. Quickly.)

*DIVORCE*.—And quite divorce his memory from his part.

SHAKSPERE.—Love's Labor's Lost, Act v., scene 2.

I would thou wert the man

That would divorce this terror from my heart.

SHAKSPERE.—Richard II., Act v., scene 4.

As the long divorce of steel falls on me,

Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice.

SHAKSPERE.—Henry VIII., Act ii., scene 1.

*DOCTOR*.—Bolus arrived and gave a doubtful tap,

Between a single and a double rap.

GEORGE COLMAN, JUN.—Lodgings for Single Gentlemen,  
verse 7.

Will kick'd out the Doctor : but when ill indeed

E'en dismissing the Doctor don't *always* succeed.

IBID.

*DOG*.—Every dog must have his day.

SWIFT.—Whig and Tory.

Dogs, ye have had your days.

POPE.—The Odyssey, Book xxii., line 41.

Let Hercules himself do what he may,

The cat will mew, and dog will have his day.

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act v., scene 1.

(The Prince to his Uncle.)

I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon.

SHAKSPERE.—Julius Cæsar, Act iv., scene 3.

(Brutus to Cassius.)

Nor dare they bark, though much provoked at her refulgent visage.

SWIFT.—Battle of the Books.

(Episode of Bentley and Wotton.)

Doth the moon care for the barking of a dog ?

BURTON.—Anat. of Mel., Part ii., sec. 3, mem. 7.

*DOG*.—I am his Highness's dog at Kew !  
Pray tell me, sir, whose dog are you ?

POPE.—On the Collar of a Dog he gave to the Prince.

The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whispering wind,  
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind.

GOLDSMITH.—Deserted Village, line 121.

Thou dog in forehead, but in heart a deer.

HOMER.—The Iliad, Book i, line 298. (Pope.)

Having the countenance of a dog, but heart of a stag.

HOMER.—The Iliad, Book i., (Riley's transl.), page 9.

*DOLLAR*.—"The *almighty* dollar."

[This phrase is used for the first time by Washington Irving in the "Creole Village," but Mr. Irving assures us that no irreverence was intended by him. Dickens makes use of the expression, without acknowledgment, in his American Notes, chapter iii. (Boston.) "The *almighty* wand" is a phrase used long ago by Cowley in his poem on the plagues of Egypt, line 45; and the late Mr. Serjeant Cockle, whose powers of persuasion were so great, obtained the appellation of "the *almighty* of the North."—*Law and Lawyers*, 204. Again,

Women's sense of right and wrong,  
Is rul'd by the *almighty* throng.

ED. MOORE.—Love and Vanity, Fable xvi.;

and even Dr. Young, to whom one would not impute anything profane, has made use of the phrase "*Almighty* vanity!" (Satire ii., line 13.) Churchill has "Prudence, *almighty* Prudence, gives thee all," (Night, line 310); Dryden, in the 10th Satire of Juvenal, has "the *almighty* bribes and presents," which prevail when no persuasion will.

Dean Swift, with reference to the Eolists, a sect which pretended to inspiration, says, "their gods were the four winds and the chief of them was the '*almighty* north;'" (see the Tale of a Tub, section 8.) and in "The Pretended Letter of Thanks" Swift writes, "Your Lordship's *almighty* pen;" and, lastly, De Quincey, in a paper on the Revolt of the Tartars, page 169, in allusion to the horrors of thirst, writes, "forgetful of all things at that moment but of one *almighty* instinct."]

Jacob wrestling with the mysterious and *Almighty* stranger.

HUGH STOWELL.—Lecture in Exeter Hall, 28th November, 1854.

They proclaimed trees *Almighty*. God's wood !

GILES FLETCHER.—Christ's victory in Heaven, stanza xx.

*DOVE*.—The aspiring youth that fired the Ephesian Dome, outlives in fame the pious fool that raised it.

COLLEY CIBBER.—Richard III., Act iii., scene 3, altered.  
(Eratostratus was the "youth," and Chersiphron the "architect.")

*DOVE*.—All may do what has by man been done.

DR. YOUNG.—Night vi., line 606, and ante 23. Ante 26, title "Be."

Hast thou begun an act? ne'er then give o'er;  
No man despairs to do what's done before.

HERRICK.—Hesperides, Aphorism, No. 142.

*DONE*.—If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well  
 It were done quickly : If the assassination  
 Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,  
 With his surcease, success ; that but this blow  
 Might be the be-all and the end-all, here,  
 But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,  
 We'd jump the life to come.—But in these cases,  
 We still have judgment here ; that we but teach  
 Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return  
 To plague the inventor : This even-handed justice  
 Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice  
 To our own lips.—He's here in double trust :  
 First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,  
 Strong both against the deed ; then, as his host,  
 Who should against his murtherer shut the door,  
 Not bear the knife myself.

SHAKSPERE.—Macbeth, Act i., scene 7. (*Solus*).

Devise not evil against thy neighbour, seeing he dwelleth securely by thee.

SOLOMON.—Proverbs, chapter iii., verse 29.

*DOOM*.—What ! will the line stretch out to the crack of doom ?

SHAKSPERE.—Macbeth, Act iv., scene 1.

(Macbeth, as Eight Kings and Banquo pass over the stage.)

*DOOR*.—A pamper'd menial drove me from the door,  
 To seek a shelter in an humbler shed.

The REV. T. MOSS, *Gent. Mag.*, Volume lxx., page 41.

Warn'd by the languor of life's evening ray,  
 At length have housed me in an humble shed.

DR. YOUNG.—Night ix., line 11.

Where the rude Carinthian boor  
 Against the houseless stranger shuts the door.

GOLDSMITH.—The Traveller, line 3.

Ye find no rude, inhospitable swain,  
 Who drives the stranger from his door away.

WHEELWRIGHT.—Pindar, xi., Olymp. Ode, line 23.

No surly porter stands in guilty state,  
 To spurn imploring famine from the gate.

GOLDSMITH.—The Deserted Village, line 105.

Last the sire and his three sons,  
 With their four wives ; and God made fast the door.

MILTON.—Paradise Lost, Book xi.

*DOUBLE*.—Double, double, toil and trouble,  
Fire burn; and caldron bubble.

SHAKSPERE.—Macbeth, Act iv., scene 1.  
(All the Witches.)

Double, double toil and trouble; literally, trouble brings trouble to trouble.

BUCKLEY'S SOPHOCLES.—Ajax, page 267.

War he sung, is toil and trouble;  
Honour but an empty bubble.

DRYDEN.—Alexander's Feast.

*DOUBLET*.—Doublet and hose ought to shew itself courageous to petticoat.

SHAKSPERE.—As You Like It, Act ii., scene 4.  
(Rosalind to Celia.)

*DOUBT*.—Doubt thou the stars are fire;  
Doubt that the sun doth move;  
Doubt truth to be a liar;  
But never doubt, I love.

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act ii., scene 2.  
(Lines sent by Hamlet to Ophelia.)

He wanted a peg to hang his thoughts upon.

SIR THOMAS MORE.—His Household, page 17.

Make me to see't; or, at the least, so prove it,  
That the probation bear no hinge, nor loop,  
To hang a doubt on: or woe upon thy life!

SHAKSPERE.—Othello, Act iii., scene 3.  
(Othello to Iago.)

Never do any thing, concerning the rectitude of which you have a doubt.

PLINY, JUN.—Chapter i., line 18.

Our doubts are traitors,  
And make us lose the good we oft might win.

SHAKSPERE.—Measure for Measure, Act i., scene 4.

Out of doubt, you do me now more wrong  
In making question of my uttermost.

SHAKSPERE.—Merchant of Venice, Act i., scene 1.

Giddy in spirit, still gazing in a doubt.

SHAKSPERE.—Merchant of Venice, Act iii., scene 2.

From hence I go,  
To make these doubts all even.

SHAKSPERE.—As You Like It, Act v., scene 4.

I promise you,  
I should be arguing still upon that doubt.

SHAKSPERE.—Taming of the Shrew, Act iii., scene 1.



*DOUBT*.—To end one doubt by death  
Revives two greater in the heirs of life.

SHAKSPERE.—2 Henry IV., Act iv., scene 1.

Dangers, doubts, wringing of the conscience,  
Fears, and despairs.

SHAKSPERE.—Henry VIII., Act ii., scene 2.

But modest doubt is called  
The beacon of the wise.

SHAKSPERE.—Troilus and Cressida, Act ii., scene 2.

*DOUBTLESS*.—Doubtless the pleasure is as great  
Of being cheated as to cheat.

BUTLER.—Hudibras, Part ii., Canto iii.

*DOUBTS*.—O, what damned minutes tell he o'er,  
Who dotes yet doubts; suspects, yet fondly loves!

SHAKSPERE.—Othello, Act iii., scene 3.

(Iago to Othello, warning him against Jealousy.)

Our doubts are traitors,  
And make us lose the good we oft might win,  
By fearing to attempt.

SHAKSPERE.—Measure for Measure, Act i., scene 5.

(Lucio to Isabella.)

*DOVE*.—The dove returning bore the mark  
Of earth restored to the long labouring ark;  
The relics of mankind, secure of rest,  
Oped every window to receive the guest,  
And the fair bearer of the message bless'd.

DRYDEN.—To Her Grace of Ormond, line 70.

The dove was twice employ'd abroad, before  
The world was dried, and she return'd no more.

DRYDEN.—To Her Grace of Ormond, line 99.

*DOVE-COTE*.— Boy! false hound!  
If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,

That like an Eagle in a dove-cote, I

Flutter'd your Volscians in Coriolo;

Alone, I did it—Boy!—SHAKSPERE.—Coriolanus, Act v., scene 5.

(Coriolanus to Aufidius.)

And made to fly like doves, whom th' eagle doth affray.

SPENSER.—The Fairy Queen, Book v., Canto xii., verse 5.

[This book of the Fairy Queen was published by Spenser in 1596, and Coriolanus not until between 1609 and 1615.]

*DOWN*.—He that is down needs fear no fall;  
He that is low no pride.

BUNYAN.—Pilgrim's Progress, Part ii.

*DREAM.*—If ever I did dream of such a matter, abhor me.

*SHAKSPERE.*—Othello, Act i., scene 1.

(Iago to Roderigo.)

And mourn, in lamentation deep,  
How life and love are all a dream.

*BURNS.*—The Lament, verse 1.

Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep;  
If it be thus to dream still let me sleep.

*SHAKSPERE.*—Twelfth Night, Act iv., scene 1.

(Sebastian.)

And though it be a waking dream,  
Yet let it like an odour rise;

To all the senses here,  
And fall like sleep upon their eyes,  
Or music in their ear.

*BEN JONSON.*—The Vision of Delight.

I'll dream no more—by manly mind  
Not even in sleep is will resigned.

My midnight orisons said o'er,  
I'll turn to rest, and dream no more.—

*SCOTT.*—Lady of the Lake, end of Canto i.

Rather like a dream than an assurance  
That my remembrance warrants.

*SHAKSPERE.*—Tempest, Act i., scene 2.

My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.

*SHAKSPERE.*—Ibid.

We are such stuff  
As dreams are made on, and our little life  
Is rounded with a sleep.

*SHAKSPERE.*—Tempest, Act iv., scene 1.

How like a dream is this  
I see and hear!

*SHAKSPERE.*—Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act v., scene 4.

He hath but as offended in a dream!  
All sects, all ages smack of this vice.

*SHAKSPERE.*—Measure for Measure, Act ii., scene 2.

Thousand escapes of wit  
Make thee the father of their idle dreams.

*SHAKSPERE.*—Measure for Measure, Act iv., scene 1.

What, was I married to her in my dream?  
Or sleep I now?

*SHAKSPERE.*—Comedy of Errors, Act ii., scene 2.

*DREAMERS.*—1. Dreamers often lie—

2. In bed, asleep, while they do dream things true.

1. O, then, I see, Queen Mab hath been with you.

SHAKSPERE.—Romeo and Juliet, Act i., scene 4.

(Mercutio and Romeo.)

*DREAMS.*—Dreams in their development have breath,  
And tears, and tortures, and the touch of joy,  
They have a weight upon our waking thoughts,  
They take a weight from off our waking toils,  
They do divide our being.—BYRON.—The Dream, line 5.

Led by those waking Dreams of Thought,

That warm the young unpractis'd breast.

LANGHORNE.—Owen of Larron, verse 19.

Like the dreams,

Children of night, of indigestion bred.

CHURCHILL.—The Candidate, line 784.

But if, as morning rises, dreams are true.

DANTE.—Inferno, Canto xxvi., line 7.

BEN JONSON.—Love Restored, a song.

BRUCE.—Elegy, written in Spring, verse 19.

A vision after midnight, when dreams are true

HORACE.—Book i., Sat. 10., page 179. Bohn's Ed. by  
Buckley.

Towards dawn, the lamp now flickering, (at the time when true visions  
are wont to be seen.)

OVID.—Epistle xix., page 219, Bohn's Ed. by Riley.

Like the dream

That o'ertook me at my waking hour,

This morn; and dreams they say are then divine.

DRYDEN.—Don Sebastian, Act iv., scene 1.

At break of day, when dreams, they say, are true.

DRYDEN.—The Spanish Friar, Act iii., scene 2.

*DRESS.*—She bears a duke's revenues on her back.

SHAKSPERE.—2 Henry VI., Act i., scene 3.

(Queen Margaret to Suffolk.)

O, many

Have broke their backs with laying manors on them

For this great journey.—SHAKSPERE.—Henry VIII., Act i., scene 1.

(Buckingham.)

To bear them

The back is sacrifice to the load.

SHAKSPERE.—Henry VIII., Act i., scene 2.

(Katherine to Wolsey.)

*DRESS*.—No real happiness is found  
In trailing purple o'er the ground.

PARNELL.—Hymn to Contentment, line 25.

Dress drains our cellar dry,  
And keeps our larder lean; puts out our fires,  
And introduces hunger, frost, and woe,  
Where peace and hospitality might reign.

COWPER.—The Task, Book ii., line 614.

Here's such a plague every morning, with buckling shoes, gartering,  
combing, and powdering.

FARQUHAR.—The Twin Rivals, Act i.

Exclude all silks, velvets, calicoes, and the whole lexicon of female  
fopperies.

SWIFT.—A Proposal in favour of Irish Manufactures.

I am convinced that if the virtuosi could once find out a world in the  
moon, with a passage to it, our women would wear nothing but what  
directly came from thence.

SWIFT.—Letter to the Archbishop of Dublin.

His dress was a volcano of silk with lava buttons.

SIDNEY SMITH.—Wit and Wisdom.

(Longman, Ed. iii., page 123.)

Ridiculous modes, invented by ignorance, and adopted by folly.

SMOLLETT.—Humphrey Clinker.

(Letter of Matthew Bramble to Dr. Lewis, October 8.)

Aping the foreigners in every dress.

JUVENAL.—Sat. 3. (Dryden.)

*DRINK*.—Drink to me only with thine eyes,

And I will pledge with mine;

Or leave a kiss but in the cup,

And I'll not look for wine.

BEN JONSON.—To Celia. The Forest. This song is taken  
from a collection of love-letters written by Philostratus,  
an ancient Greek sophist.

Drink boldly and spare not.

URQUHART'S Rabelais.—Chapter xxxiv.

Drink not the *third glass*, which thou canst not tame,

When once it is within thee; but before

Mayst rule it, as thou list; and pour the shame

Which it would pour on thee, upon the floor.

It is most just to throw that on the ground,

Which would throw me there, if I kept the round.

GEORGE HERBERT.—The Temple, stanza 5.

*DRINK.*—Drink to-day, and drown all sorrow ;  
 You shall not do it to-morrow :  
 Best while you have it, use your breath ;  
 There is no drinking after death.

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.—The Bloody Brother, Act ii.,  
 scene 2.

With frugal nectar  
 Give the hesitating wheels of life  
 Gliblier play.

ARMSTRONG.—On Preserving Health, line 486.

I see by thy eyes thou hast been reading a little Geneva print.

ANONYMOUS.—The Merry Devil of Edmonton.

Potations pottle deep.

SHAKSPERE.—Othello, Act ii., scene 3.

(Iago's plot against Cassio.)

Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning that they may follow  
 strong drink.

ISAIAH, chapter v., verse 11.

*DRINKING.*—Not to-night—I have very poor and unhappy brains for  
 drinking ; I could well wish courtesy would invent some other custom  
 of entertainment.

I have drunk but one cup to-night, and—behold what innovation it  
 makes here ; I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not task my  
 weakness with any more.

SHAKSPERE.—Othello, Act ii., scene 3. (Cassio to Iago.)

Every inordinate cup is unblest'd, and the ingredient is a devil.

SHAKSPERE.—Ibid. (Cassio.)

If we do not drink to his cost, we shall die in his debt.

SMART'S HORACE.—Book ii., Sat. viii.

I drank ; I liked it not ; 'twas rage, 'twas noise,  
 An airy scene of transitory joys.

In vain I trusted that the flowing bowl

Would banish sorrow and enlarge the soul.

PRIOR.—Solomon, a Poem, Book ii., line 106.

And in the flowers that wreath the sparkling bowl,  
 Fell adders hiss, and poisonous serpents roll.

PRIOR.—Ibid., line 140.

[See a pleasant piece of exaggeration, wherein the drunken person imagines himself  
 on board a vessel, and in danger of shipwreck.—HEYWOOD.—The English Traveller.  
 Lamb's Dramatic Poets, page 104.]

*DROP.*—A continual dropping in a very rainy day and a contentious  
 woman are alike.

PROVERBS, chapter xxvii., verse 15.



*DROP*.—From the frequent drop, ever falling, even the stone is bored into a hollow.

BANKS' BION.—Idyl xi., page 176.

Much rain wears the marble.

SHAKSPERE.—3 Henry VI., Act iii., scene 2. (Gloster.)

*DROWSY*.—When love speaks, the voice of all the gods  
Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.

SHAKSPERE.—Love's Labor's Lost, Act iv., scene 3.  
(Biom.)

*DRUNK*.—We faren as he that drunk is as a mouse ;  
A drunken man wot well he hath a house,  
But he ne wot which is the right way thider,  
And to a drunken man the way is slider.

CHAUCER.—By Saunders, Volume i., page 24.

He that is drunken may his mother kill  
Big with his sister ; he hath lost the reins,  
Is outlaw'd by himself ; all kind of ill  
Did with his liquor slide into his veins.

The drunkard forfeits Man, and doth divest  
All worldly right, save what he hath by beast.

GEORGE HERBERT.—The Temple, stanza 6.

Some folks are drunk, yet do not know it.

PRIOR.—Ballad on taking Namur.

The axe of intemperance has lopped off his green boughs and left him a  
withered trunk.

SWIFT.—Meditations on a Broomstick.

(Roscoe's ed. of his life and works ; Vol. ii., p. 84.)

*DUDGEON*.—When civil dudgeon first grew high,  
And men fell out, they knew not why ;  
When hard words, jealousies, and fears,  
Set folks together by the ears.

BUTLER.—1 Hudibras, Canto i., line 1.

*DUELLING*.—Do not cherish that daring vice for which the whole age  
suffers.—

These private duels—which had their first original from the French,  
and for which to this day we're justly censured, are banished from all  
civil government.

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

Some fiery fop with new commission vain,  
Who sleeps on brambles till he kills his man ;  
Some frolic drunkard reeling from a feast,  
Provokes a broil, and stabs you for a jest.

DR. JOHNSON.—London, line 226.

*DULNESS*.—Yet let not each gay turn thy rapture move,  
For fools admire, but men of sense approve;  
As things seem large which we through mist descry,  
Dulness is ever apt to magnify.

POPE.—On Criticism, line 390.

Glory and gain the industrious tribe provoke;  
And gentle dulness ever loves a joke.

POPE.—The Dunciad, Book ii., line 33.

*DUST*.—A heap of dust alone remains of thee,  
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be.

POPE.—To the Memory of a Lady.

What is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust?  
And, live we how we can, yet die we must.

SHAKSPERE.—3 Henry VI., Act v., scene 2. (Warwick.)

Clay and clay differs in dignity,  
Whose dust is both alike.

SHAKSPERE.—Cymbeline, Act iv., scene 2.

(Imogen to Aviragus.)

Mean and mighty, rotting

Together, have one dust.

SHAKSPERE.—Cymbeline, Act iv., scene 2. (Belarius.)

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust.

TENNYSON.—In Memoriam. (Address to the Saviour,  
verse 7.)

Thou shalt not leave my soul in Hell: neither shalt thou suffer thy  
Holy One to see corruption.

PSALMS.—Prayer Book version, xvi., verse xi.

*DUTY*.—Trimm'd in forms and visages of duty.

SHAKSPERE.—Othello, Act i., scene 1. (Iago.)

Never anything can be amiss

When simpleness and duty tender it.

SHAKSPERE.—Midsummer Night's Dream, Act v., scene 1.  
(Theseus.)

Peace and health shall bless

Thy frugal fare, served by the unhired hand,

That seeks no wages save a parent's smile.

GRAHAME.—The Rural Calendar, June, line 38.

My noble father,

I do perceive here a divided duty;

To you, I am bound for life and education;

My life and education both do learn me

How to respect you; you are the lord of duty;

I am hitherto your daughter: But here's my husband.

SHAKSPERE.—Othello, Act, i., scene 3.

(Desdemona to her Father.)

*DUTY*.—Stern daughter of the voice of God!

WORDSWORTH.—Ode to Duty, Vol. v., page 46.

In all ordinary cases we see intuitively at first view what is our duty, what is the honest part. In these cases doubt and deliberation is of itself dishonesty; as it was in Balaam's case upon the second message. —BISHOP BUTLER.—Sermon 7, at the Rolls.

Duty demands, the parent's voice  
Should sanctify the daughter's choice,  
In that is due obedience shewn;  
To choose belongs to her alone.

ED MOORE.—Fable vi.

Thanks to the gods! my boy has done his duty.

ADDISON.—Cato, Act iv., scene 4.

Throw away respect,  
Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty.

SHAKSPERE.—Richard II., Act iii., scene 2.

My stooping duty tenderly shall show.

SHAKSPERE.—Richard II., Act iii., scene 3.

They might have lived to bear and he to taste  
Their fruits of duty.—SHAKSPERE.—Richard II., Act iii., scene 4.

With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,  
With mine own breath release all duty's rites.

SHAKSPERE.—Richard II., Act, iv., scene 1.

Our duty this way lies; for God's sake, come.

SHAKSPERE.—1 Henry IV., Act v., scene 4.

My fear is, your displeasure; my courtesy, my duty.

SHAKSPERE.—2 Henry IV., Epil.

Every subject's duty is the king's; but every subject's soul is his own.

SHAKSPERE.—Henry V., Act iv., scene 1.

I owe him little duty, and less love.

SHAKSPERE.—1 Henry VI., Act iv., scene 4.

*DWELLING*.—She dwelt among the untrodden ways,

Beside the springs of Dove,

A maid whom there was none to praise,

And very few to love.

WORDSWORTH.—Lucy, from stanzas found on the Affections, ix.

*EAGLE*.—That eagle's fate and mine are one,

Which, on the shaft that made him die,

Espy'd a feather of his own,

Wherewith he went to soar so high.

WALLER.—To a Lady singing.

*EAGLE*.—Like a young eagle, who has lent his plume  
To fledge the shaft by which he meets his doom.

TOM MOORE.—Corruption, Vol. iii., page 25.

So the struck eagle, . . . .  
View'd his own feather on the fatal dart,  
And wing'd the shaft that quivered in his heart;  
Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel  
He nursed the pinion which impelled the steel.

BYRON.—English Bards, etc. (On Kirke White.)

*EAR*. Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice:  
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act i, scene 3.  
(Polonius to Laertes.)

Bosom up my counsel,  
You'll find it wholesome.

SHAKSPERE.—Henry VIII., Act i., scene 1.  
(Northumberland to Buckingham.)

One ear it heard, at the other out it went.

CHAUCER.—Troilus and Cressida, Book iv., line 35.

Make not my ear a stranger to thy thoughts.

ADDISON.—Cato, Act ii.

For these two years hath the famine been in the land; and yet there  
are five years, in which there shall neither be earing nor harvest.

GENESIS, chapter xlv., verse 6.

The oxen likewise, and the young asses that ear the ground shall eat  
clean provender.

ISAIAH, chapter xxx., verse 24.

I have, God wot, a largë field to ear;  
And weakë be the oxen in my plough.

CHAUCER.—The Knight's Tale, line 888.

He that ears my land spares my team, and gives me leave to in the  
crop.

SHAKSPERE.—All's Well that Ends Well, Act i., scene 3.  
(Clown to the Countess.)

Let them go  
To ear the land that hath some hope to grow,  
For I have none.

SHAKSPERE.—Richard II., Act iii., scene 2.  
(The King to Aumerle.)

*EARLY*.—My only love sprung from my only hate!  
Too early seen unknown, and known too late!

SHAKSPERE.—Romeo and Juliet, Act i., scene 5.  
(Juliet to her Nurse.)

*EARLY*.—Too little and too lately known.

DRYDEN.—Elegy to the Memory of Mr. Oldham.

O ! I should ne'er have seen, or seen before.

LANSDOWNE.—The Enchantment.

Alas ! you should have been less kind, or more.

IBID.

I rise with the lark.

ANONYMOUS.—The Maid of the Oaks, Act ii., scene 3.

Prevent your day at morning.

BEN JONSON.—The Alchemist, Act ii., scene 1.

Prevent the rising sun.

TICKELL.—Oxford, a Poem.

I keep close to my business : this morning at my books before three.

COLLET.—Relics of Lit. 245 ; Quoting Howard on Laz.

Awake before the sun is risen, I call for my pen and papers and desk.

SMART'S HORACE.—Book ii., Epi. i.

Thus we improve the pleasures of the day,

While tasteless mortals sleep their time away.

MRS. CENTLIVRE.—The Wonder, Act iii. scene 2.

With charwomen such early hours agree,

And sweeps, that earn betimes their bit and sup ;

But I'm no climbing boy, and need not be,

All up—all up !

So here I'll lie, my morning calls deferring,

Till something nearer to the stroke of noon ;

A man that's fond precociously of *stirring*,

Must be a spoon.

THOMAS HOOD.—Morning Meditations, last two verses.

(Wit and Humor.)

*EARLY*.—I earn that I eat, get that I wear : owe no man hate ; envy  
no man's happiness : glad of other men's good, content with my harm.

SHAKSPEARE.—As you Like it, Act iii., scene 2.

(Corin to Touchstone.)

*EARTH*.—Lie lightly on my ashes, gentle earth.

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.—Bonduca, Act iv., scene 3.

Earth, lie gently on their aged bones.

MAY.—The Old Couple, Act i.

And the green turf, lie lightly on thy breast.

POPE.—Elegy on an Unfortunate Lady, line 64.

Light lie the earth ; and flourish green the bough.

PRIOR.—Ode to the Memory of Colonel Villiers, line 88.



*EARTH*.—The earth, that's nature's mother, is her tomb.

SHAKSPERE.—Romeo and Juliet, Act ii., scene 3.  
(Friar Laurence.)

Lay her i' the earth;  
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh,  
May violets spring.

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act v., scene 1.  
(Laertes to the Priest at Ophelia's funeral.)

'Tis well; 'tis something; we may stand  
Where he in English earth is laid,  
And from his ashes may be made  
The violet of his native land.

TENNYSON.—In Memoriam, 18, stanza 1.

My mansion is—  
Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot,  
Which men call Earth.

MILTON.—Comus, line 3-5.

This goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterl promontory.

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act ii., scene 2.  
(The Prince to Guildenstern.)

I speak of that learning which makes us acquainted with the boundless  
extent of nature, and the universe, and which even while we remain  
in this world, discovers to us both heaven, earth, and sea.

CICERO.—By Yonge, Tusculan Disp., Book v., div. 36.

Earth, sea, and air.

SHAKSPERE.—Pericles, Act i., scene 4. (Cleon.)  
THOMSON.—Liberty, Part ii.

See through this air, this ocean, and this earth.

POPE.—Essay on Man, Epistle i., line 233.

Earth, air, and ocean, glorious three.

ROBERT MONTGOMERY.—On Woman.

Earth, ocean, air, beloved brotherhood !

SHELLEY.—The Alastor.

By him who made the ocean, earth, and air.

POPE.—January and May, line 208.

Air, earth, and seas, obey'd th' Almighty nod,  
And with a general fear confess'd the God.

DRYDEN.—Ovid's Meta., Book i.

Upon this he has power given him over three spirits; one for earth,  
another for air, and a third for the sea.

GOLDSMITH.—Essays; Rules for Raising the Devil.

*EARTH*.—Thou sure and firm-set earth,  
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear  
The very stones prate of my whereabouts,  
And take the present horror from the time,  
Which now suits with it.

SHAKSPERE.—Macbeth, Act ii., scene 1.  
(In the Dagger scene.)

All heaven resounded, and had earth been then,  
All earth had to her centre shook.

MILTON.—Paradise Lost, Book vi., line 217.

*EASE*.—Ease leads to habit, as success to ease,  
He lives by rule who lives himself to please.

CRABBE.—Tales of the Hall, Book ii.

He lives at ease that freely lives.

BARBOUR.—To Freedom, line 4.

And made ease more easy.

MILTON.—Paradise Lost, Book iv.

A life of ease a difficult pursuit.

COWPER.—Retirement, line 634.

Indulge, and to thy genius freely give;  
For not to live at ease, is not to live.

PERSIUS.—Satire v. (Dryden.)

*EASTER SUNDAY*.—Saviour, Lord, I know thee now!

Mighty to redeem and save,  
Such glory blazes on thy brow,

Which lights the darkness of the grave.

BOWLES.—Villagers' verse-book.

*EASY*.—'Tis as easy as lying.

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act iii., scene 2.  
(Hamlet to Guildenstern.)

*EAT*.—He hath eaten me out of house and home.

SHAKSPERE.—2 Henry IV., Act ii., scene 1.  
(Hostess to Chief Justice.)

*EAVES-DROPPER*.—I'll play the eaves-dropper.

SHAKSPERE.—Richard III., Act v., scene 3.  
(The King to Ratcliff.)

*EBLANA*.—The classic name for Dublin.

Eblana! much lov'd city, hail!  
Where first I saw the light of day.

DERRICK.—Boswell's Johnson.

*ECHO*.—Almost dwindled to an echo.

SWIFT.—To Lady Worsley. (19th April, 1730.)

*EDUCATION.*—'Tis education forms the common mind,  
Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined.

POPE.—Moral Essays i., Part ii.

Just education forms the man.

GAY.—Fable xiv., Part ii.

A free school

For th' education of young gentlemen,  
To study how to drink and take tobacco.

RANDOLPH.—The Muses' Looking-glass, Act iii., scene 1.

If you suffer your people to be ill educated, and their manners to be corrupted from their infancy, and then punish them for those crimes to which their first education disposed them,—you first make thieves and then punish them!

SIR THOMAS MORE.—Utopia, page 21. (Bishop Burnet.)

*ELIZABETH.*—No scandal about Queen Elizabeth, I hope?

SHERIDAN.—The Critic, Act ii., scene 1.

When princess, she was at one time asked, what she thought of the words of our Saviour, "This is my body," whether she thought it his true body that was in the sacrament? It is said, that after some pausing she thus answered:—

Christ was the word that spake it,  
He took the bread and brake it;  
And what that word did make it,  
That I believe, and take it.

GOLDSMITH's History of England, 38th Ed., by Taylor and Pinnock, published by Whittaker, 1848.

To her Great Neptune homag'd all his streams,  
And all the wide-stretch'd ocean was her Thames.

COWLEY.—On the Civil War.

*ELOQUENCE.*—Pour the full tide of Eloquence along,  
Serenely pure, and yet divinely strong.

POPE.—Imitation of Horace, Book ii., Eph. ii., line 171.

Rapt with zeal, pathetic, bold, and strong,  
Roll'd the full tide of eloquence along.

FALCONER.—The Demagogue, line 79.

Go on, spare no invectives, but open the spout of your eloquence, and see with what a calm, connubial resignation, I will both hear and bow to the chastisement.

COLLEY CIBBER.—The Lady's Last Stake, Act ii., scene 1.

Silence that wins, where eloquence is vain.

HAYLEY.—The Triumphs of Temper, Canto ii.

Silence that spoke, and eloquence of eyes.

POPE.—The Iliad, Book xiv., line 252.

*ELOQUENCE*.—And all the dreadful eloquence of pain.

DR. YOUNG.—The Last Day, Book iii., line 129.

*ELOQUENT*.—That old man eloquent.

MILTON.—Sonnet X. to Lady M. Ley.

(Alluding to Isocrates, the Athenian orator.)

Was the slave so eloquent,

In his malice?

THOMAS KILLEGREW.—The Parson's Wedding, Act i., scene 1.

Nor speaks loud, to boast her wit;

In her silence eloquent.

HABINGTON.—A Description of Castara, verse 3.

For silence here could eloquently plead.

DR. JOSEPH BEAUMONT.—Eve, v. V.

The eloquent air breathes.

BYRON.—Childe Harold, Canto iv., stanza 112.

(On the Forum at Rome.)

Likeness in the work is eloquent.

DRYDEN.—Epi. 14.

(To Sir Godfrey Kneller.)

Eloquent want, whose reasons sway,

And make ten thousand truths give way.

GREEN.—On Barclay's Apology for the Quakers, line 89.

*EMBERS*.—Where glowing embers through the room

Teach light to counterfeit a gloom.

MILTON.—Il Penseroso, line 79.

*EMPIRES*.—Europe's eye is fixed on mighty things,

The fate of empires and the fall of Kings.

BURNS.—Rights of Woman.

Nations and empires flourish and decay,

By turns command, and in their turns obey.

OVID.—Meta., Book xv., line 420. (Dryden.)

*END*.—

The end crowns all;

And that old common arbitrator, Time,

Will one day end it.

SHAKSPERE.—Troilus and Cressida, Act iv., scene 5.

(Hector to Ulysses.)

Every hour has its end.

SCOTT.—Preface to Surgeon's Daughter.

Let the end try the man.

SHAKSPERE.—2 Henry IV., Act ii., scene 2.

(Prince Henry to Poins.)

*END.*—And found no end, in wandering mazes lost.

MILTON.—Paradise Lost, Book ii., Gilfillan's Ed., p. 46.

All's well that ends well, still the fine's the crown.

SHAKSPERE.—All's Well That Ends Well, Act iv., sc. 4.  
(Helena to Diana.)

If well thou hast begun, go on fore-right ;

It is the end that crowns us, not the fight.

HERRICK.—Hesperides, No. 340.

Conquer we shall, but we must first contend ;

'Tis not the fight that crowns us, but the end.

HERRICK.—Ibid, No. 341.

The end must justify the means.

PRIOR.—Hans Carvel.

Stay a little, that we may make an end the sooner.

BACON.—Essay xxv., Of Despatch.

The end of doubt is the beginning of repose.

PETRARCH.—His Life by Dobson, Vol. i., page 348.

Deed done is well begun.

DANTE.—By Wright. Inferno, Canto xxviii., line 107.

*ENDOW.*—Die and endow a College, or a Cat.

POPE.—Moral Essays, Epi. iii. To Bathurst, line 96.

*ENDURED.*—What cannot be cured, must be endured.

OLD PROVERB.

You must endure, not blame, that which cannot be altered.

SYRIANUS.—Riley's Dict. Class. Quot., 123.

By bravely enduring it, an evil which cannot be avoided is overcome.

OLD PROVERB.—Riley *supra*.

What cannot be eschew'd, must be embraced.

SHAKSPERE.—Merry Wives of Windsor, Act v., scene 5.  
(Page to Falstaff.)

*ENEMY.*—O that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains.

SHAKSPERE.—Othello, Act ii., scene 3.  
(Cassio to Iago.)

*ENERGY.*—Waller was smooth ; but Dryden taught to join

The varying verse, the full resounding line,

The long majestic march, and energy divine.

POPE.—To Augustus, Epi. i., line 267.

*ENGAGING.*—There is something marvelous engaging in this young man ! Sixty years ago, in Queen Elizabeth's time, I was just such another.

GEORGE COLMAN, JUN.—The Iron Chest, Act i., scene 2.



ENGLAND.—The Gaul, 'tis held of antique story,  
Saw Britain linked to his now adverse strand ;  
No sea between, nor cliff sublime and hoary,  
He passed with unwet feet through all our land.

COLLINS.—Ode to Liberty.

[This tradition is mentioned by several of our old historians.]

For of old time, since first the rushing flood,  
Urg'd by Almighty Pow'r, this favor'd isle  
Turn'd flashing from the continent aside,  
Indented shore to shore responsive still,  
Its guardian she.

THOMSON.—Britain, Liberty, Part iv., line 460.

This England never did, nor never shall,  
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,  
But when it first did help to wound itself,—  
Come the three corners of the world in arms,  
And we shall shock them : nought shall make us rue,  
If England to itself do rest but true.

SHAKSPERE.—King John, Act v., scene 7.

(The Bastard.)

Enough—no foreign foe shall quell  
Thy soul, till from itself it fell ;  
Yes ! self-abasement paved the way  
To villain bonds and despot sway.

BYRON.—The Giaour, end of the 5th paragraph.

England is safe, if true within itself.

SHAKSPERE.—3 Henry VI., Act iv., scene 1.

(Hastings to Montague.)

Let us be back'd with God, and with the seas,  
Which he has given for fence impregnable,  
And with their helps only defend ourselves ;  
In them, and in ourselves, our safety lies.

SHAKSPERE.—Ibid.

(Hastings to Clarence.)

Be Britain still to Britain true,  
Amang oursels united ;  
For never but by British hands,  
Maun British wrangs be righted.

BURNS.—Dumfries Volunteers.

The sword we dread not ; of ourselves secure,  
Firm were our strength, our peace and freedom sure ;  
Let all the world confederate all its powers,  
“ Be they not back'd by those that should be ours,”  
High on his rock shall BRITAIN'S GENIUS stand,  
Scatter the crowded hosts, and vindicate the land.

CANNING.—New Morality.

*ENGLAND.*—As round our isle the azure billow roars,  
From all the world dividing Britain's shores,  
Within its fence be Britain's nations join'd,  
A world themselves, yet friends of human-kind.

PYE.—Alfred, Book vi., line 99.

The Ocean is the grand vehicle of trade, and the uniter of distant nations. To us it is peculiarly kind, not only as it wafts into our ports the harvests of every climate, and renders our island the centre of traffic, but also as it secures us from foreign invasions by a sort of impregnable entrenchment.

HARVEY.—Reflections on a Flower Garden.

The storehouse of the world.

DR. YOUNG.—Busiris, Act i. (The King.)

England, of all countries in the world,  
Most blind to thine own good.

RANDOLPH.—The Muses' Looking-glass, Act iii., scene 2.

Hail, land of bowmen !—seed of those who scorn'd  
To stoop the neck to wide, imperial Rome :  
O dearest half of Albion sea-walled.

ALBANIA. — Quoted by Scott, Fair Maid of Perth, chapter xxvi.

It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the foe :  
For peace itself should not so dull a kingdom,  
But that defenses, musters, preparations,  
Should be maintain'd, assembled, and collected,  
As were a war in expectation.

SHAKSPERE,—King Henry V., Act ii., scene 4.  
(The Dauphin to the French King.)

Poor England ! thou art a devoted deer,  
Beset with every ill but that of fear.  
The nations hunt ; all mock thee for a prey ;  
They swarm around thee, and thou stand'st at bay.

COWPER.—Table Talk, line 363.

O England ! model to thy inward greatness  
Like little body with a mighty heart,  
What might'st thou do, that honour would thee do,  
Were all thy children kind and natural ?

SHAKSPERE.—Chorus to King Henry V., Act ii.

May he be suffocate,  
That dims the honour of this warlike isle !

SHAKSPERE.—2 King Henry VI., Act i., scene 1.  
(York on Suffolk's conduct in relinquishing Anjou and Maine to Naples.)

*ENGLAND.*—The Lord confound you and all your devices that would ruin our nation.

SWIFT.—Drapier's Letter to William Wood, signed Hibernicus.

There learned arts do flourish in great honour,  
And poets' wits are had in peerless price;  
Religion hath lay power, to rest upon her,  
Advancing virtue, and suppressing vice.  
For end all good, all grace there freely grows,  
Had people grace it gratefully to use:  
For God his gifts there plenteously bestows,  
But graceless men them greatly do abuse.

SPENSER.—Colin Clout.

England! with all thy faults, I love thee still—  
My country! and while yet a nook is left,  
Where English minds and manners may be found,  
Shall be constrain'd to love thee.

COWPER.—The Task, Book ii.

Be England what she will,  
With all her faults, she is my country still.

CHURCHILL.—The Farewell.

Where I first drew my vital breath.

CORNEILLE.—See Ramage's Beautiful Thoughts from French authors.

Without one friend, above all foes,  
Britannia gives the world repose.

COWPER.—Miscellaneous Poems. (Sir Joshua Reynolds.)

*ENGLISHMEN.*—It was always yet the trick of our English nation, if they have a good thing, to make it too common.

SHAKSPERE.—2 King Henry IV., Act 1, scene 2.  
(Falstaff to the Chief Justice.)

Ay—give these fellows a good thing, and they never know when to have done with it.

SHERIDAN.—The Critic, Act ii., scene 1.

I think by some odd gimmicks or device,  
Their arms are set like clocks, still to strike on;  
Else ne'er could they hold out so as they do.

SHAKSPERE.—1 King Henry VI., Act 1, scene 2.  
(Reignier to Alencon.)

A strange fish: were I in England now (as once I was,) and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver; there would this monster make a man; any strange beast there makes a man; when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten or so to see a dead Indian.

SHAKSPERE.—Tempest, Act ii., scene 2. (Trinculo.)

*ENGLISHMEN*.—The lab'ring poor in spite of double pay,  
 Are saucy, mutinous, and beggarly;  
 So lavish of their money and their time,  
 That want of forecast is the nation's crime.  
 Good drunken company is their delight;  
 And what they get by day they spend by night.

DEFOE.—2 The True-born Englishman.

Seldom contented, often in the wrong,  
 Hard to be pleased at all, and never long.

DEFOE.—Ibid.

Apt to revolt, and willing to rebel,  
 And never are contented when they're well.

DEFOE.—Ibid.

*ENJOYMENT*.—A day of such serene enjoyment spent,  
 Were worth an age of splendid discontent.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.—Greenland.

*ENMITY*.—'Tis death to me to be at enmity;  
 I hate it, and desire all good men's love.

SHAKSPERE.—Richard III., Act ii., scene 1.

(When Duke of Gloucester.)

I do not know that Englishman alive  
 With whom my soul is any jot at odds,  
 More than the infant that is born to-night;  
 I thank my God for my humility.

SHAKSPERE.—Ibid.

*ENOUGH*.—Enough to press a royal merchant down.

SHAKSPERE.—Merchant of Venice, Act iv., scene 1.

(The Duke of Venice.)

Enough to weigh a nation down.

CHURCHILL.—The Duellist, Book i., line 52.

Enough, and more than enough.

DR. PARR.—In his Spital Sermon; and HORACE to his patron Mæcenas.

We gape, we grasp, we gripe, add store to store;  
 Enough requires too much; too much craves more.

QUARLES.—Book ii., No. ii., line 7. (Epigrams.)

*ENVY*.—Base envy withers at another's joy,  
 And hates that excellence it cannot reach.

THOMSON.—Spring.

Which merit and success pursues with hate,  
 And damns the worth it cannot imitate.

CHURCHILL.—The Rosciad, line 129.

*ENVY*.—That incessant envy wherewith the common rate of mankind pursues all superior natures to their own.

SWIFT.—To Bolingbroke, 19th December, 1719.

How vain is worth ! how short is glory's date !

CHURCHILL.—Epistle to Hogarth, line 48.

Thy danger chiefly lies in acting well ;

No crime's so great as daring to excel.

CHURCHILL.—Ibid., line 51.

One common fate we both must prove ;

You die with envy, I with love.

GAY.—Fable xlv., line 29.

Envy will merit, as its shade pursue,

But, like a shadow, proves the substance true.

POPE.—2 On Criticism, line 266.

In beauty faults conspicuous grow ;

The smallest speck is seen on snow.

GAY.—Fable xi., line 1.

To all apparent beauties blind,

Each blemish strikes an envious mind.

GAY.—Ibid., line 37.

Envy, eldest born of hell, embru'd

Her hands in blood, and taught the sons of men

To make a death which nature never made,

And God abhorr'd.

DR. PORTEUS.—Poem on Death.

There is not a passion so strongly rooted in the human heart as envy !

SHERIDAN.—The Critic, Act i., scene 1.

Though every friend be fled ;

Lo ! envy waits, that lover of the dead.

TICKELL.—On the death of Cadogan.

And when with envy Time transported,

Shall think to rob us of our joys ;

You'll in your girls again be courted ;

And I'll go wooing in my boys.

J. G. COOPER.—Winifreda. (" Away ! Let nought to love displeasing.")

*EPHRAIM*.—Ephraim is a cake not turned.

HOSEA, chapter vii., verse 8.

*EPITAPHS*.—Fine epitaphs on knaves deceased.

GREEN.—The Spleen, line 110.

*EPITHETS*.—Sure if I reprehend anything in this world, it is the use of my oracular tongue, and a nice derangement of epitaphs.

SHERIDAN.—The Rivals, Act iii., scene 3.



*EPITOME*.—A man so various, that he seem'd to be  
 Not one, but all mankind's epitome :  
 Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong ;  
 Was every thing by starts, and nothing long ;  
 But, in the course of one revolving moon,  
 Was chemist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon :  
 Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,  
 Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking.

DRYDEN.—Absalom and Achithophel, Part i., line 545.

Railing and praising were his usual themes ;  
 And both, to shew his judgment, in extremes ;  
 So over violent, or over civil,  
 That every man with him was god or devil.

IBID.—Line 555.

*EQUAL*.—Young Celadon  
 And his Amelia were a matchless pair :  
 With equal virtue form'd and equal grace,  
 The same, distinguish'd by their sex alone :  
 Hers the mild lustre of the blooming morn,  
 And his the radiance of the risen day.

THOMSON.—Summer, line 1171.

*ERMINE*.—Spots on ermine beautify the skin.

COLLINS.—Eclogue i., line 38. (Selim.)

*ERR*.—Good-nature and good-sense must ever join ;  
 To err is human—to forgive divine.

POPE.—Essay on Criticism, Part ii., line 525.

*ERRED*.—The best may slip, and the most cautious fall ;  
 He's more than mortal that ne'er err'd at all.

POMFRET.—Love Triumphant.

Thou Power unknown, if I have err'd forgive ;  
 My infancy was taught what I believed.

DRYDEN.—Conquest of Granada, Part ii., Act v., sc. 2.

*ERRORS*.—If to her share some female errors fall,  
 Look on her face, and you'll forget 'em all.

POPE.—Rape of the Lock, Canto ii.

Spare his error for his virtue's sake.

WHITEHEAD.—Prologue to the Orphan of China.

Errors, like straws upon the surface flow ;  
 He who would search for pearls, must dive below.

DRYDEN.—Prologue to All for Love, line 25.

Straw-like trifles on life's common stream.

DR. YOUNG.—Night 2nd, line 78.

*ESCAPE*.—Escape for thy life; look not behind thee, neither stay thou in all the plain;—But his wife looked back from behind him, and she became a pillar of salt.

GENESIS, chapter xix., verses 17, 26.

Lest life should fail in looking back.

TENNYSON.—In Memoriam, 45, verse 1.

*ESCORT*.—Come, girls! this gentleman will *exhort* us.—

Come, sir, you're our *envoy*—lead the way and we'll *precede*

SHERIDAN.—The Rivals, Act v., scene 1.

*ESTATES*.—Oh, gods, that easy grant men great estates,  
But hardly grace to keep them.

MARLOWE.—Lucan, Book i. (Bell's edition, page 251.)

*ETERNITY*.—Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought!  
Through what variety of untried being,  
Through what new scenes and changes must we pass?  
The wide, th' unbounded prospect lies before me,  
But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it,  
Here will I hold.

ADDISON.—Cato, Act v., scene 1.

Eternity, depending on an hour.

DR. YOUNG.—Night viii., line 1360.

*EUROPE*.—Of which all Europe rings from side to side.

MILTON.—Sonnet 32, last line, (In Liberty's Defence.)

*EUXINE*.—There's not a sea the passenger e'er pukes in,  
Turns up more dangerous breakers than the Euxine.

BYRON.—Don Juan, Canto v., stanza 5.

*EVE*.—They thought no ill:

So hand in hand they passed, the loveliest pair  
That ever since in love's embraces met;  
Adam the goodliest man of men since born,  
His sons, the fairest of her daughters Eve.

MILTON.—Paradise Lost, Book iv.

Neither her outside form'd so fair, nor aught  
So much delights me, as those graceful acts,  
Those thousand decencies that daily flow  
From all her words and actions.

MILTON.—Paradise Lost, Book viii., line 596.

He, midst the graceful, of super or grace,  
And she the loveliest of the loveliest race.

TICKELL.—To Mrs. Lowther.

Her virtue and the conscience of her worth,  
That would be woo'd, and not unsought be won.

MILTON.—Paradise Lost, Book viii., line 502.

*EVENING*.—How still the evening is,  
As hush'd on purpose to grace harmony !

SHAKSPERE.—*Much Ado About Nothing*, Act ii., scene 3.  
(Claudio.)

Now came still Evening on, and Twilight gray  
Had in her sober livery all things clad.

MILTON.—*Paradise Lost*, Book iv., line 598.

And now declining with his sloping wheels,  
Down sunk the sun behind the western hills.

POPE.—*The Odyssey*, Book ii., line 436.

*EVENTS*.—Certain signs precede certain events.

CICERO.—*Certis rebus*, &c.

'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,  
And coming events cast their shadows before.

CAMPBELL.—*Lochiel*.

Great events have sent before them their announcements.

CALDERON.—*Life's a Dream*, by Trench, Act iii.

This is a time of no events. Not a robbery or murder to be had.

SWIFT.—*To Dr. Stopford*, 26th November, 1725.

*EVIL*.—None are all evil.

BYRON.—*The Corsair*, Canto i., stanza 12.

Evil is wrought by want of thought,  
As well as want of heart.

THOS. HOOD.—*The Lady's Dream*, last verse but one.

The privilege that rich men have in evil,  
Is, that they go unpunish'd to the devil.

MAY.—*The Old Couple*, Act v.

Evil be thou my good.

MILTON.—*Paradise Lost*, Book iv., line 110.

From seeming evil still educing good.

THOMSON.—*A Hymn*, line 114.

On adamant our wrongs we all engrave,  
But write our benefits upon the wave.

KING.—*Art of Love*, line 971.

Men's evil manners live in brass ; their virtues we write in water.

SHAKSPERE.—*Henry VIII.*, Act iv., scene 2.

(Griffith to Queen Katherine.)

The evil that men do lives after them ;  
The good is oft interred with their bones.

SHAKSPERE.—*Julius Cæsar*, Act iii., scene 2.

(Antony to the Citizens.)

*EVIL*.—The sins we do, people behold with optics,  
Which shew them ten times more than common vices,  
And often multiply them.

FLETCHER.—Thierry and Theodoret, Act i., scene 1.

*EVILS*.—Hoping, for my excuse, 'twill be confest,  
That of two evils I have chose the least.

PRIOR.—To Mr. Harley.

Of *two evils* the less is always to be chosen.

THOMAS A KEMPIS.—Book iii., chapter xii., division 2.

A change of evils is thy good supreme ;  
Nor, but in motion, canst thou find thy rest.

DR. YOUNG.—Night viii., line 926.

'Twas always held, and ever will,

By sage mankind, discreeter,

To anticipate a lesser ill

Than undergo a greater.

SHENSTONE.—To the Memory of an Agreeable Lady, Vol. 1.

*EXACT*.—

'Tis hard to be

Exact in good, or excellent in ill ;

Our will wants power, or else our power wants will.

DENHAM.—The Sophy.

*EXAMPLE*.—A fine example, master Gargle !

MURPHY.—The Apprentice, Act i.

*EXCEL*.—Born to excel, and to command !

As by transcendent beauty to attract

All eyes, so by pre-eminence of soul

To rule all hearts.

CONGREVE.—Mourning Bride, Act 1., scene 2.

She was formed to get the better of me in everything but respecting  
and esteeming you.

MISS KELLY.—To Swift, Correspondence, page 706, in  
Roscoe's Life of Swift, Volume ii.

*EXCELLENT*.—It is excellent to have a giant's strength ;

But it is tyrannous to use it like a giant.

SHAKSPERE.—Measure for Measure, Act ii., scene 2.  
(Isabella to Angelo.)

*EXCULPATE*.—Now don't attempt to *extirpate* yourself from the  
matter ; you know I have proof *controvertible* of it.

SHERIDAN.—The Rivals, Act i., scene 2.

*EXERCISE*.—Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear,  
And Sport leaped up and seized his beechen spear.

COLLINS.—The Passions, line 78.

*EXERCISE*.—Brown Exercise will lead thee where she reigns,  
And with reflected lustre gild the plains.

SHENSTONE.—The Judgment of Hercules, line 340.  
(Alluding to Health.)

*EXERCISES*.—These exercises for my thoughts I find;  
These labours are the chariots of my mind.

DENHAM.—Old Age, Part ii., line 451.

*EX FUMO DARE LUCEM*.—To give light from smoke.

HORACE.—Art of Poetry.

[Motto of the Liverpool Gas Company.]

One with a flash begins, and ends in smoke,  
The other out of smoke brings glorious light.

ROSCOMMON.—HORACE'S Art of Poetry.

Sudden to glare, and in a smoke expire;  
But rises from a cloud of smoke to light.

FRANCIS.—Ibid, line 206.

*EXHIBITION*.—Have you seen my pictures, Miss, that's in the *expedition* room; you'll easily know it—it's o' the same side with the image there—Venus the Methodist, I thinks they calls it.

BICKERSTAFF and FOOTE.—Dr. Last and his Chariot,  
Act ii., scene 8.

*EXILE*.—There came to the beach a poor Exile of Erin.

CAMPBELL.—The Exile of Erin.

*EXISTENCE*.—Did man compute  
Existence by enjoyment, and count o'er

Such hours 'gainst years of life, say, would he name threescore?

BYRON.—Childe Harold, Canto iii., stanza 34.

*EXPECT*.—We never expected any love from one another, and so we were never disappointed.

SHERIDAN.—The Duenna, Act i., scene 3.

*EXPENSE*.—'Tis use alone that sanctifies expense,  
And splendour borrows all her rays from sense.

POPE.—Moral Essays, to Burlington, Epistle iv., line 179.

*EXPRESSION*.—Preserving the sweetness of proportion, and expressing itself beyond expression.

BEN JONSON.—The Masque of Hymen.

*EXTRAVAGANCE*.—When parents put gold into the hands of youth, when they should put a rod under their girdle,—when instead of awe they make them past grace, and leave them rich executors of goods, and poor executors of godliness, then it is no marvel that the son being left rich by his father's will, becomes reckless by his own will.

JOHN LYLY.—Euphues, page 34. (Reprint of 1865.)



*EXTREMES*.—Thus each extreme to equal danger tends,  
Plenty as well as want can separate friends.

COWLEY.—The Davidies, book iii, line 205.

The two extremes appear like man and wife,  
Coupled together for the sake of strife.

CHURCHILL.—The Rosciad, line 1005.

*EYE*.—An eye like Mars, to threaten or command.

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act iii., scene 4.

(Hamlet to his Mother.)

Than twenty of their swords.

SHAKSPERE.—Romeo and Juliet, Act ii., scene 2.

(To Juliet.)

Eyes, look your last !

Arms, take your last embrace !

SHAKSPERE.—Ibid., Act v., scene 3.

(Romeo just before taking the poison.)

Her eye's dark charm 'twere vain to tell,

But gaze on that of the gazelle,

It will assist thy fancy well.

BYRON.—The Giaour, line 485.

I have a good eye, uncle : I can see a church by daylight.

SHAKSPERE.—Much Ado About Nothing, Act ii., scene 1.

The tuneful voice, the eye that spoke the mind,

Are gone, nor leave a single trace behind.

LLOYD.—The Actor.

She has an eye that could speak, though her tongue were silent.

AARON HILL.—Snake in the Grass, scene 1.

Her eye in silence hath a speech

Which eye best understands.

SOUTHWELL.—Love's Servile Lot.

*EYELESS*.—Ask for this great deliverer now, and find him

Eyeless, in Gaza at the mill with slaves.

MILTON.—Samson Agonistes, line 41.

*EYES*.—I scarcely can believe my ears or eyes,

Or find out Cibber through the dark disguise.

CHURCHILL.—The Rosciad, line 801.

He travels with his eyes.

DR. WALTER HARTE.—Eulogius.

We credit most our sight ; one eye doth please

Our trust far more than ten ear witnesses.

HERRICK.—The Hesperides, Aphorism, No. 158.

*EYES.*— He's not to be commended  
Who trusts another any further than he sees.

RILEY'S *Plautus*, Vol. ii., *Truculentus*, Act ii., scene 2.

I ne'er could any lustre see  
In eyes that would not look on me ;  
I ne'er saw nectar on a lip,  
But where my own did hope to sip.

SHERIDAN.—*The Duenna*, Act i., scene 2.

'Twas from Kathleen's eyes he flew,—  
Eyes of most unholy blue !

TOM MOORE.—*Irish Melodies*, "By that Lake," line 9.

Her-blue eyes sought the west afar,  
For lovers love the western star.

WALTER SCOTT.—*The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, Canto iii., stanza 24, last lines.

With eyes  
Of microscopic power, that could discern  
The population of a dew-drop.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.—*The Pelican Island*, Canto vii.

Her eyes are homes of silent prayer.

TENNYSON.—*In Memoriam*, 32, verse 1.

*FACE.*—In her face excuse came prologue, and apology too prompt.

MILTON.—*Paradise Lost*, Book ix., line 853.

It is not night when I do see your face.

SHAKSPERE.—*Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act ii., sc. 2.  
(*Helena to Demetrius.*)

Your face, my thane, is as a book, where men may read strange  
matters.

SHAKSPERE.—*Macbeth*, Act i., scene 5.  
(*Lady Macbeth to her husband.*)

Each man wears three nations in his face.

DRYDEN.—*Prol. to Cæsar Borgia*.

Can't I another's face commend,  
And to her virtues prove a friend,  
But instantly your forehead lours,  
As if her merit lessen'd yours ?

EDWARD MOORE.—*The Farmer, and Spaniel, and Cat*, line 5.

O, that deceit should dwell in such a gorgeous palace !

SHAKSPERE.—*Romeo and Juliet*, Act iii., scene 2.  
(*Juliet on hearing that Romeo had slain Tybalt.*)

Was ever book containing such vile matter  
So fairly bound ?

SHAKSPERE.—*Ibid.* (*Juliet on the same occasion.*)

*FACE*.—O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath !

SHAKSPERE.—*Merchant of Venice*, Act i., scene 3.  
(Antonio aside to Bassanio.)

A face without a heart.

SHAKSPERE.—*Hamlet*, Act iv., scene 7.  
(The King to Laertes.)

He lives to build, not boast a generous race ;  
No tenth transmitter of a foolish face.

SAVAGE.—*The Bastard*, line 7.

Her face was like an April morn,

Clad in a wintry cloud ;  
And clay-cold was her lilly hand,  
That held her sable shroud.

MALLET.—*Margaret's Ghost*, 3 Percy Rel., 392.

Yet no cold vot'ress of the cloister she,  
Warm her devotion, warm her charity ;  
The face the index of a feeling mind,  
And her whole conduct rational and kind.

CRABBE.—*Tales of the Hall*, Book xvi.

'Tis not thy face, though that by nature's made  
An index to thy soul, though there display'd  
We see thy mind at large, and through thy skin  
Peeps out that courtesy which dwells within.

CHURCHILL.—*The Dedication*.

Oh ! could you view the melody

Of every grace,  
And music of her face,

You'd drop a tear.—LOVELACE.—(*Orpheus mourning for his wife.*)

Who cannot read that book ?

CRABBE.—*The Borough*, Letter 14.

There's no art  
To find the mind's construction in the face ;  
He was a gentleman on whom I built  
An absolute trust.

SHAKSPERE.—*Macbeth*, Act i., scene 4. (*Duncan alluding to Cawdor, whom he had executed.*)

Open, candid, and generous, his heart was the constant companion of  
his hand, and his tongue the artless index of his mind.

GEORGE CANNING.—*Microcosm*, No. xix., 19th March,  
1797.

O, what may man within him hide,  
Though angel on the outward side.

SHAKSPERE.—*Measure for Measure*, Act iii., scene 2.  
(The Duke on Angelo.)

*FACE*.—So nature has decreed ; so oft we see  
Men passing fair, in outward lineaments  
Elaborate ; less, inwardly, exact.

J. PHILLIPS.—Cider, Book i.

Eusthenes judged men by their features.

THEOCRITUS.—Buckley, page 160.

It strikes the eye more than the mind.

SENECA.—Epistle 5.

His face was of that doubtful kind,  
That wins the eye but not the mind.

SCOTT.—Rokeby, Canto v., stanza 16.

No more can you distinguish of a man  
Than of his outward show ; which, God he knows,  
Seldom or never jumpeth with the heart.

SHAKSPERE.—Richard III., Act iii., scene 1.

(Richard to the Prince of Wales.)

Her face all red and white, like the inside of a shoulder of mutton.

FOOTE.—The Knights, Act i.

That same face of yours looks like the title-page to a whole volume of  
roguery.

COLLEY CIBBER.—She Would and She Would Not,  
Act iii.

To his eye

There was but one beloved face on earth,  
And that was shining on him.

BYRON.—The Dream, section ii.

All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

CHARLES LAMB.—From one of his letters.

*FACT*.—The fact was altogether *false*.

SWIFT.—Letter from Capt. Gulliver to his cousin.

(Gulliver's Travels.)

*FAIL*.—His failings lean'd to virtue's side.

GOLDSMITH.—Deserted Village, line 164.

*Mac*.—If we should fail——

*Lady*.—

We fail !

But screw your courage to the sticking-place,  
And we'll not fail.

SHAKSPERE.—Macbeth, Act i., scene 7.

*FAINT*.—Faint heart ne'er won fair lady.

KING.—Orpheus and Eurydice, line 134.

And let us mind faint heart ne'er wan

And lady fair.—BURNS.—To Dr. Blacklock.

*FAINT*.—So play the foolish throngs with one that swoons,  
Come all to help him, and stop the air  
By which he should revive.

SHAKSPERE.—Measure for Measure, Act ii., scene 4.  
(Angelo before his interview with Isabella.)

*FAIR*.—None but the brave deserves the fair.

DRYDEN.—Alexander's Feast, verse 1.

Is she not passing fair?

SHAKSPERE.—Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act iv., scene 4.  
(Silvia to Julia.)

Oh! what perfections must that virgin share,  
Who fairest is esteem'd, where all are fair!

PRIOR.—Henry and Emma, line 72.

TOM MOORE.—Sovereign Woman, Vol. ix., page 413.

Oh, you paragon!—Angels must paint to look as fair as you.

REYNOLDS.—The Dramatist, Act iv., scene 1.

Is not she more than mortal can desire?

As Venus lovely, and as Dian chaste?

LEE.—Alexander the Great, Act i., scene 1.

What is so fair, so exquisitely good?

Is she not more than painting can express,

Or youthful poets fancy when they love?

ROWE.—The Fair Penitent, Act iii., scene 1.

He loved her foul, that he might make her fair.

AUGUSTINE.—On Christ's Love to His Church.

*FAITH*.—A maxim in law has more weight in the world than an article  
of faith. —SWIFT.—On Bishops' Leases. (Roscoe's Life of Swift.)

The Americans have no faith—

They rely on the power of a dollar:

They are deaf to a sentiment.

EMERSON.—Man a Reformer, 121.

Let none henceforth seek needless cause to approve

The faith they owe; when earnestly they seek

Such proof, conclude they then begin to fail.

MILTON.—Paradise Lost, Book ix., line 1140.

For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight,

His can't be wrong whose life is in the right.

POPE.—Essay on Man, Epistle iii., line 305.

Ever note, Lucilius,

When love begins to sicken and decay,

It useth an enforced ceremony;

There are no tricks in plain and simple faith.

SHAKSPERE.—Julius Cæsar, Act iv., scene 2.  
(Brutus to Lucilius.)



*FAITH.*—There is no more faith in thee than in a stewed prune.

SHAKSPERE.—1 Henry IV., Act iii., scene 3.

(Falstaff to the Hostess.)

On argument alone my faith is built.

DR. YOUNG.—Night iv., line 742.

Faith builds a bridge from this world to the next.

DR. YOUNG.—Night viii., line 717.

*FAITHFUL.*—

Faithful found

Among the faithless, faithful only he.

MILTON.—Paradise Lost, Book v., line 896.

Is this he whom once alone of many I found faithful?

SOPHOCLES.—Electra. (Buckley's Translation, p. 155.)

*FALL.*—I am not now in fortune's power,—

He that is down can fall no lower.

BUTLER.—Hudibras, Part i., Canto iii., line 877.

A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,

And greatly falling with a falling state.

POPE.—Prologue to Addison's Cato, line 21.

What a falling off was there!

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act i., scene 5.

(The Ghost to Hamlet on his mother's marriage.)

O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!

SHAKSPERE.—Julius Cæsar, Act iii., scene 2.

(Antony to the Citizens.)

Those hands were joined with mine, to raise the wall

Of tottering Troy, now nodding to her fall.

DRYDEN.—Ovid's Meta., Book xii.; The Æneid, Book ii.;

POPE—Essay on Man, Epi. iv.; HOMER—Book ii., line

17; DR. JOHNSON—Irene; GRAY—Ruins at Kingsgate;

STEPNEY—Ode ix.; SCOTT—Last Minstrel, Canto vi.

*FALLEN.*—Fallen from his high estate.

DRYDEN.—Alexander's Feast, stanza 4.

*FALSE.*—

As for you,

Say what you can, my false o'erweighs your true.

SHAKSPERE.—Measure for Measure, Act ii., scene 4.

(Angelo to Isabella.)

None speaks false, when there is none to hear.

BEATTIE.—The Minstrel, Book ii., verse 24, line 5.

*FALSEHOOD.*—O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!

SHAKSPERE.—Merchant of Venice, Act i., scene 3.

(Antonio to Bassanio.)

*FALSEHOOD*.—Falsehood and fraud shoot up in every soil,  
The product of all climes.

ADDISON.—Cato, Act iv., scene 4.

*FAME*.—Above all Greek, above all Roman fame.

POPE.—To Augustus, Book ii., Epi. i., line 26.

Above any Greek or Roman *name*.

DRYDEN.—On Lord Hastings.

What rage for fame attends both great and small !

Better be d—d than be not nam'd at all !

WOLCOT.—Ode ix., verse 2, A.D. 1784.

Fame is swiftest still when she goes laden

With news of mischief.—

Thus are we Fortune's pastimes ; one day live

Advanc'd to heaven by the people's breath ;

The next, hurl'd down into th' abyss of death.

MAY.—The Old Couple, Act v.

He lives in fame that died in virtue's cause.

SHAKSPERE.—Titus Andronicus, Act i., scene 2.

(Lucius.)

Health, courage, honor, makes thy soul to live,

Thy soul to live in heaven, thy name in tongues of men.

HENRY CONSTABLE.—Sonnet to Sir Philip Sydney's soul.

Nor fame I slight, nor for her favours call :

She comes unlook'd for, if she comes at all.

POPE.—Temple of Fame, line 513.

There is who feels for fame,

And melts to goodness.

POPE.—Epilogue to Satires, line 65, Dialogue ii.

[A fine compliment ; the expression shewing that fame was but his second passion.—  
Gilfillan, *Editor of the British Poets*.]

And yet, after all, what is posthumous fame ? Altogether vanity.

ANTONINUS.—Riley's Class. Dict., 552.

What is the end of fame ? 'Tis but to fill

A certain portion of uncertain paper.

BYRON.—Don Juan, Canto i., stanza 218.

*FAMOUS*.—I awoke one morning, and found myself famous.

BYRON.—(In his Memoranda on the reception of Childe  
Harold by the public.)

Some frenchified or outlandish Monsieur, who hath nothing else to  
make him *famous*, I should say *infamous*, but, &c., &c.

PRYNNE.—The unloveliness of love-locks, page 27.

*FAN*.—If I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady's  
fan.

—SHAKSPERE.—1 Henry IV., Act ii., scene 3.

(Hotspur reading a letter.)

*FANCY*.—Tell me where is fancy bred,  
Or in the heart, or in the head?  
How begot, how nourished?

SHAKSPERE.—Merchant of Venice, Act iii., scene 2.  
(A Song.)

In maiden meditation, fancy free.

SHAKSPERE.—Midsummer Night's Dream, Act ii., sc. 2.  
(Oberon to Puck.)

Pacing through the forest, chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy.

SHAKSPERE.—As You-Like It, Act iv., scene 3.  
(Oliver to Celia.)

Chew on fair fancy's food : nor deem unmeet  
I will not with a bitter chase the sweet.

ARIOSTO.—Orlando Furioso, Canto iii., stanza 62.  
(Rose's Translation.)

Chew the cud of politics.

SWIFT.—Tale of a Tub, section 2.

An old hat, and the humor of forty fancies pricked in't for a feather.

SHAKSPERE.—Taming of the Shrew, Act iii., scene 2.  
(Biondella's Description of Petruchio's lackey.)

A confused mass of thoughts, tumbling over one another in the dark ;  
when the fancy was yet in its first work, moving the sleeping images  
of things towards the light, there to be distinguished and then either  
chosen or rejected by the judgment.

DRYDEN.—Dedication to the "Rival Ladies."

When the fancy labouring for a birth,  
With unfelt throes brings its rude issue forth,  
How often, when imperfect shapeless thought  
Is by the judgment into fashion wrought,  
Like colours undistinguished in the night,  
Till the dark images moved to the light,  
Teach the discerning faculty to choose,  
Which it had best adopt and which refuse.

OLDHAM.—Letter to a Friend.

As yet 'tis but a chaos  
Of darkly brooding thoughts : my fancy is  
In her first work, more nearly to the light,  
Holding the sleeping images of things  
For the selection of the pausing judgment.

BYRON.—Marino Faliero (The Doge *solus*), Act i., sc. 2.

*FAR*.—Beneath the good how far—but far above the great.

GRAY.—Progress of Poesy, last line.

Far fetch'd and little worth.

COWPER.—The Task, Book i., line 243.

*FAR.*—Thus far into the bowels of the land  
Have we march'd on without impediment.

SHAKSPERE.—Richard III., Act v., scene 2. (Richmond.)

Far from the haunts of men or eye of day.

SHENSTONE.—Love and Honour, line 30.

*FARCE.*—What dear delight to Britons farce affords !  
Ever the taste of mobs, but now of lords.

POPE.—To Augustus. (Imitation of Horace, Epi. i.,  
Book 2.)

*FARDELS.*—Who would fardels bear,  
To grunt and sweat under a weary life ;  
But that the dread of something after death,  
The undiscovered country, from whose bourn  
No traveller returns, puzzles the will ;  
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,  
Than fly to others that we know not of ?

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act iii., scene 1.  
(Soliloquy.) See "Conscience."

*FAREWELL.*—Her tears in freedom gush'd !  
Big—bright—and fast, unknown to her they fell ;  
But still her lips refused to send—"Farewell !"   
For in that word—that fatal word—how'er  
We promise—hope—believe—there breathes despair,  
BYRON.—The Corsair, Canto i., stanza 15.

Fare thee well ! and if for ever,  
Still for ever fare *thee well* :  
Even though unforgiving, never  
'Gainst thee shall my heart rebel.  
BYRON.—Fare thee well.

Farewell ! "But not for ever."

COWPER.—Monumental Inscription to Northcote.

1. Farewell at once ; for once, for all, and ever.
2. Well, we may meet again.

SHAKSPERE.—Richard II., Act ii., scene 2.  
(Bushy to Green.)

If we do meet again, why we shall smile ;  
If not, why then this parting was well made.

SHAKSPERE.—Julius Cæsar, Act v., scene 5.  
(Brutus to Cassius.)

Give me your hand first : fare you well.

SHAKSPERE.—Julius Cæsar, Act v., scene 5.  
(Strato to Brutus.)

*FAREWELL*.—So, farewell hope, and with hope farewell fear.  
Farewell remorse : all good to me is lost.

MILTON.—Paradise Lost, Book iv., line 108.

Farewell the tranquil mind ! farewell content !  
Farewell the plumed troops, and the big wars  
That make ambition virtue.

SHAKSPERE.—Othello, Act iii., scene 3. (To Iago.)

O, farewell !

Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,  
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,  
The royal banner ; and all quality,  
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war !  
Farewell ! Othello's occupation's gone !

SHAKSPERE.—Othello, Act iii., scene 3. (To Iago.) See  
Sheridan's parody on these beautiful lines in the Epi-  
logue to "The School for Scandal."

Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness !  
This is the state of man : to-day he puts forth  
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,  
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him :  
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost ;  
And when he thinks, good easy man, full surely  
His greatness is a-ripening—nips his root,  
And then he falls, as I do.

SHAKSPERE.—Henry VIII., Act iii., scene 2.  
(Wolsey *solus*.)

*FAST*.—Fast bind, fast find.

CHURCHILL.—The Ghost, Book iv.

Fast bind, fast find ;

A proverb never stale in thrifty mind.

SHAKSPERE.—Merchant of Venice, Act ii., scene 5.  
(Shylock.)

As Tammie glowr'd, amazed and curious,  
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious.

BURNS.—Tam O'Shanter, line 143.

*FASTING*.—Who can believe with common sense,  
A bacon slice gives God offence ;  
Or, how a herring hath a charm  
Almighty vengeance to disarm ?  
Wrapt up in majesty divine,  
Does he regard on what we dine ?

SWIFT.—Epigram from the French.

*FATE*.—All human things are subject to decay,  
And when fate summons, monarchs must obey.

DRYDEN.—Mac Flecknoe, line 1.



*FATE*.—With equal pace, impartial fate  
Knocks at the palace as the cottage gate.

FRANCIS.—HORACE, Book i., Ode iv., line 17.

Fate steals along with silent tread,  
Found oftenest in what least we dread;  
Frowns in the storm with angry brow,  
But in the sunshine strikes the blow.

COWPER.—Tale of the Raven, line 36.

To bear is to conquer our fate.

CAMPBELL.—On visiting a scene in Argyleshire, last line.

Matrons who toss the cup, and see  
The grounds of Fate in grounds of Tea.

CHURCHILL.—The Ghost, line 117.

Prophecy is no fatalism.

AUGUSTINE.—“*Predixi non fixi.*”

*FATHER*.—It is a wise father that knows his own child.

SHAKSPERE.—Merchant of Venice, Act ii., scene 2.  
(Launcelot.)

No one ever knew his own father.

BUCKLEY'S Homer.—The Odyssey, Book i., page 8.

1. Art thou his father?

2. Ay, sir; so his mother says, if I may believe her.

SHAKSPERE.—Taming of the Shrew, Act v., scene 1.  
(Vincentio and Petruchio.)

My father,—methinks I see my father.

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act i., scene 2. (To Horatio.)

I know you are a faithful servant, Mr. Smith—I know you are;—but  
you—you are not father!

HOLCROFT.—The Road to Ruin, Act i., scene 1.

1. I'll never speak to you more.

2. Bid me good-night, sir. Mr. Sulky here will bid me good-night, and  
you are my father!—HOLCROFT.—Ibid.

Oh, who would be a father!

HOLCROFT.—The Road to Ruin, Act v., scene 2.

SHAKSPERE.—Othello, Act i., scene 1.

Oh, who would not be a father!

HOLCROFT.—The Road to Ruin, Act v., scene 2.

*FAULTS*.—You shall find there

A man who is the abstract of all faults,  
That all men follow.

SHAKSPERE.—Antony and Cleopatra, Act i., scene 4.  
(Cæsar to Lepidus.)

*FAULTS*.—Men have many faults ;

Poor women have but two ;  
There's nothing good they say,  
And nothing right they do.

ANONYMOUS.

Why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but perceivest not the beam that is in thine own eye ?

ST. LUKE, chapter vi, verse 41.

The faults of our neighbors with freedom we blame,  
But tax not ourselves, though we practice the same.

CUNNINGHAM.—The Fox, the Cat, and the Spider ; and

CIBBER.—The Refusal, Act iii. GAY.—The Turkey  
and Ant, Part i. Fable xxxviii., line 1.

Other men's sins we ever bear in mind ;  
None sees the fardel of his faults behind.

HERRICK.—Hesperides, Aphorisms, No. 182.

Hence we're inevitably blind,  
Relating to the bag behind,  
But when our neighbors misdeemean,  
Our censures are exceeding keen.

PHÆDRUS.—Book iv., fable ix ; Ramage, Latin Class.  
Quot., 286.

Best men are moulded out of faults.

SHAKSPERE.—Measure for Measure, Act v., scene 1.

Every man has a bag hanging before him, in which he puts his neighbor's faults, and another behind him in which he stows his own.

KNIGHT'S Shakspeare.—Coriolanus, Act ii., sc. 1. *In Notis*.

O that you could turn your eyes towards the napes of your necks, and make but an interior survey of your good selves.

SHAKSPERE.—Coriolanus, Act ii., scene 1,  
(Menenius to Brutus.)

In other men we faults can spy,  
And blame the mote that dims their eye,  
Each little speck and blemish find ;  
To our own stronger errors blind.

GAY.—Fable xxxviii., line 1.

'Tis a meaner part of sense  
To find a fault than taste an excellence.

ROCHESTER.—An Epilogue, line 6.

None, none descends into himself, to find  
The secret imperfections of his mind :  
But every one is eagle-ey'd to see

Another's faults, and his deformity.—DRYDEN'S Persius.—Sat. iv.

*FAULTS*.—Is she not a wilderness of faults and follies?  
SHERIDAN.—The Duenna, Act i., scene 2.

Then gently scan your brother man,  
Still gentler, sister woman;  
Tho' they may gang a kenmin' wrang;  
To step aside is human!

BURNS.—Address to the Unco Guid, verse 7.

They, then, who of each trip the advantage take,  
Find but those faults which they want wit to make.

DRYDEN.—Prol. to Tyrannic Love, line 24.

O wad some pow'r the giftie gie us,  
To see oursel's as others see us!  
It wad frae mony a blunder free us,

And foolish notion.

BURNS.—To a Louse.

Breathe his faults so quaintly,  
That they may seem the taints of liberty:  
The flash and outbreak of a fiery mind.

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act ii., scene 1.  
(Polonius to Reynaldo.)

Bad men excuse their faults, good men will leave them.

BEN JONSON.—Catiline, Act iii., scene 2.

Excusing of a fault

Doth make the fault worse by the excuse.

SHAKSPERE.—King John, Act iv., scene 2.  
(Pembroke to Salisbury.)

*FAVOURITE*.—Eight times emerging from the flood,  
She mew'd to every watery god,  
Some speedy aid to send.

No Dolphin came, no Nereid stirr'd,  
Nor cruel Tom, nor Susan heard,  
A favourite has no friend!

GRAY.—On a Favorite Cat drowned, verse 6.

*FEAR*.—The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.

PSALM cxi., verse 10.

The Fear of God is freedom, joy, and peace;  
And makes all ills that vex us here to cease.

WALLER.—The Fear of God, Canto i., line 1.

Have you not mark'd a partridge quake,  
Viewing the towering falcon nigh?  
She cridles low behind the brake:

Nor would she stay: nor dares she fly.

PRIOR.—The Dove, verse 14.

*FEAR*.—So have I seen some fearful hare maintain

A course, till tired before the dog she lay ;  
Who stretch'd behind her, pants upon the plain,  
Past power to kill, as she to get away.

DRYDEN.—*Annus Mirabilis*, stanza 131.

With his loll'd tongue he faintly licks his prey ;  
His warm breath blows her flix up as she lies :  
She trembling creeps upon the ground away,  
And looks back to him with beseeching eyes.

DRYDEN.—*Ibid.*, stanza 132.

And now his shadow reach'd her as she run,  
His shadow lengthen'd by the setting sun ;  
And now his shorter breath, with sultry air,  
Pants on her neck, and fans her parting hair.

POPE.—*Windsor Forest*, line 191.

(*Lodona pursued by Pan.*)

[Dryden and Pope have here evidently imitated Ovid in the 12th Fable of his *Meta.* ; where he describes Apollo pursuing Daphne, as when the greyhound has seen the hare in the open field, and the one by the speed of his legs pursues his prey, the other seeks her safety ;—yet he that follows, aided by the wings of love, is the swifter, and denies her any rest ; and is now just at her back as she flies, and is breathing upon her hair scattered upon her neck.—RILEY'S Ovid, Book i., line 532.]

'Tis listening fear, and dumb amazement all.

THOMSON.—*Summer*.

Hang those that talk of fear.

SHAKSPEARE.—*Macbeth*, Act v., scene 3.

(*To Seyton.*)

Yet I do fear thy nature ;

It is too full o' the milk of human kindness

To catch the nearest way.

SHAKSPEARE.—*Macbeth*, Act i., scene 5.

(*Lady Macbeth reading her husband's Letter.*)

*FEAST*.—There St. John mingles with my friendly bowl

The feast of reason and the flow of soul.

POPE.—*Horace imitated*, Sat. i., line 127. (*To Fortescue.*)

The latter end of a fray, and the beginning of a feast,  
Fits a dull fighter and a keen guest.

SHAKSPEARE.—1 *Henry IV.*, Act iv., scene 2. (*Falstaff.*)

They have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps.

SHAKSPEARE.—*Love's Labor's Lost*, Act v., scene 1.

(*Moth to Costard.*)

*FEEL*.—But spite of all the criticising elves,

Those who would make us feel, must feel themselves.

CHURCHILL.—*The Rosciad*, line 961.

*FEEL*.—The well-sung woes will soothe my pensive ghost ;  
He best can paint them who shall feel them most.

POPE.—Eloisa to Abelard, line 365.

He whom I feel, but want the power to paint.

JUVENAL.—Sat. vii., line 56.

*FEELING*.—A vet'ran see ! whose last act on the stage  
Entreats your smiles for sickness and for age ;  
Their cause I plead ; plead it in heart and mind ;  
A fellow-feeling makes one wondrous kind !

GARRICK.—Prologue to the "The Wonder," a play by  
MRS. CENTLIVRE. MURPHY'S Life of Garrick, volume  
ii., page 131.

*FEET*.—How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that  
bringeth glad tidings.

ISAIAH, chapter lii., verse 7.

Whose feet they hurt in the stocks ; the iron entered into his soul.

PSALM cv., verse 18.

I heard his chains upon his legs as he turned his body to lay his little  
stick upon the bundle. He gave a deep sigh ; I saw the iron enter  
into his soul.

STERNE.—Sent. Journey ; The Captive.

Who of you, then, would announce to those within the wished-for pres-  
ence of our common feet.

SOPHOCLES.—Trans. by Buckley. (Electra.)

O thou that hast the most welcome service of the feet.

SOPHOCLES.—Supra.

Her feet, beneath her petticoat,  
Like little mice, stole in and out,  
As if they fear'd the light ;  
But oh ! she dances such a way,  
No sun upon an Easter-day  
Is half so fine a sight.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.—A Ballad upon a Wedding, ver. 8.

And the prettiest foot : Oh if a man could but fasten his eyes to her  
feet as they steal in and out, and play at bo-peep under her petticoats,  
Ah ! Mr. Trapland ?

CONGREVE.—Love for Love, Act i., scene 5. Valentine  
to Trapland. (Suckling died before Congreve was born.)

Her pretty feet like snails do creep  
A little out, and then,  
As if they played at bo-peep,  
Did soon draw in again.

HERRICK.—The Hesperides, Amatory Odes, No. 207.



*FELICITY*.—Still to ourselves in every place consign'd,  
Our own felicity we make or find.

GOLDSMITH.—The Traveller, line 431.

Since every man who lives is born to die,  
And none can boast sincere felicity,  
With equal minds what happens let us bear,  
Nor joy, nor grieve too much for things beyond our care.  
Like pilgrims to the appointed place we tend ;  
The world's an inn, and death the journey's end.

DRYDEN.—Palemon and Arcite, Book iii., line 883.

*FELL*.—I do not love thee, Doctor Fell,  
The reason why I cannot tell ;  
But this alone I know full well,  
I do not love thee, Doctor Fell.

BROWNE.—Dialogues of the Dead ; from Martial, Epigram xxxiii. ; 5 Notes and Queries 355.

From morn to noon he fell,  
From noon to dewy eve.

MILTON.—Paradise Lost, Book i., line 742.

*FELLOW*.—A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife,  
That never set a squadron in the field,  
Nor the division of a battle knows  
More than a spinster.

SHAKSPERE.—Othello, Act i., sc. 1. (Iago to Roderigo.)

*FENCE*.—Plague on't ; an I thought he had been valiant, and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him dammed ere I'd have challenged him.

SHAKSPERE.—Twelfth Night, Act iii., scene 4.

(Sir Andrew Aguecheek.)

*FICTION*.—As mere fiction as ever came from a traveller or a newspaper.

FIELDING.—The Good-natured Man, Act ii., scene 2.

*FIELDS*.—'A babbled of green fields.

SHAKSPERE.—Henry V., Act ii., scene 3.

(Mrs. Pistol to Bardolph.)

In those holy fields  
Over whose acres walked those blessed feet,  
Which fourteen hundred years ago were nailed,  
For our advantage, on the bitter cross.

SHAKSPERE.—1 Henry IV., Act i., scene 1.

(The King to Westmoreland.)

*FIEND*.—So speak the Fiend, and with necessity.  
The tyrant's plea, excus'd his devilish deeds.

MILTON.—Paradise Lost, Book iv., line 393.

I pull in resolution ; and begin to doubt.

SHAKSPERE.—Macbeth, Act v., scene 5. (To himself.)

*FIGHT*.—I'll fight till from my bones my flesh be hack'd.

SHAKSPERE.—Macbeth, Act v., scene 3. (To Seyton.)

He that fights and runs away,  
Will live to fight another day.

ANONYMOUS.

[These lines are almost universally supposed to form a part of Hudibras. Butler has, indeed, two or three passages somewhat similar. For example:—

For those that run away, and fly,  
Take place at least of th' enemy.

HUDIBRAS.—Part i., Canto iii., line 609.

And again—

For those that fly may fight again,  
Which he can never do that's slain.

HUDIBRAS.—Part iii., Canto iii., line 242.

Mr. Collet, however, refers us to a small volume of Poems by Sir John Mennes, written in the reign of Charles II., and says the original of the couplet may be traced to Demosthenes, who has a passage of which the English lines above are almost a literal translation.—*Relics of Literature*, page 185. But if we can trace the original idea to a much higher source than Demosthenes, we shall approach nearer to the author of the idea itself, whoever may have composed the couplet. In Plutarch's *Morals*, we are told that Archilochus (a famous Greek Poet and Musician, who lived *three centuries prior* to Demosthenes) set the example of fighting and flying, and said, "It is much easier to get a new buckler than a new existence." The translation of the lines of Archilochus, on excusing his cowardice, runs thus:—

Nature's not honour's laws, we must obèy :  
This made me cast my shield away,  
And by a prudent flight and cunning save  
A life, which valour could not, from the grave.  
A better buckler I can soon regain,  
But who can get another life again ?

ARCHILOCHUS.—Plutarch's *Morals*; Essay on the Laws, &c., of the Lacedemonians, Part i.; translated by Mr. John Pulleyn, Trinity College, Cambridge, 1684.

This fact seems to set at rest the question as to the originator of the saying, and brings us a little nearer to the author of the lines. In Murray's *Handbook of Familiar Quotations*, the fair compiler of that book gives a quaint couplet from a work of Nicholas Udall, published in 1542, as follows:—

That same man that rennith awaie,  
Maie again fight another daie.]

*FINE*.—Fine by degrees, and beautifully less.

PRIOR.—Henry and Emma.

Fine by defect, and delicately weak.

POPE.—Moral Essays, Epistle ii., line 43.

False by degrees, and exquisitely wrong.

CANNING.—New Morality.

Fine words, I wonder where you stole 'em.

SWIFT.—Whitshed's Motto.

*FINGER*.—No man's pie is freed  
From his ambitious finger.

SHAKSPERE.—Henry VIII., Act i., sc. 1. (Buckingham.)

In faith I'll break thy little finger, Harry,  
An if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

SHAKSPERE.—1 Henry IV., Act ii., scene 3.

(Lady Percy to Hotspur.)

*FIRE*.—Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth !

ST. JAMES, Gen. Epistle, chapter iii., verse 5.

Fire that's closest kept burns most of all.

SHAKSPERE.—Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act i., scene 2.

(Lucetta.)

As from one fatal spark arise

The flames, aspiring to the skies,

And all the crackling wood consumes.

WHEELRIGHT'S PINDAR.—3rd Pythian Ode., line 66.

A spark neglected makes a mighty fire.

HERRICK.—Hesperides, Aphorisms, No. 152.

SHAKSPERE.—3 Henry VI., Act iv., scene 8.

(Clifford to Warwick.)

From little spark may burst a mighty flame.

DANTE.—Paradiso, Canto i., line 34. (Wright.)

From small fires comes oft no small mishap.

GEORGE HERBERT.—The Temple Artillery.

Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,

They rave, recite, and madden round the land.

POPE.—Prologue to Satires.

And where two raging fires meet together,

They do consume the thing that feeds their fury.

SHAKSPERE.—Taming of the Shrew, Act ii., scene 1.

(Petruchio to his Father-in-law.)

The living ray of intellectual fire.

FALCONER.—The Shipwreck, line 104.

*FIRSTLINGS*.—The very firstlings of my heart shall be

The firstlings of my hand.

SHAKSPERE.—Macbeth, Act iv., scene 1.

(Meditating the surprise of Macduff's Castle, and the destruction of his line.)

*FIST*.—With his fist, instead of a stick,

Beat pulpit drum ecclesiastic.

BUTLER.—Hudibras, Elegy, line 63.

*FIST.*—

Bring up thy van,  
My heels are fettered, but my fist is free.

MILTON.—Samson Agonistes.

His withered fist still knocking at death's door.

SACKVILLE.—Mirror of Magistrates; verse 17.

*FIT.*—Then comes my fit again.

SHAKSPERE.—Macbeth, Act iii., scene 4.

(On the escape of Fleance.)

*Countess.*—Will your answer serve fit to all questions?

*Clown.*—As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an attorney.

SHAKSPERE.—All's Well that Ends Well, Act ii., sc. 2.

*FLATTERY.*—O, that men's ears should be

To counsel deaf, but not to flattery!

SHAKSPERE.—Timon of Athens, Act i., scene 2, last lines.

*FLED.*—In haste he fled and so did they,

Each and his fear a sev'ral way.

BUTLER.—Hudibras, Part i., Canto ii., line 909.

*FLEET.*—The Spanish fleet thou canst not see—because

—It is not yet in sight!

SHERIDAN.—The Critic, Act ii., scene 2.

*FLESH.*—Infusing him with self and vain conceit,

As if this flesh, which walls about our life,

Were brass impregnable,—and humoured thus,

Comes at the last, and with a little pin

Bores through his castle walls and—farewell King!

SHAKSPERE.—Richard II., Act iii., sc. 2. (To his Nobles.)

O, that this too too solid flesh would melt,

Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act i., scene 2.

(Soliloquy on the unprofitableness of the world, the recent marriage of his mother, and the comparison between his uncle and his father.)

*FLINT.*—The fire i' the flint

Shows not till it be struck.

SHAKSPERE.—Timon of Athens, Act i., scene 1. (Poet.)

O, Cassius, you are yoked to a lamb

That carries anger as the flint bears fire;

Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,

And straight is cold again.

SHAKSPERE.—Julius Cæsar, Act iv., scene 3.

(Brutus to Cassius.)

So stubborn flints their inward heat conceal,

Till art and force th' unwilling sparks reveal.

CONGREVE.—To Dryden on his Poems, last lines but two.

*FLOGGING*.—Had it not been for him, we should never have known that in the city of Athens children cried when they were flogged : we owe that discovery to his profound erudition.

LE SAGE.—Gil Blas, Book ii., chapter ix.

*FLOWERS*.—Yet mournfully surviving all,  
A flower upon a ruin's wall.

MRS. HEMANS.—The Brigand Leader, verse 5, p. 506.

Within the infant rind of this small flower,  
Poison hath residence and medicine power :  
For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each part ;  
Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.

SHAKSPERE.—Romeo and Juliet, Act ii., scene 3.  
(Friar Laurence.)

Gather ye rose-buds while ye may,  
Old time is still a flying ;  
And this same flower which smiles to-day,  
To-morrow will be dying.

HERRICK.—Hesperides to the Virgins, No. 93.

Fair and fragile as a flower,  
Like one she passed away.

(From the inscription on the monument over the remains of Dr. Muspratt's infant child in Smithdown Cemetery, supposed to have been the aspiration of its mother.—Ed.)

My love is like a summer flower,  
That wither'd in the wintry hour,  
Born but of vanity and pride,  
And with these sunny visions died.

SCOTT.—Lord of the Isles, Canto iv., stanza 7.

Wert thou all that I wish thee, great, glorious, and free,  
First flower of the earth, first gem of the sea,  
I might hail thee with prouder, with happier brow,  
But oh ! could I love thee more deeply than now ?

TOM MOORE.—Remember Thee, Vol. iv., page 11.

Each flower of the rock, and each gem of the billow.

TOM MOORE.—The Fire Worshippers, Vol. vi., page 321.

Thou Pearl of the Ocean ! Thou gem of the Earth !

MONTGOMERY.—The Ocean, Vol i.

Ramble a-field to brooks and bowers,  
To pick up sentiments and flowers.

CHURCHILL.—The Ghost, Book iii.



*FLOWERS*.—I made a posie, while the day ran by :  
Here will I smell my remnant out, and tie

My life within this band.  
But Time did beckon to the flowers, and they  
By noon most cunningly did steal away,  
And wither'd in my hand.

HERBERT.—Life, verse 1.

The flowers are gone when the fruits appear to ripen.

POPE.—To Swift, 25th March, 1736.

Farewell, dear flowers, sweetly your time ye spent,  
Fit, while ye lived, for smell or ornament,  
And after death for cures.

HERBERT.—Life, verse 3.

Love lies bleeding.

CAMPBELL.—O'Connor's Child.

Maidens call it love in idleness—

Fetch me that flower.

SHAKSPEARE.—Midsummer Night's Dream, Act ii., scene 2. (Oberon.)

WORDSWORTH, Vol. i., page 213.

*FLY*.—Who quits a world where strong temptations try,  
And since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly !

GOLDSMITH.—Deserted Village, line 101.

“Go !” says he, one day at dinner, to an overgrown one which had buzzed about his nose, and tormented him cruelly all dinner-time, and which, after infinite attempts, he had caught at last, as it flew by him ; “I'll not hurt thee,” says my uncle Toby, rising from his chair, and going across the room, with the fly in his hand—“I'll not hurt a hair of thy head :—Go !” says he, lifting up the sash, and opening his hand as he spoke, to let it escape : “go, poor devil, get thee gone, why should I hurt thee ? This world, surely, is wide enough to hold both thee and me.”

STERNE.—Tristram Shandy, Vol. ii., chapter xii.

*FOE*.—A foe to God was ne'er true friend to man,  
Some sinister intent taints all he does.

YOUNG.—Night vii., line 704.

Curst be the verse how well soe'er it flow,  
That tends to make one worthy man my foe.

POPE.—Prol. to Satires, line 283.

Alike reserv'd to blame, or to commend,  
A timorous foe and a suspicious friend.

POPE.—To Arbuthnot, Prol. to Sat., line 205.

He makes no friend who never made a foe.

TENNYSON.—Idylls of the King, “Elaine.”

*FOGGY*.—Like foggy south, puffing with wind and rain.

SHAKSPERE.—As You Like It, Act iii., sc. 5. (Rosalind.)

For thee to speak and be obey'd

Are one; but only in the sunny south

Such sounds are utter'd and such charms display'd.

BYRON.—Dedication to the Prophecy of Dante, line 10.

*FOLLY*.—All human wisdom to divine is folly;

This truth the wisest man made melancholy.

DENHAM.—Progress of Learning, line 207.

Is folly then so old? Why, let me see

About what time of life may folly be?

Oh! she was born, by nicest calculation,

One moment after woman's first creation.

W. SPENCER.—Prol. to "Fashionable Friends."

(Metrical Miscellany.)

Sick of herself is folly's character,

As wisdom's is a modest self-applause.

DR. YOUNG.—Night viii., line 918.

Folly ends where genuine hope begins.

COWPER.—Hope, line 637.

And must I ravel out

My weav'd up follies?

SHAKSPERE.—Richard II., Act iv., scene 1.

(The King to Northumberland.)

Whether the charmer sinner it, or saint it;

If folly grow romantic, I must paint it.

POPE.—Moral Essays, Epi. ii., line 15.

In hers or vice's casual road advance,

Thoughtless, the sinners or the saints of chance.

SHENSTONE.—The Judgment of Hercules, line 27, and see  
a song by CONGREVE beginning "Pious Selinda."

Thus in a sea of folly tost,

My choicest hours of life are lost.

SWIFT.—Horace, Book ii., line 125.

*FOOD*.—Who provideth for the raven his food?

JOB, chapter xxxviii., verse 41.

He giveth to the beast his food, and to the young ravens which cry.

PSALM cxlvii., verse 9.

Food for powder, food for powder.

SHAKSPERE.—1 Henry IV., Act iv., scene 2. (Falstaff.)

Even in its treasures he could find

Food for the fever of his mind.

SCOTT.—Lady of the Lake, Canto iii., stanza 6.

*FOOL*.—The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool.

SHAKSPERE.—As You Like It, Act v., scene 1.  
(Touchstone.)

For every inch that is not fool is rogue.

DRYDEN.—Absalom and Ahithophel, Part ii., line 463.

No creature smarts so little as a fool.

POPE.—Prologue to Satires, line 84.

At thirty man suspects himself a fool ;  
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan ;  
At fifty, chides his infamous delay,  
Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve,  
Resolves—and re-resolves ; then dies the same.

YOUNG.—Night i., line 418.

'Tis hard if all is false that I advance,  
A fool must now and then be right by chance.

COWPER.—Conversation, line 95.

Why should I play the Roman fool, and die  
On mine own sword ?

SHAKSPERE.—Macbeth, Act v., scene 7.  
(Before his combat with Macduff.)

A fool at forty is a fool indeed.

YOUNG.—Sat. ii., line 282.

The fool of nature, stood with stupid eyes  
And gaping mouth, that testified surprise.

DRYDEN.—Cymon and Iphigenia.

A fool, a fool ! I met a fool i' the forest,  
A motley fool ; a miserable world ;  
As I do live by food, I met a fool ;  
Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,  
And rail'd on lady Fortune in good terms,  
In good set terms,—and yet a motley fool.—  
Motley's the only wear.

SHAKSPERE.—As You Like It, Act ii., sc. 7. (Jacques.)

A French edition of a fool.

CAWTHORNE.—Equality of Human Conditions, line 2.

The little foolery that wise men have makes a great show.

SHAKSPERE.—As You Like It, Act i., scene 2.  
(Celia to Touchstone.)

*FOOLS*.—Young men *think* old men are fools ; but old men *know* young men are fools.

CHAPMAN.—All Fools, Act v., scene 1.

*FOOLS*.—Fools are apt to imitate only the defects of their betters.

SWIFT.—Sermon 9. (Roscoe's Life of Swift.)

The world is grown so bad  
That wrens may prey where eagles dare not perch.

SHAKSPERE.—Richard III., Act i., scene 3.

While timorous knowledge stands considering,  
Audacious ignorance hath done the deed.

DANIEL.

Where men of judgment creep and feel their way,  
The positive pronounce without dismay.

COWPER.—Conversation, line 145.

No place so sacred from such fops is barr'd,  
Nor is Paul's church more safe than Paul's churchyard :  
Nay, fly to altars; there they'll talk you dead :  
For fools rush in where angels fear to tread.

POPE.—Essay on Criticism, Part iii., line 623.

(Taken from Boileau's Art of Poetry.)

Where Mars might quake to tread.

BYRON.—Childe Harold, Canto i., stanza 54.

Men may live fools, but fools they cannot die.

YOUNG.—Night iv., line 842.

*FOOT*.—Come on, my lords, the better foot before.

SHAKSPERE.—Titus Andronicus, Act ii, scene 4.

(Aaron with Quintus and Martus.)

Nay, but make haste: the better foot before.

SHAKSPERE.—King John, Act iv., scene 2. (The King.)

So light a foot

Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint.

SHAKSPERE.—Romeo and Juliet, Act ii., scene 6.

(The Friar as Juliet enters.)

So lightly walks, she not one mark imprints,  
Nor brushes off the dews, nor soils the tints.

CHURCHILL.—Gotham, Book ii., line 217.

*FOOTPRINTS*.—Lives of great men all remind us,

We can make our lives sublime;

And departing leave behind us

Footprints on the sands of time.

LONGFELLOW.—Psalm of Life, verse 7.

A foot more light, a step more true,  
Ne'er from the heath-flower dashed the dew ;  
E'en the slight harebell raised its head,  
Elastic from her airy tread.

SCOTT.—The Lady of the Lake, Canto i., stanza 18.

*FOOTPRINTS*.—The flower she touched on dipped and rose.  
 TENNYSON.—The Talking Oak, verse 33.

The grass stoops not, she treads on it so light.  
 SHAKSPERE.—Venus and Adonis, stanza 172.

Dance on the sands, and yet no footing seen.  
 SHAKSPERE.—Venus and Adonis, stanza 25.

And ye that on the sands with printless foot  
 Do chase the ebbing Neptune.  
 SHAKSPERE.—Tempest, Act v., scene 1.

As if the wind, not she, did walk,  
 Nor pressed a flower, nor bowed a stalk.  
 BEN JONSON.—Vision of Delight.

For other print her airy step ne'er left,  
 Her treading would not bend a blade of grass,  
 Or shake the downy blow-ball from his stalk!  
 BEN JONSON.—The Sad Shepherd.

Whilst from off the waters fleet,  
 Thus I set my printless feet  
 O'er the cowslip's velvet head,  
 That bends not as I tread.  
 MILTON.—Comus. (Sabrina to the Spirit.)

*FORBEARANCE*.—The kindest and the happiest pair  
 Will find occasion to forbear;  
 And something every day they live  
 To pity, and perhaps forgive.  
 COWPER.—Mutual Forbearance.

*FOREFATHERS*.—Could I trace back the time to a far distant date,  
 Since my forefathers toil'd in this field:  
 And the farm I now hold on your honor's estate  
 Is the same that my grandfather till'd.  
 A Song, "Ere around the huge oak."

This was the cottage his forefathers knew,  
 It saw his birth; shall see his burial too.  
 FENTON.—Claudian's Old Man.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,  
 Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,  
 Each in his narrow cell forever laid,  
 The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.  
 GRAY.—Elegy, verse 4.

*FORESTALL*.—What need a man forestall his date of grief,  
 And run to meet what he would most avoid.  
 MILTON.—Comus.



*FORGET*.—New-made honour doth forget men's names;  
'Tis too respective, and too sociable.

SHAKSPERE.—King John, Act i., sc. 1. (The Bastard.)

I am glad to see you well,  
Horatio—or I do forget myself.

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act i., scene 2. (Hamlet.)

Men are men; the best sometimes forget.

SHAKSPERE.—Othello, Act ii., scene 3.

(Iago to Othello.)

We like not this; thou dost forget thyself.

SHAKSPERE.—King John, Act iii., scene 1.

(The King to the Bastard.)

Steep my senses in forgetfulness.

SHAKSPERE.—2 Henry IV., Act iii., scene 1. (The King.)

Forget thyself to marble.—MILTON.—Il Penseroso.

Though cold like you, unmov'd and silent grown,  
I have not yet forgot myself to stone.

POPE.—Eloisa to Abelard, line 23.

Of all affliction taught a lover yet,  
'Tis sure the hardest science to forget!—IBID.—Line 189.

How happy is the blameless vestal's lot;  
The world forgetting, by the world forgot?

IBID.—Line 207.

Have you forgot all sense of place and duty?

SHAKSPERE.—Othello, Act ii., scene 3.

(Iago rebuking the Lieutenant and Sir Montano for the brawl.)

Can a woman forget her sucking child?

ISAIAH, chapter xlix., verse 15.

Can the fond mother from herself depart,  
Can she forget the darling of her heart,  
The little darling whom she bore and bred,  
Nurs'd on her knees and at her bosom fed?

CHURCHILL.—Gotham, Book iii.

The bridegroom may forget the bride  
Was made his wedded wife yestreen;

The monarch may forget the crown  
That on his head an hour has been;

The mother may forget the child  
That smiles sae sweetly on her knee;

But I'll remember thee, Glencairn,  
And all that thou hast done for me!

BURNS.—Lament for Glencairn.

*FORGET.*—For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,  
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resign'd ;  
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,  
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind.

GRAY.—Elegy, verse 22.

In the infinite meadows of heaven  
Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the Angels.

LONGFELLOW.—Evangeline, i., iii.

*FORGIVENESS.*—Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

As you from crimes would pardon'd be,  
Let your indulgence set me free.

SHAKSPERE.—The Tempest, Epilogue.

To bear no malice or hatred in my heart.

CHURCH CATECHISM.

Forgiveness to the injured does belong,  
But they ne'er pardon who have done the wrong.

DRYDEN.—The Conquest of Granada, Part ii., Act i., scene 2.

[This idea seems to have been taken from Tacitus: *Proprium humani ingenti est odisse quem laeseris*. "It is the nature of the human disposition to hate him whom you have injured." This arises from a consciousness that he has reason to dislike you, and that his forgiveness may not be sincere. Rileys's Class. Dict., 348.]

The mind that too frequently forgives bad actions, will at last forget good ones.

REYNOLDS.—The Dramatist, Act ii., scene 1.

1. Canst thou forgive me?

2. Not while you ask forgiveness ; that's a fault

I can never pardon.

COLLEY CIBBER.—Woman's Wit, Act v.

*FORMS.*—Pretty ! in amber to observe the forms  
Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms.

POPE.—To Arbuthnot, line 169.

*FORSAKE.*—The flocks shall leave the mountains,  
The woods the turtle-dove ;

The nymphs forsake the fountains,  
Ere I forsake my love.

GAY.—Acis and Galatea, Part ii., Trio.

My God, my father, and my friend,  
Do not forsake me at my end !

ROSCOMMON.—His last words on his death-bed.

See Fenton's Ed. of Waller's poems.

*FORTUNE*.—A most poor man, made tame to fortune's blows.

SHAKSPERE.—King Lear, Act iv., scene 6. (Edgar.)

I am a man whom fortune hath cruelly scratched.

SHAKSPERE.—All's Well that Ends Well, Act v., scene 2.

A man that fortune's buffets and rewards

Has ta'en with equal thanks.

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act iii., scene 2. (The Prince to Horatio before the King and Queen came to the play.)

I another,

So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,

That I would set my life on any chance

To mend it, or be rid on't.

SHAKSPERE.—Macbeth, Act iii., sc. 1. (First Murderer.)

I am so out of love with life, that I will sue to be rid of it.

SHAKSPERE.—Measure for Measure, Act iii., scene 1. (Claudio to the Duke.)

All other doubts by time let them be clear'd,

Fortune brings in some boats that are not steer'd.

SHAKSPERE.—Cymbeline, Act iv., scene 3. (Pisanio.)

Who thinks that fortune cannot change her mind,

Prepares a dreadful jest for all mankind.

POPE.—Book ii., sat. ii. To Bethel, line 123.

Fortune is merry,

And in this mood will give us any thing.

SHAKSPERE.—Julius Cæsar, Act iii., scene 2. (Antony.)

Every man is the architect of his own fortune.

SALLUST.—De Republicâ Ordinandâ: BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.—Love's Pilgrimage, Act i., scene 1.

The prudent man really frames his own fortunes for himself.

PLAUTUS.—Trinummus, Act ii., scene 2.

The mould of a man's fortune is in his own hands.

BACON.—Essay xl., on Fortune, line 3.

A better fortune will be following a lamentable beginning.

RILEY'S OVID.—Meta., page 249.

Fortune favours the bold.

YONGE'S Cicero, De Finibus, Book iii., div. 4.

Fortune favours fools.

ANONYMOUS.—From the Latin adage, *Fortuna favet fatuis*.

Fortune in men has some small difference made,

One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade.

POPE.—Essay on Man, Epi. iv., line 195.

*FORTUNE*.—1. Her benefits are mightily misplaced ; and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

2. 'Tis true ; for those that she makes fair, she scarce makes honest ; and those that she makes honest she makes very ill-favor'dly.

SHAKSPERE.—As You Like It, Act i., scene 2.

(Rosalind and Celia.)

Forever, Fortune, wilt thou prove

An unrelenting foe to love ;

And, when we meet a mutual heart,

Come in between, and bid us part.—THOMSON.—Song, verse 1.

*FOUGHT*.—Sooth'd with the sound, the king grew vain,

Fought all his battles o'er again ;

And thrice he routed all his foes,

And thrice he slew the slain.

DRYDEN.—Alexander's Feast, verse 4.

The broken soldier, kindly bid to stay,

Sat by his fire and talk'd the night away ;

Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,

Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields were won.

GOLDSMITH.—The Deserted Village, line 155.

*FRAILITY*.—Frailty, thy name is woman !

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act i., scene 2.

(The Prince on his mother's early marriage to his uncle.)

*FRANCE*.—Gay, sprightly land of mirth and social ease,

Pleased with thyself, whom all the world can please.

GOLDSMITH.—The Traveller, line 241.

They order this matter better in France.

STERNE.—Sentimental Journey, Part i.

It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the Queen of France, then the Dauphiness, at Versailles ; and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision.

BURKE.—On the French Revolution.

*FREE*.—He is the free-man whom the truth makes free,

And all are slaves besides.

COWPER.—Winter's Morning Walk.

They would no more in bondage bend their knee,

But once made freemen, would be always free.

CHURCHILL.—Independence.

But I was free born.—ST. PAUL.—The Acts, chapter xxii., verse 28.

I am as free as Nature first made man,

Ere the base laws of servitude began,

When wild in woods the noble savage ran.

DRYDEN.—Conquest of Granada, Act i., scene 1.

*FREE*.—By my troth, this is free and easy indeed.

RILEY's *Plautus*, *The Pseudolus*, Act v., scene 2.

I would rather be a freeman among slaves, than a slave among freemen.

SWIFT.—To Mr. Gay, 3d October, 1731.

Who rules o'er freemen should himself be free.

HENRY BROOKE.—*Gustavus Vasa*, ed. i. (This was read in Dr. Johnson's presence and admired, but not by him, for he remarked, "it might as well be said—who drives fat oxen should himself be fat." See the 3d edition of Mr. Gent's book of *Familiar Quots*. Whittaker, 1862, page 118.)

*FREEDOM*.—The cause of Freedom is the cause of God!

BOWLES.—To Edmund Burke, line 78.

*FREEMASONS*.—We meet as shadows in the land of dreams,  
Which speak not but in signs.

ANON.—See *St. Ronan's Well*, chapter ix.

*FRENZY*.—The poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling,  
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;  
And, as imagination bodies forth  
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen  
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing  
A local habitation and a name.

SHAKSPERE.—*Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act v., sc. 1.  
(Theseus.)

*FRIEND*.—Give me the avow'd, the erect, the manly foe,  
Bold I can meet—perhaps may turn his blow;  
But of all plagues, good heaven, thy wrath can send,  
Save, save, oh! save me from the candid friend.

CANNING.—*New Morality*.

REDE's *Memoir of Canning*, page 80.

'Tis thus that on the choice of friends  
Our good or evil name depends.

GAY.—*The old Woman and her Cats*, Part i., Fable xxiii., line 9.

A lost good name is ne'er retriev'd.

GAY.—*The Fox Dying*, Part i., Fable xxix., line 46.

Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Iago,  
If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st his ear  
A stranger to thy thoughts.

SHAKSPERE.—*Othello*, Act iii., scene 3. (The Moor.)

Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,  
And round his dwelling guardian saints attend.

GOLDSMITH.—*The Traveller*, line 11.



*FRIEND.*—To virtue only and her friends, a friend.

POPE.—Book ii., sat. i., To Fortescue, line 121.

To friends a friend.

LONGFELLOW.—Coplas de Manrique.

I am not of that feather, to shake off

My friend when he most needs me. I do know him,

A gentleman that well deserves a help,

Which he shall have : I'll pay the debt and free him.

SHAKSPERE.—Timon of Athens, Act i., scene 1.

(Timon to the servant of Ventidius.)

And for his friend, his very crook he sold.

SHENSTONE.—Elegy iii., verse 5.

What need we have any friends, if we should ne'er have need of them ?

SHAKSPERE.—Timon of Athens, Act i., scene 2. (Timon.)

An open foe may prove a curse,

But a pretended friend is worse.

GAY.—Fable xvii., line 33.

Who dares think one thing, and another tell,

My heart detests him as the gates of hell.

POPE.—The Iliad, Book x., line 412.

Friends I have made, whom envy must commend,

But not one foe whom I would wish a friend.

CHURCHILL.—The Conference, line 297.

Poor is the friendless master of a world :

A world in purchase for a friend is gain.

DR. YOUNG.—Night ii., line 572.

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities.

SHAKSPERE.—Julius Cæsar, Act iv., scene 3.

(Cassius to Brutus.)

Thine own friend, and thy father's friend, forsake not.

PROVERBS, chapter xxvii., verse 19.

To God, thy country, and thy friend be true.

VAUGHAN.—Rules and Lessons, verse 8.

Keep thy friend under thy own life's key.

SHAKSPERE.—All's Well that Ends Well, Act i., scene 1.

(The Countess to Bertram.)

If any touch my friend, or his good name,

It is my honour and my love to free

His blasted fame

From the least spot or thought of blame.

GEORGE HERBERT.—The Temple, Unkindness.

*FRIEND.*—For to cast away a virtuous friend, I call as bad as to cast away one's own life, which one loves best.

BUCKLEY's Sophocles.—*Œdipus Tyrannus*, page 22.

Whoever knows how to return a kindness he has received, must be a friend above all price.

BUCKLEY's Sophocles.—*Philoctetes*, page 309.

What good man is not his own friend?

BUCKLEY's Sophocles.—*Œdipus Colo.*, page 64.

No friend's a friend till he shall prove a friend.

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.—*The Faithful Friends*, Act iii., scene 3.

He is a friend indeed who proves himself a friend in need.

PLAUTUS.—*Epidicus*, Act i., scene 2, line 9.

The man that hails you Tom or Jack,  
And proves by thumps upon your back,

How he esteems your merit,  
Is such a friend that one had need  
Be very much his friend indeed,  
To pardon or to bear it.

COWPER.—*Friendship*.

To buy his favour I extend this friendship :

If he will take it, so ; if not, adieu ;

And, for my love I pray you wrong me not.

SHAKSPERE.—*Merchant of Venice*, Act i., scene 3.  
(Shylock to Antonio.)

Alike above your friendship or your hate,  
Here, here I tower triumphant.

DR. DODD.—*Thoughts in Prison*, Second Week.

Smile at the doubtful tide of Fate,

And scorn alike her friendship and her hate.

STEPNEY.—*From Horace*, Book iv., Ode 9.

Friendship by sweet reproof is shown

(A virtue never near a throne) :

In courts such freedom must offend ;

There none presumes to be a friend.

GAY.—*Fable i.*, line 9.

The dart that deepest to my bosom went,  
Flew from the bow pretended friendship bent.

ROBERT NOYES.—*Distress*.

And what is friendship but a name,

A charm that lulls to sleep ;

A shade that follows wealth or fame,

And leaves the wretch to weep ?

GOLDSMITH.—*The Hermit*, verse 19.

*FRIEND.*—Who friendship with a knave hath made,  
Is judg'd a partner in the trade.

*GAY.*—Fable xxiii.

A sudden thought strikes me,  
Let us swear an eternal friendship.

*CANNING.*—(See the Play of "The Rovers," in the  
Antijacobin.)

Friendship, like love, is but a name,  
Unless to one you stint the flame.

*GAY.*—Fable lix., line 1.

Friendship is constant in all other things  
Save in the office and affairs of love.

*SHAKSPERE.*—Much Ado About Nothing, Act ii., scene 1.  
(Claudio.)

A generous friendship no cold medium knows,  
Burns with one love, with one resentment glows;  
One should our interests and our passions be,  
My friend must hate the man that injures me.

*POPE's Homer.*—The Iliad, Book ix., line 725.

Friendship's the wine of life.

*DR. YOUNG.*—Night ii., line 582.

But a few friendships wear, and let them be  
By nature and by fortune fit for thee.

*COWLEY.*—Martial, Book ix., Epigram 47.

Are such the friendships we contract in life?  
O, give me then the friendship of a wife!  
Adieus, nay, parting pains to us are sweet,  
They make so glad the moments when we meet.

*CRABBE.*—Tales of the Hall, Book xxii., par. 8.

*FRISKING.*—Frisking light in frolic measures:

Now pursuing, now retreating,  
Now in circling troops they meet;  
To brisk notes in cadence beating,  
Glance their many twinkling feet.

*GRAY.*—Progress of Poesy, i., stanza 3.

*FRUIT.*—Of the tree of knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat  
of it: for in the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die.

*GENESIS,* chapter ii., verse 17.

In the day we eat of this fair fruit, our doom is, we shall die!

*MILTON.*—Paradise Lost, Book ix.

The tree is known by his fruit.

*ST. MATTHEW,* chapter xii., verse 33; *ST. LUKE,* chapter  
vi., verse 44.

*FRUIT*.—To taste the fruit of yon celestial tree,  
Or die in the adventure.

SHAKSPERE.—*Pericles*, Act i., scene 1.

Fruits that blossom first will first be ripe.

SHAKSPERE.—*Othello*, Act ii., scene 3.  
(Iago to Roderigo.)

*FUNERALS*.—But see! the well-plumed hearse comes nodding on,  
stately and slow;

But tell us, why this waste?

Why this ado in earthing up a carcass  
That's fallen into disgrace, and in the nostrils smells horrible?

BLAIR.—*The Grave*.

It is but waste to bury them preciously.

CHAUCER.—*The Wife of Bath*, Prol., line 6082.

The nodding plume,  
Which makes poor man's humiliation proud;  
Boast of our ruin! triumph of our dust!

DR. YOUNG.—*Night ix.*, line 2128.

Why is the hearse with scutcheons blazon'd round,  
And with the nodding plume of ostrich crown'd?  
The dead know it not, nor profit gain;  
It only serves to prove the living vain,  
How short is life! how frail is human trust!  
Is all this pomp for laying dust to dust?

GAY.—*Trivia*, Book iii., line 231.

PARNELL.—*Night piece on Death*, line 71.

Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral-baked meats  
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.

SHAKSPERE.—*Hamlet*, Act i., scene 2. (*The Prince*.)

*FUR*.—The fur that warms a monarch, warm'd a bear.

POPE.—*Essay on Man*, *Epi. iii.*, line 44.

*FURY*.—Full of sound and fury,  
Signifying nothing.—SHAKSPERE.—*Macbeth*, Act v., scene 5.

(On his Wife's death.)

*FUTURE*.—Trust no future howe'er pleasant!

Let the dead past bury its dead!

Act,—act in the living present!

Heart within and God o'erhead!

LONGFELLOW.—*Psalm of Life*, verse 6.

*GAIN*.—A captive fetter'd to the oar of gain.

FALCONER.—*The Shipwreck*, line 99.

*GALE*.—The western gale sweeps o'er the plain,  
Gently it waves the rivulet's cascade;  
Gently it parts the lock on beauty's brow,  
And lifts the tresses from the snowy neck.

*GRAHAME*.—The Rural Calendar, April, line 19.

*GALL*.—Let there be gall enough in thy ink; though thou write with a  
goose-pen no matter.

*SHAKSPERE*.—Twelfth Night, Act iii., scene 2.

(Sir Toby to Sir Andrew in Olivia's house.)

*GALLANT*.—Is this that haughty gallant, gay Lothario?

*ROWE*.—The Fair Penitent, Act v., scene 1.

*GARDEN*.—Who loves a garden loves a greenhouse too.

*COWPER*.—The Task, Book iii., line 566.

*GARRICK*.—Here lies David Garrick, describe him who can,  
An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man.

*GOLDSMITH*.—Retaliation, line 93.

Garrick, take the chair;

Nor quit it—till thou place an equal there.

*CHURCHILL*.—The Rosciad, last lines.

*GAY the POET*.—Well, then, poor G [ay] lies under ground!

So there's an end of honest Jack;

So little justice here he found,

'Tis ten to one he'll n'er come back.

*POPE*.—Epitaph on Gay.

Bless'd be the great! for those they take away,

And those they left me; for they left me G A Y:

Left me to see neglected genius bloom,

Neglected die, and tell it on his tomb.

*POPE*.—To Arbuthnot, Prol. to Sat., line 255.

Of manners gentle, of affections mild;

In wit, a man; simplicity, a child.

*POPE*.—Epitaph on Gay.

Her wit was more than man, her innocence a child.

*DRYDEN*.—Epitaph on Killigrew, No. 11., stanza 4.

*GAZELLE*.—Oh! ever thus, from childhood's hour,

I've seen my fondest hopes decay;

I never loved a tree or flower,

But 'twas the first to fade away.

I never nursed a dear gazelle,

To glad me with its soft black eye,

But when it came to know me well,

And love me, it was sure to die.

*TOM MOORE*.—Fire Worshippers, Vol. vi. 217.



*GAZETTE*.—Let it be booked with the rest of this day's deeds; or, I swear, I will have it in a particular ballad else, with mine own picture on the top of it.

SHAKSPERE.—2 Henry IV., Act iv., scene 3.  
(Falstaff to Prince John on having taken Coleville prisoner.)

They have not done me justice; but never mind, I'll have a gazette of my own.

LORD NELSON.—See his Life.

[A *gazet*, says *Coryat*, page 286, "is almost a penny; whereof ten make a livre, that is, ninepence." Newspapers being originally sold for that piece of money, acquired their present name of *Gazettes*. See Junius's Etymol. *voce Gazette*.

DODSLEY.—Note to the Antiquary, in Volume x., part 64, of his collection of Old Plays. WHALLEY says, a Gazette is a small Venetian coin, worth about three farthings. Gifford's ed. of BEN JONSON'S Plays, Vol. iii., Volpone, page 217.]

*GEESE*.—The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,  
The playful children just let loose from school.

GOLDSMITH.—Deserted Village, line 119.

*GEM*.—In wall and roof and pavement scattered are  
Full many a pearl, full many a costly stone.

ARIOSTO.—Orlando Furioso, Canto xxxiii., stanza 105.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene  
The dark unfathom'd caves of Ocean bear:  
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

GRAY.—Elegy, verse 14.

As in the hollow breast of Apennine,  
Beneath the shelter of encircling hills,  
A myrtle rises far from human eye,  
And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild.

THOMSON.—Autumn, line 210.

Like yon neglected shrub, at random cast,  
That shades the steep, and sighs at every blast.

GOLDSMITH.—The Traveller, line 163.

There kept my charms conceal'd from mortal eye,  
Like roses that in deserts bloom and die.

POPE.—Rape of the Lock, Canto iv., line 158.

Like the desert's lily, bloom'd to fade.

SHENSTONE.—Elegy iv.

*GEM*.—In distant wilds, by human eyes unseen,  
She rears her flowers and spreads her velvet green;  
Pure gurgling rills the lonely desert trace,  
And waste their music on the savage race.

DR. YOUNG.—Satire v., line 229.

*GENIUS*.—One science only will one genius fit;  
So vast is art, so narrow human wit.

POPE.—On Criticism, Part i., line 60.

Genius must be born, and never can be taught.

DRYDEN.—Epistle x., to Congreve.

*Poeta nascitur, non fit*. “An old proverb,” says Sidney, “and supposed to be from FLORUS.”—“The poet is born, not made.”  
See BEN JONSON’S comedy of “Every Man in his Humour” (Gifford’s ed.), Act v., scene last.

So feels the fulness of our heart and eyes  
When all of genius which can perish dies.

BYRON.—Monody on Sheridan, line 21.

Watering the plants of genius.

CELLINI.—The Patronage of Princes, chapter xi.

*GENTLEMAN*.—When Adam dolve and Eve span,  
Who was then a Gentleman?

PEGGE.—Curialia Miscellanea, 173.

The Prince of Darkness.

SHAKSPERE.—King Lear, Act iii., scene 4.  
(Edgar and Gloster.)

The grand old name of gentleman,  
Defamed by every charlatan,  
And soil’d with all ignoble use.

TENNYSON.—In Memoriam, cx., verse 6.

*GEOGRAPHY*.—As she grew up I would have her instructed in *geometry*, that she might know something of the *contagious* countries.

SHERIDAN.—The Rivals, Act i., scene 2.

*GIANT*.—His angle-rod made of a sturdy oak,  
His line a cable, which in storms ne’er broke,  
His hook he baited with a dragon’s tail,  
And sate upon a rock and bobb’d for whale.

KING.—On a Giant’s Angling.

*GIFT*.—A present is provided for my love; for I have myself marked  
the place where the airy wood-pigeons have built.

DAVIDSON’S Virgil, by Buckley, Part ix.

I indeed will give presently to the maiden a ringdove, having taken it  
from the juniper—for there it broods.

BANKS.—Theocritus, Idyll v., page 31.

*GIFT.*—I have found out a gift for my fair ;  
 I have found where the wood pigeons breed ;  
 But let me that plunder forbear,  
 She will say 'twas a barbarous deed.  
 For he ne'er could be true, she averr'd,  
 Who could rob a poor bird of its young ;  
 And I lov'd her the more when I heard  
 Such tenderness fall from her tongue.

SHENSTONE.—Ballad on Hope, verse 5.

He ne'er consider'd it as loath  
 To look a gift-horse in the mouth,  
 And very wisely would lay forth  
 No more upon it than 'twas worth.

BUTLER.—Hudibras, Part I., Canto i., line 489.

*GIFTS.*—*Shallow*—I know the young gentlewoman ; she has good gifts.  
*Evans*—Seven hundred pounds, and possibilities, is goot gifts.

SHAKSPERE.—Merry Wives of Windsor, Act i., scene 1.

Not a vanity is given in vain.

POPE.—Essay on Man, Epi. ii., line 290.

O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies  
 In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities ;  
 For nought so vile that on the earth doth live,  
 But to the earth some special good doth give.

SHAKSPERE.—Romeo and Juliet, Act ii., scene 3.

(Friar Laurence at his cell door with a basket.)

1. I never gave you aught.  
 2. My honour'd lord, I know right well you did ;  
 And, with them, words of so sweet breath compos'd  
 As made the things more rich : their perfume lost,  
 Take these again ; for, to the noble mind,  
 Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind.

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act iii., scene 1.

(Hamlet and Ophelia.)

These are thy brother's gifts:

HOOLE'S Metastasio, Cælius, Act iii., scene 2.

Who gives constrain'd, but his own fear reviles,  
 Not thank'd, but scorn'd ; nor are they gifts, but spoils.

DENHAM.—Cooper's Hill, line 341.

For there is no grace in a benefit that sticks to the fingers.

SENECA.—Chapter vii. of Benefits.

We like the gift when we the giver prize.

SHEFFIELD.—From Ovid. (Helen to Paris.)  
 The Heroides, Epi. xvii., line 71.

*GIRDLE*.—I'll put a girdle round about the earth  
In forty minutes.

SHAKSPERE.—*Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act ii., sc. 2.  
(Puck to Oberon.)

To put a girdle round about the world.

GEORGE CHAPMAN.—*Bussy D'Ambois*, Act i.

MASSINGER.—*The Maid of Honour*, Act i., scene 1.

*GIRLS*.—Girls do not excel in philosophy ;  
We have ascertained that this is not their *forte*.

DE QUINCEY.—On Coleridge, in *Selections Literary and Philosophical*, 85.

*GIVE*.—Let fortune empty her whole quiver on me.  
I have a soul that, like an ample shield,  
Can take in all and verge enough for more.

DRYDEN.—*Don Sebastian*.

Give me to drink mandragora,  
That I might sleep out this great gap of time  
My Antony is away.

SHAKSPERE.—*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act i., scene 5.  
(Cleopatra to her maid, Charmian.)

Give me but what this ribband bound,  
Take all the rest the sun goes round.

WALLER.—*On a Girdle*.

Give me an ounce of civet,  
Good apothecary ; to sweeten my imagination.

SHAKSPERE.—*King Lear*, Act iv., scene 6.  
(Lear on Adultery.)

Give the devil his due.

SHAKSPERE.—*1 Henry IV.*, Act i., scene 2.  
(Hal to Poins.)

I give thee all—I can no more,  
Though poor the offering be ;  
My heart and lute are all the store  
That I can bring to thee.

TOM MOORE.—*My Heart and Lute*, in Longman's edition, 1853, Vol. v., page 195, said to have been corrected by himself. Others say the lines are not Moore's, but are a part of the first Page's song in *Lodoiska*, Act iii., scene 1, and that the author is JOHN KEMBLE.

Give me that man  
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him  
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of hearts,  
As I do thee.—SHAKSPERE.—*Hamlet*, Act iii., scene 2.  
(To Horatio before the play begins.)

*GIVE*.—Nobody loved me. I felt it to my heart of hearts.

BULWER LYTTON.—*Devereux*, Book i., chapter 3.

*GLAD*.—I am very glad of it : I'll plague him,  
I'll torture him ; I am glad of it.

SHAKSPERE.—*Merchant of Venice*, Act iii., scene 4.  
(Shylock to Tubal.)

Gladness in every face express'd,  
Their eyes before their tongues confess'd,  
Men meet each other with erected look,  
The steps were higher that they took :  
Friends to congratulate their friends made haste,  
And long inveterate foes saluted as they pass'd.

DRYDEN.—*Threnodia Augustalis*, iv., line 4.

*GLADIATOR*.—I see before me the gladiator lie :  
He leans upon his hand—his manly brow  
Consents to death, but conquers agony,  
And his droop'd head sinks gradually low—  
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow  
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,  
Like the first of a thunder shower ; and now  
The arena swims around him—he is gone,  
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hail'd the wretch who won.

BYRON.—*Childe Harold*, Canto iv., stanza 140.

Butchered to make a Roman holiday.

BYRON.—*Ibid*, stanza 141.

*GLORY*.—Fame points the course, and glory leads the way.

PYE.—*Alfred*, Book iii., line 202.

A field of glory is a field for all.

POPE.—*The Dunciad*, Book ii., line 32.

The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

GRAY.—*Elegy*, verse 9.

We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,  
But we left him alone in his glory.

WOLFE.—*On Sir John Moore*.

His glory now lies buried in the dust.

QUARLES.—*Book i.*, No. ix., verse 5.

Glory grows guilty of detested crimes.

SHAKSPERE.—*Love's Labor's Lost*, Act iv., scene 1.  
(Princess to a Forester.)

Glory, built  
On selfish principles, is shame and guilt.

COWPER.—*Table Talk*, line 1.



*GLORY*.—Glories like glow-worms, afar off shine bright,  
But look'd at near have neither heat nor light.

*WEBSTER*.—The White Devil.

(Flamíneo to Hortensio,) and the same sentiment is  
found in his Duchess of Malfi, Act iv., scene 2.

*GLOVES*.—Gloves as sweet as damask roses.

*SHAKSPERE*.—Winter's Tale, Act iv., scene 3.

Excuse my glove, Thomas:—I'm devilish glad to see you, my lad.

Why, my prince of charioteers, you look as hearty—but who the  
deuce thought of seeing you in Bath?

*SHERIDAN*.—The Rivals, Act i., scene 1.

*GLOW-WORM*.—The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,  
And 'gins to pale his ineffectual fire.

*SHAKSPERE*.—Hamlet, Act i., scene 5.

(The Ghost to Hamlet.)

Reading his breviary by the light of a glow-worm.

*FOOTE*.—Taste, Act ii.

*GO*.—Go, lovely rose!

*WALLER*.—A Song.

Go on, I'll follow thee.

*SHAKSPERE*.—Hamlet, Act i., sc. 4. (To the Ghost.)

Told them, for supper or for bed,  
They might go on and be worse sped.

*PRIOR*.—The Ladle, line 91.

He must needs go that the devil drives.

*SHAKSPERE*.—All's Well that Ends Well, Act i., scene 3.

(Clown to the Countess.) *QUARLES'* Emblems, Book i.,  
No. xi., Epi. ix., line 4.

1. At once, good-night:—

Stand not upon the order of your going,  
But go at once.

2. Good-night, and better health.

*SHAKSPERE*.—Macbeth, Act iii., scene 4.

(Lady Macbeth to the Guests.)

Master, go on; and I will follow thee,  
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.

*SHAKSPERE*.—As You Like It, Act ii., scene 3.

(Adam to Orlando.)

*GOD*.—God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.

*STERNE*.—Sentimental Journey, Maria.

[This idea is said to have been stolen by Sterne from George Herbert, who wrote,  
"To a close-shorn sheep God gives wind by measure" (see his *Jacula Prudentum*); and  
he is said to have translated it from Henri Etienne (Henry Stephens 2d.) Virgil in-  
structs us to "Feed the lambs at the setting of the sun, when cool vespèr tempers the  
air."—Georgics, Book iii., line 336.]

GOD.—May He, who gives the rain to pour,  
And wings the blast to blow,  
Protect thee frae the driving show'r,  
The bitter frost and snaw.

BURNS.—To a Posthumous Child.

God the first garden made, and the first city, Cain.  
COWLEY.—The Garden.

God made the country, and man made the town.  
COWPER.—The Sofa, line 749.

God never made his work for man to mend.  
DRYDEN.—Poems, Epistle xiii., line 95.

No shape-smith set up shop, and drove a trade,  
To mend the work wise Providence had made.  
GARTH.—Claremont, line 98.

Hanging in a golden chain this pendent *world*.  
MILTON.—Paradise Lost, Book ii., fifth line from the end.  
[Gilfillan says, "Not the *Earth*, but the newly created Heavens and Earth."]

The glory of Him who hung His masonry pendent on nought, when the  
world He created.  
LONGFELLOW.—Children of the Lord's Supper.

Where God is, all agree.  
VAUGHAN.—The Constellation, verse 15.

For God is Love.  
ST. JOHN, Epistle i., chapter iv., verse 8.

Immediate are the acts of God, more swift  
Than time or motion.  
MILTON.—Paradise Lost, Book vii., line 176.

Happy the man who sees a God employ'd  
In all the good and ill that chequer life!  
COWPER.—The Task, Book ii., line 161.

Not a flower  
But shows some touch, in freckle, streak, or stain,  
Of His unrivall'd pencil.

COWPER.—The Task, Book vi., line 240.

Acquaint thyself with God, if thou wouldst taste his works.  
COWPER.—The Task, Book v., line 779.

The Father, who is holy, wise, and pure,  
Suffers the hypocrite or atheous priest  
To tread his sacred courts, and minister  
About his altar, handling holy things,  
Praying or vowing; and vouchsafed his voice  
To Balaam reprobate, a prophet yet inspir'd.

MILTON.—Paradise Regained, Book i., near the end.

*GOD*.—From God derived, to God by nature join'd,  
We act the dictates of his mighty mind:  
And though the priests are mute and temples still,  
God never wants a voice to speak his will.

ROWE.—Lucanus, Book ix., line 980.

God and nature met in light.

TENNYSON.—In Memoriam, Div. 110, verse 5.

Nevertheless he left not himself without witness.

ACTS OF THE APOSTLES, chapter xiv., verse 17.

Let no presuming impious railer tax  
Creative wisdom, as if aught was form'd  
In vain,—  
Shall little haughty ignorance pronounce  
His works unwise, of which the smallest part  
Exceeds the narrow vision of her mind?

THOMSON.—Summer.

Doth this man serve God?

SHAKSPERE.—Love's Labor's Lost, Act v., scene 2.  
(Princess to Biron.)

A God alone can comprehend a God.

DR. YOUNG.—Night ix., line 835.

God never meant that man should scale the heavens  
By strides of human wisdom—in his works,  
Though wondrous; He commands us in his Word  
To seek him rather where his mercy shines.

COWPER.—The Task, Book iii., line 221.

Oh blindness to the future! kindly given,  
That each may fill the circle mark'd by Heaven.

POPE.—Essay on Man, Epi. i., line 85.

God moves in a mysterious way  
His wonders to perform;  
He plants His footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm.

COWPER.—Olney Hymns, No. 68.

“As sure as God's in Gloucestershire.” A saying originating from the number and riches of the religious houses in this county; said to be double in number and value to those founded in any other in England.

GROSE.—Page 174.

God and St. George! Saint George and victory!

SHAKSPERE.—1 Henry VI., Act iv., scenes 2 and 6.

*GOD.*—God defend the right!

LUCAN.—*Pharsalia*, Book ii., line 807.

SHAKSPERE.—*Love's Labor's Lost*, Act i., scene 1;  
2 *Henry VI.*, Act ii., scene 3; *Richard II.*, Act i.,  
scene 3, and Act iii., scene 2; *Merry Wives of Wind-*  
*sor*, Act iii., scene 1; and *King John*, Act ii., scene 1,  
for similar passages.

God save the mark!

SHAKSPERE.—1 *Henry IV.*, Act i., scene 3.  
(Hotspur ridiculing the Courtier.)

That foul defacer of God's handy-work.

SHAKSPERE.—*Richard III.*, Act iv., scene 4.  
(Queen Margaret to Richard's mother.)

*GOD WILLING.*—Let critics censure it for bad grammar, I am sure it  
is good divinity.

FULLER.—*Personal Meditations*, 17.

*GOLD.*—How quickly nature falls into revolt

When gold becomes her object!

SHAKSPERE.—2 *Henry IV.*, Act iv., scene 4. (The King,  
on his son Prince Henry having removed the crown.)

O cursed lust of gold! when for thy sake

The fool throws up his interest in both worlds;

First starved in this, then damn'd in that to come.

BLAIR.—*The Grave*, line 247.

All that glitters is not gold.

DRYDEN.—*Hind and Panther*, Part ii., line 215.

Nor all that glisters gold.

GRAY.—On a favorite Cat, verse 7.

All that glisters is not gold.

SHAKSPERE.—*Merchant of Venice*, Act ii., scene 7. (The  
skull in one of Portia's caskets.)

SPENSER.—*The Fairy Queen*, Book ii., Canto 8, line 14.

Judges and senates have been bought for gold;

Esteem and love were never to be sold.

POPE.—*Essay on Man*, Epistle iv., line 187.

There is no place invincible, wherein an ass loaden with gold may enter.

COLLETT.—*Rel. of Lit.*, vii., quoting the choice of change.

Stronger than thunder's winged force

All-powerful gold can speed its course;

Through watchful guards its passage make,

And loves through solid walls to break.

FRANCIS.—*Horace*, Ode xvi., lines 11, 14.

*GOLD*.—'Tis gold which buys admittance;—and 'tis gold  
Which makes the true man kill'd, and saves the thief;  
Nay, sometimes hangs both thief and true man;  
What can it not do, and undo?

SHAKSPERE.—*Cymbeline*, Act ii., scene 3.  
(Cloten bribing Imogen's attendant.)

Fight thou with shafts of silver, and o'ercome  
When no force else can get the masterdom.

HERRICK.—*Hesp.*, Aphorism, No. 271.

Gold hath no lustre of its own.  
It shines by temperate use alone.

FRANCIS.—*Horace*, Book ii., Ode 2.

To gild refine gold, to paint the lily,  
To throw a perfume on the violet,  
To smooth the ice, or add another hue  
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light  
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,  
Is wasteful, and ridiculous excess.

SHAKSPERE.—*King John*, Act iv., scene 2.  
(Salisbury to the King on his being crowned a second time.)

*GOOD*.— Oh, Sir! the good die first,  
And they whose hearts are dry as summer's dust  
Burn to the socket.

WORDSWORTH.—*The Excursion*, Book i., page 21.

Are you good men and true?

SHAKSPERE.—*Much Ado About Nothing*, Act iii., scene 1.  
(Dogberry to his Men.)

Warm in the glorious interest you pursue,  
And, in one word, a good man and a true.

PRIOR.—To *Harley*, and see FRANCIS' *Horace*, Book i.,  
Epistle 9; POPE's *Odyssey*, Book xiv., line 392.

They led me to a good man and a wise.—*Ibid*.

When Fortune means to men most good,  
She looks upon them with a threat'ning eye.

SHAKSPERE.—*King John*, Act iii., scene 4.  
(Pandulph to Lewis.)

There is some soul of goodness in things evil,  
Would men observingly distil it out.

SHAKSPERE.—*Henry V.*, Act iv., scene 1.  
(The King to Gloster.)

He has more goodness in his little finger  
Than you have in your whole body.

SWIFT.—*Mary's Letter to Dr. Sheridan*.



*GOOD*.—Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame.

POPE.—Epilogue to *Sat.*, Dialogue i., line 136.

Pretending public good to serve their own.

DRYDEN.—*Absalom and Achithophel*, Part i., line 497.

If the motive right were understood,

His daily pleasure is in doing good.

GAY.—Epistle iv.; DR. YOUNG, *Sat.* v., line 353.

Hard was their lodging, homely was their food,

For all their luxury was doing good.

GARTH.—Claremont, line 148.

Now, at a certain time, in pleasant mood,

He tried the luxury of doing good.

CRABBE.—*Tales of the Hall*, Book iii.; GOLDSMITH, *The Traveller*, line 22.

Good, the more

Communicated, more abundant grows.

MILTON.—*Paradise Lost*, Book v., line 71.

Good-morrow to you both.

SHAKSPERE.—*King Lear*, Act ii., scene 4.

(Lear to Cornwall and Regan.)

If they do, good-night to our good days.

GEO. CHAPMAN.—*The Widow's Tears*, Act i., scene 1.

Good-morrow to your night-cap.

O'KEEFE.—*The Poor Soldier*, Act i., scene 1.

To all, to each, a fair good-night,

And pleasing dreams, and slumbers light.

SCOTT.—*Marmion*, L'Envoy.

*GOSSIP*.—A long-tongued, babbling gossip!

SHAKSPERE.—*Titus Andronicus*, Act iv., scene 2.

(Aaron to Demetrius.)

For my part, I can compare her to nothing but the sun; for, like him, she takes no rest, nor ever sets in one place but to rise in another.

DRYDEN.—*Marriage à la Mode*, Act i., scene 1.

*GOSPEL*.—When love could teach a monarch to be wise,

And gospel-light first dawned from Bullen's eyes.

GRAY.—In *Mason's Note to Letter ix.*, sec. 4.

*GOT*.—Got by the winds, and in a tempest born.

DRYDEN.—*Dido to Eneas*.

*GOUT*.—Pangs arthritic, that

Infest the toe of libertine excess!

COWPER.—*The Sofa*, Book i., line 105.

GOUT.—I suppose you had the gout in your fingers.

LADY BETTY GERMAINE.—To Swift, on his not having written to her. (Roscoe's Life of Swift.)

GOWN.—*Cedant arma togæ, &c.*

CICERO.—Let the sword give place to the gown, the laurel yield to the tongue. RILEY'S Dict. Lat. Quot.

Secretary, fetch the gown I used to read petitions in.

FLETCHER.—The Woman-hater, Act v., scene 1.

I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd her gown.

SHAKSPERE.—Taming of the Shrew, Act iv., scene 3.  
(Petruchio to the Haberdasher.)

GRACE.—There's a language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,  
Nay, her foot speaks.

SHAKSPERE.—Troilus and Cressida, Act iv., scene 5.  
(Ulysses to Nestor on the grace of Cressida.)

The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheek,  
Pleads your fair usage.

SHAKSPERE.—Troilus and Cressida, Act iv., scene 4.  
(Diomedes to Cressida.)

Grace was in all her steps, heav'n in her eye,  
In every gesture dignity and love.

MILTON.—Paradise Lost, Book viii., line 488.

Love in their looks and honour on the tongue.

CRABBE.—The Borough, Letter xxiii.

See where she comes, apparell'd like the spring  
Graces her subjects.

SHAKSPERE.—Pericles, Act i., scene 1.  
(Pericles on seeing the daughter of Antiochus.)

The beauties of Europe at last appeared ; grace was in their steps,  
and sensibility sat smiling in every eye.

GOLDSMITH'S Essays, Genius of Love.

As prodigal of all dear grace  
As Nature was in making graces dear,  
When she did starve the general world beside,  
And prodigally gave them all to you.

SHAKSPERE.—Love's Labor's Lost, Act ii., scene 1.  
(Boyet to the Princess of France.)

Snatch a grace beyond the reach of art.

POPE.—On Criticism, line 153.

*GRACE*.—1. For grace thou wilt have none.

2. What—none?

1. No, by my troth ! not so much as will serve to be prologue to an egg and butter.—SHAKSPERE.—1 Henry IV., Act i., scene 2.  
(Falstaff and Prince Henry.)

*GRACE AT MEALS*.—A thankless feeder is a thief, his feast  
A very robbery, and himself no guest.

VAUGHAN.—Rules and Lessons, verse 17.

Some hae meat that canna eat,  
And some would eat that want it ;  
But we hae meat, and we can eat,  
Sae let the Lord be thankit.

BURNS.—Grace before Meat.

*GRACED*.—Graced, as thou art, with all the power of words,  
So known, so honour'd at the House of Lords.

POPE.—To Murray, Epistle vi., line 48.

*GRACES*.—He, on his side  
Leaning half-raised, with looks of cordial love  
Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld  
Beauty, which, whether waking or asleep,  
Shot forth peculiar graces.

MILTON.—Paradise Lost, Book v., line 11.

*GRAFTING*.—Where the sharp thistle springs implant the corn,  
And graft the rose upon the springing thorn.

ANONYMOUS.—To Fielding, on the revival of the Intriguing Chambermaid.

As fruits, ungrateful to the planter's care,  
On savage stocks inserted, learn to bear.

POPE.—Essay on Man, Epistle ii., line 181.

You see, sweet maid, we marry  
A gentle scion to the wildest stock ;  
And make conceive a bark of baser kind  
By bud of nobler race.

This is an art

Which does mend nature—change it rather : but  
The art itself is nature.

SHAKSPERE.—Winter's Tale, Act iv., scene 3.  
(Polixenes to Perdita.)

*GRANDSIRE*.—And the gay grandsire, skill'd in gestic lore,  
Has frisk'd beneath the burden of threescore.

GOLDSMITH.—The Traveller, line 253.

*GRAPES*.—Depending vines the shelving caverns screen,  
With purple clusters blushing through the green.

POPE.—The Odyssey, Book v., line 88.

*GRATITUDE*.—For *that* our Maker has too largely given,  
Should be returned in gratitude to heaven.

POMFRET.—The Choice.

*GRAVE*.—From grave to light ; from pleasant to severe.

DRYDEN.—Boileau's Art of Poetry, Canto i.

From grave to gay, from lively to severe.

POPE.—Essay on Man, Epistle iv., line 380.

In yonder grave a Druid lies.

COLLINS.—Ode on Thomson's Death.

Death ends our woes,

And the kind grave shuts up the mournful scene.

DRYDEN.—The Spanish Friar, Act v.

Who's a prince or beggar in the grave ?

OTWAY.—Windsor Castle, line 265.

Poor bird, who now that darksome bourne

Has pass'd, whence none can e'er return.

CATULLUS.—The Grave, III. II. (Ramage, IV.)

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act iii., scene 1.

One destin'd period men in common have,

The great, the base, the coward, and the brave,

All good alike for worms, companions in the grave.

LANSDOWN.—On Death.

The grave, dread thing !

Men shiver when thou'rt named : Nature appall'd

Shakes off her wonted firmness.

BLAIR.—The Grave, line 9.

*GRAVE-DIGGER*.—*Ham*. Hath this fellow no feeling of his business,  
that he sings at grave-making ?

*Hor*. Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness.

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act v., scene 1.

*GRAVEL*.—'Tis good for us to live in gravel-pits, but not for gravel-pits to live in us ; and a man in this case should leave no stone unturned.

SWIFT.—Journal to Stella, Letter 34.

*GRAY*.—Too poor for a bribe, and too proud t'importune,

He had not the method of making a fortune ;

Could love and could hate, so was thought something odd ;

No very great wit, he believ'd in a God ;

A post or a pension he did not desire,

But left Church and State to Charles Townshend and squire.

GRAY.—Of Himself.

*GRAY-HAIRS*.—Then shall ye bring down my gray-hairs with sorrow to the grave.

GENESIS, chapter xlii., verse 38.

This dishonour in thine age,  
Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground.

SHAKSPERE.—2 Henry VI., Act ii., scene 3.

(Gloster on the Banishment of his Wife.)

*GREAT*.—He that once is good, is always great.

BEN JONSON.—The Forest, to Lady Aubigny.

High stations *tumults*, but not *bliss* create;  
None think the great unhappy, but the great.

DR. YOUNG.—Love of Fame, Sat. i., line 237.

In the perfum'd chamber of the great.

SHAKSPERE.—2 Henry IV., Act iii., scene 1.

(Apostrophe to Sleep.)

In joys, in grief, in triumphs, in retreat,  
Great always, without aiming to be great.

ROSCOMMON.—(Dr. Chetwood to the Earl.)

He's only great who can himself command.

LANSDOWN.—An Imitation, etc., line 12.

'Tis phrase absurd to call a villain great.

POPE.—Essay on Man, Epi. iv., line 230.

"Here lies the great"—false marble! where?

Nothing but small and sordid dust lies there.

COWLEY.—Life and Fame.

*GREATNESS*.—Nay, then, farewell!

I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness;

And from that full meridian of my glory,

I haste now to my setting. I shall fall

Like a bright exhalation in the evening,

And no man see me more.

SHAKSPERE.—Henry VIII., Act iii., scene 2.

(Wolsey on his Fall.)

'Tis, alas, the poor prerogative

Of greatness to be wretched, and unpitied—

CONGREVE.—The Mourning Bride, Act i., scene 1.

In my stars I am above thee; but be not afraid of greatness; some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them.

SHAKSPERE.—Twelfth Night, Act ii., scene 5.

(Malvolio reading a letter.)



*GREECE*.—The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece !

Where burning Sappho loved and sung,

Where grew the arts of war and peace,—

Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung!

Eternal summer gilds them yet,

But all, except their sun, is set.

BYRON.—Don Juan, Canto iii., the song following stanza 86.

From Egypt, arts their progress made to Greece,

Wrapp'd in the fable of the Golden Fleece.

DENHAM.—Progress of Learning, line 21.

*GREEK*.—Beside, 'tis known he could speak Greek,

As naturally as pigs squeak.

BUTLER.—Hudibras, Part i., Canto i., line 51.

When Greeks joined Greeks, then was the tug of war.

LEE.—Alexander the Great, Act iv., scene 2.

1. Did Cicero say anything ?

2. Ay, he spoke Greek.

1. To what effect ?

2. Nay, an I tell you that I'll ne'er look you i' th' face again; but those that understood him smiled at one another, and shook their heads; but, for my own part, it was Greek to me.

SHAKSPERE.—Julius Cæsar, Act i., scene 2.  
(Cassius and Casca.)

1. But did you understand 'em, brother ?

2. I tell you, no. What does that signify? the very sound's a sufficient comfort to an honest man.

COLLEY CIBBER.—Love Makes a Man, Act i.

Old Homer taught us thus to speak ;

If 'tis not sense, at least 'tis Greek.

PRIOR.—Alma, Canto iii., line 7.

*GREENLAND*.—From Greenland's icy mountains,

From India's coral strand,

Where Afric's sunny fountains

Roll down their golden sand.

BISHOP HEBER.—Missionary Hymn.

*GRIEF*.—To this sad shrine, whoe'er thou art ! draw near,

Here lies the friend most lov'd, the son most dear ;

Who ne'er knew joy but friendship might divide,

Or gave his father grief but when he died.

POPE.—Epitaph on Harcourt.

RAMAGE.—Beautiful Thoughts from the French, 378.

*GRIEF*.—Alas ! alas ! what grief is this for Greece.

HOMER.—The *Iliad*, Book i., line 302. (*Lord Derby*.)

Every one can master a grief but he that has it.

SHAKSPERE.—*Much Ado About Nothing*, Act iii., sc. 2.  
(Benedick to Claudio.)

'Tis better to be lowly born,

And range with humble livers in content,  
Than to be perk'd up in a glistering grief,  
And wear a golden sorrow.

SHAKSPERE.—*Henry VIII.*, Act ii., scene 3.  
(Anne Bullen to an Old Lady.)

Some griefs are med'cinable.

SHAKSPERE.—*Cymbeline*, Act iii., scene 2.  
(Imogen on receiving a Letter from her Husband.)

Where the greater malady is fix'd,  
The lesser is scarce felt.

SHAKSPERE.—*King Lear*, Act iii., scene 4.  
(The King to Kent.)

When remedies are past, the griefs are ended.

SHAKSPERE.—*Othello*, Act i., scene 3.  
(The Duke to Brabantio.)

What's gone, and what's past help,  
Should be past grief.

SHAKSPERE.—*Winter's Tale*, Act iii., scene 2.  
(Paulina to a Lord.)

In the first days  
Of my distracting grief, I found myself—  
As women wish to be who love their lords.

HOME.—*Douglas*, Act i., scene 1.

*GRIN*.—His comrades' terrors to beguile,  
Grinn'd horribly a ghastly smile.

CHURCHILL.—*The Ghost*, Book ii.

He ceas'd for both seem'd highly pleas'd, and  
Death grinn'd horrible a ghastly smile, to hear  
His famine should be fill'd, and blest his maw  
Destin'd to that good hour.

MILTON.—*Paradise Lost*, Book ii., line 846.

Not even one was willing to imitate a dog when provoked ; if they  
didn't laugh, they might at least have grinn'd with their teeth.

RILEY'S *Plautus*.—*The Captive*, Act iii., scene 1, p. 448.

They grin like a dog, and run about through the city.

PSALM lix., verse 6.

*GROUND*.—1. How came he mad ?

2. Very strangely they say.

1. How strangely ?

2. 'Faith e'en with losing his wits.

1. Upon what ground ?

2. Why, here in Denmark.

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act v., scene 1.

(Hamlet, and the First Clown.)

*GROVE*.—Grove nods at grove, each alley has a brother,  
And half the platform just reflects the other.

POPE.—Moral Essays, iv. (To Burlington.)

Star nods to star, each system has its brother,  
And half the universe reflects the other.

Rev. GEORGE GILFILLAN.—A Parody on the above.

Fool beckons fool, and dunce awakens dunce.

CHURCHILL.—Apology, line 42.

*GROVES*.—But a house is much more to my taste than a tree.  
And for groves—O ! a good grove of chimneys for me !

MORRIS.—A Song.

*GROW*.—Grow in silence and in silence perish.

LONGFELLOW.—The Spanish Student, Act ii., scene 4.

*GRUDGE*.—If I can catch him once upon the hip,  
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.

SHAKSPERE.—Merchant of Venice, Act i., scene 3.

(Shylock's Malice.)

*GRUEL*.—Hail ! water-gruel, healing power,  
Of easy access to the poor ;  
Thy help love's confessors implore,  
And doctors secretly adore.

GREEN.—The Spleen, line 55.

*GUARDIAN*.—A guardian-angel o'er his life presiding,  
Doubling his pleasures, and his cares dividing.

ROGERS.—Human Life.

*GUEST*.—Unbidden guests  
Are often welcomest when they are gone.

SHAKSPERE.—1 Henry VI., Act ii., scene 2.

(Bedford to Talbot.)

A pretty woman is a welcome guest.

BYRON.—Beppo, stanza 33.

*GUIDE*.—Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and friend.

POPE.—Essay on Man, Epi. iv., line 390.

*GUILT*.—The only art her guilt to cover,  
To hide her shame from ev'ry eye;  
To give repentance to her lover,  
And wring his bosom—is to die.

GOLDSMITH.—The Vicar of Wakefield. (Olivia's Song.)

Guilt's a terrible thing.

BEN JONSON.—Bartholomew Fair, Act iv., scene 1.

*GULL*.—Yet 'tis a gull,  
An arrant gull, with all this.

SCOTT.—Peveril of the Peak, chapter xxvii.

*HABIT*—Habit gives endurance, and fatigue is the best nightcap.

KINCAID.—Rifle Brigade, page 47.

How use doth breed a habit in a man!

SHAKSPERE.—Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act v., scene 4.  
(Valentine in the Forest.)

Ill habits gather by unseen degrees,  
As brooks make rivers, rivers run to seas.

DRYDEN.—Pythagorean Phil., Book xv., line 155.

As brooks, devour'd by rivers, lose their names.

MASSINGER.—Duke of Milan, Act iii., scene 1.

*HAGGARD*.—If I do prove her haggard,  
Though that her jesses were my dear heartstrings,  
I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind,  
To prey at fortune.

SHAKSPERE.—Othello, Act iii., scene 3.  
(The Moor alone, his jealousy increasing.)

*HAIL*.—Hail fellow! well met!

SWIFT.—My Lady's Lamentation.

*HAIR*.—Her golden hair stream'd free from band,  
Her fair cheek rested on her hand,  
Her blue eyes sought the west afar,  
For lovers love the Western star.

SCOTT.—Last Minstrel, Canto iii., stanza 24.

Her head was bare,  
But for her native ornament of hair;  
Which in a simple knot was tied above,  
Sweet negligence unheeded bait of love.

DRYDEN.—Meleager and Atalanta.

*HALCYON*.—Alcedonia—days of calm.

RILEY's Plautus, volume ii., page 306, where see an  
amusing note on this title; quoting Ovid's Met., Book  
xi., line 744.

Birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave.

MILTON.—Odes, Hymn on the Nativity.

*HALF*.—Fools, not to know that half exceeds the whole !

ADDISON from HESIOD, Book i., verse 40 ; Spectator No. 195 ; and Valpy's edition, translated by Elton.

[A maxim often used by the ancients to recommend moderation. Hesiod advised his brother to prefer a friendly accommodation to an expensive lawsuit. "Agree with thine adversary quickly," says St. Matthew, chapter v., 25 ; see also Banks's Translation of Hesiod, 76.]

Nothing is more true in political arithmetic, than that the same people with half a country is more valuable than the whole.

SPECTATOR, No. CC.

He was no fool

Who said the half is better than the whole.

ARMSTRONG.—A Day, line 177.

*HAND*.—Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood  
Clean from my hand ? No ! this my hand will rather  
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,  
Making the green one red.

SHAKSPERE.—Macbeth, Act ii., scene 2.

(To his Lady.)

And turns the deep-eyed ocean into blood.

DR. YOUNG.—The Last Day, Book ii., line 296.

Thou mighty one, that with thy power hast turn'd  
Green Neptune into purple.

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.—The two noble Kinsmen,  
Act v., scene 1.

Connected as the hand and glove,  
Is, madam, poetry and love.

LLOYD.—Epistle to a Friend.

Here is her hand, the agent of her heart.

SHAKSPERE.—Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act i., scene 3.  
(Proteus reading Julia's Letter.)

And prate and preach about what others prove,  
As if the world and they were hand and glove.

COWPER.—Table Talk, line 173.

*HANDSOME*.—Handsome is, that handsome does.

GOLDSMITH.—Vicar of Wakefield, chapter i.

He is gentle that doth gentle deeds.

Chaucer, Volume i., page 152. Wife of Bath, prologue.

*HANGED*.—If he be not born to be hanged, our case is miserable.

SHAKSPERE.—The Tempest, Act i., scene 1. (Gonzalo.)

Go, go, begone, to save your ship from wreck ;  
Which cannot perish, having thee aboard,  
Being destin'd to a drier death on shore.

SHAKSPERE.—Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act i., scene i



*HANGED*.—I'll see thee hanged on Sunday first.

SHAKSPERE.—*Taming of the Shrew*, Act ii., scene 1.

(Kate to Petruchio.)

*Don Scipio*—I'll have you hanged, you villain !

*Spado*—Hanged ! dear sir, 'twould be the death of me.

O'KEEFE.—*Castle of Andalusia*, Act iii., scene 4.

I'll see thee hanged first.

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.—*Knight of the Pestle*, Act i., scene 4.

SUCKLING.—*The Goblins*, Act i.

What business had you to speak of a halter in a family where one of it was hanged ?

CERVANTES.—*Don Quixote*.

*HANGMAN*.—The sleeping hangman ties the fatal noose,

Nor unsuccessful waits for dead men's shoes.

SWIFT.—*On Dreams*.

For obtaining suits : whereof

The hangman hath no lean wardrobe.

SHAKSPERE.—*1 Henry IV.*, Act i., scene 2.

(Falstaff to the Prince.)

*HAPPINESS*.—I think you the happiest couple in the world ; for you're not only happy in one another, but happy in yourselves, and by yourselves.

CONGREVE.—*The Double Dealer*, Act ii., scene 2.

If solid happiness we prize,

Within our breast this jewel lies ;

And they are fools who roam :

The world has nothing to bestow,

From our own selves our joys must flow,

And that dear hut, our home.

COTTON.—*The Fireside*, verse 3.

O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes !

—SHAKSPERE.—*As You Like It*, Act v., scene 2. (Orlando.)

O hell ! to choose love by another's eye !

SHAKSPERE.—*Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act i., sc. 1.

(Hermia to Lysander.)

True happiness ne'er entered at an eye ;

True happiness resides in things unseen.

DR. YOUNG.—*Night viii.*, line 1021.

O happiness ! our being's end and aim !

Good, pleasure, ease, content ! what'er thy name :

That something still which prompts th' eternal sigh,

For which we bear to live, or dare to die.

POPE.—*Essay on Man*, Epistle iv., line 1.

*HAPPINESS*.—The happy have whole days, and those they choose;  
The unhappy have but hours, and those they lose.

COLLEY CIBBER.—The Double Gallant, Act v., scene 1.

But happy they, the happiest of their kind,  
Whom gentle stars unite, and in one fate  
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend!

THOMSON.—Spring; near the end.

When two events propitious meet,  
They make the span of life most sweet.

WHEELWRIGHT'S Pindar, 5th Isthmian Ode, line 11.

Happy the man, and he alone,

Who, master of himself, can say,  
To-day at least hath been my own,

For I have clearly lived to-day:  
Then let to-morrow's clouds arise,

Or purer suns o'erspread the cheerful skies.

FRANCIS' Horace, Book iii., Ode 29; DRYDEN.—To Sir John Beaumont.

For next, a truth which can't admit  
Reproof from Wisdom or from Wit,

To being happy here below,

Is to believe that we are so.

CHURCHILL.—The Ghost, Book iv., line 285.

Happy the man, whom bounteous gods allow  
With his own hands paternal grounds to plough.

COWLEY.—Epode, Ode ii., Book v.

Happy the man, whose wish and care

A few paternal acres bound,  
Content to breathe his native air

In his own ground.

POPE.—Ode on Solitude, verse 1.

How happy could I be with either,

Were t'other dear charmer away!

But, while ye thus tease me together,

To neither a word will I say.

GAY.—The Beggar's Opera, Act ii., scene 2.

Call no man happy.

SOPHOCLES.—*Œdipus Tyrannus*, line 1529.

(Translated by BUCKLEY.)

HERODOTUS.—(Ramage's Thoughts from Greek Authors, 143.)

He who is good is happy.

HABBINGTON.—Epi. to W. E.

*HARP*.—Harp not on that string.

SHAKSPERE.—Richard III., Act iv., scene 4.  
(Richard to Queen Elizabeth.)

*HARPING*.—Still harping on my daughter.

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act ii., scene 2.  
(Polonius to himself, in his trial of Hamlet's sanity.)

*HARRY*.—I saw young Harry, with his beaver on,  
His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,  
Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,  
And vaulted with such ease into his seat  
As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,  
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus  
And witch the world with noble horsemanship.

SHAKSPERE.—1 Henry IV., Act iv., scene 1.  
(Sir Richard Vernon to Hotspur.)

*HARVEST*.—How many a female eye will roam  
Along the road,  
To see the load,

The last dear load of harvest home.

KIRKE WHITE.—Harvest Moon, verse 3.

His chin, new reaped,  
Shew'd like a stubble-land at harvest home.

SHAKSPERE.—1 Henry IV., Act 1, scene 3.  
(Hotspur's description of a finished Courtier.)

Our rural ancestors, with little blest,  
Patient of labour when the end was rest,  
Indulg'd the day that hous'd their annual grain,  
With feasts, and offerings, and a thankful strain.

POPE.—To Augustus, Epistle i., Book ii., line 241.

They joy before thee according to the joy in harvest.

ISAIAH, chapter ix., verse 3.

*HASTE*.—Running together all about,  
The servants put each other out,  
Till the grave master had decreed,  
The more haste, ever the worst speed.

CHURCHILL.—The Ghost, Book iv.

Farewell; and let your haste commend your duty.

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act i., scene 2.  
(The King to his Ambassador.)

Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee  
Jest and youthful jollity,  
Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,  
Nods and becks and wreathed smiles.

MILTON.—L' Allegro, line 25.

*HATE*.—They shewed their favours to conceal their hates.

CHAPMAN.—Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, 6th sestiad.

I do hate him as I hate the devil.

BEN JONSON.—Every Man out of His Humour, Act i., scene 1.

*HAVOCK*.—Cry "Havock," and let slip the dogs of war.

SHAKSPERE.—Julius Cæsar, Act iii., scene 1. (Antony.)

And when our closer stripe has won the fray,

Then let them loose for havoc.

SOUTHEY.—*Madoc*, Part i., Battle, line 43.

*HAWK*.—I know a hawk from a handsaw.

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act ii., scene 2.

(Hamlet to Guildenstern.)

*HE*.—He that wold not when he might,

He shall not when he wold-a.

ANONYMOUS.—The Baffled Knight, 2 Percy Rel., 363.

But sūre 'tis pleasant as we walk, to see

The pointed finger—hear the loud *That's he*,

On every side.

PERSIUS.—Sat. i., line 27: and there is a story of Demosthenes himself having confessed that he had taken great pleasure in hearing a tankerwoman say as he passed, "*This is that Demosthenes!*"

Ah 'tis sweet among the thickest

To be found out, and pointed at by *name*.

WOLCOT.—Ode 15, A. D. 1786.

*HEALTH*.—From labour health, from health contentment springs.

BEATTIE.—The Minstrel, Book i., verse 13., line 1.

Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,

Lie in three words, Health, Peace and Competence:

But Health consists with Temperance alone;

And Peace, O Virtue! Peace is all thy own.

POPE.—Essay on Man, Epistle iv., line 79.

Ah! what avail the largest gifts of Heaven,

When drooping health and spirits go amiss?

How tasteless then whatever can be given!

Health is the vital principle of bliss.

THOMSON.—Castle of Indolence, Canto ii., stanza 57.

*HEAR*.—Hear me, for I will speak.

Must I give way and room to your rash choler?

Shall I be frighted when a madman stares?

SHAKSPERE.—Julius Cæsar, Act iv., scene 3.

(Brutus and Cassius.)

HEAR.—Had I three ears I'd hear thee.

SHAKSPERE.—Macbeth, Act iv., scene 1.

(Macbeth to the Apparition.)

Pray hear what he says.

SWIFT.—Letter to Pope, August 30, 1716.

HEART.—The honest heart that's free frae a'

Intended fraud or guile,

However Fortune kick the ba'

Has aye some cause to smile.

BURNS.—Epi. to Davie, verse 3.

The heart aye's the part aye.

That makes us right or wrang.

BURNS.—Verse 5.

Alas ! by some degree of woe

We every bliss must gain :

The heart can ne'er a transport know

That never feels a pain.

LYTTLETON.—A Song, A.D. 1732.

He hath a heart as sound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper; for what his heart thinks his tongue speaks.

SHAKSPERE.—Much Ado About Nothing, Act iii., scene 2.

(Don Pedro in praise of Benedick.)

1. O, Hamlet ! thou hast cleft my heart in twain.

2. O throw away the worser part of it,

And live the purer with the other half.

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act iii., scene 4.

(To his mother.)

And nature gave thee, open to distress,

A heart to pity, and a hand to bless.

CHURCHILL.—Prophecy of Famine.

With every pleasing, every prudent part,

Say, what can Chloe want ? She wants a heart.

POPE.—Moral Essays, Epistle ii., line 159.

The poor too often turn away unheard,

From hearts that shut against them with a sound

That will be heard in heaven.

LONGFELLOW.—The Spanish Student, Act ii., scene 1.

I will wear my heart upon my sleeve

For daws to peck at ; I am not what I am.

SHAKSPERE.—Othello, Act i., scene 1.

(Iago to Roderigo before Brabantio's house.)

The turnpike road to people's hearts, I find,

Lies through their [mouths,] or I mistake mankind.

DR. WOLCOT.—Peter's Prophecy, ed. 1790, page 116.



*HEAR.*—Flattery's the turnpike road to Fortune's door.

WOLCOT.—Ode 10, last verse, A.D. 1785.

Heaven's sovereign saves all beings but himself  
That hideous sight—a naked human heart.

DR. YOUNG.—Night iii., line 226.

Oh, tiger's heart, wrapp'd in a women's hide!

SHAKSPERE.—3 Henry VI., Act i., scene 4.

(York to Queen Margaret, who had induced Clifford to  
kill Rutland.)

In aught that tries the heart, how few withstand the proof!

BYRON.—Childe Harold, Canto ii., stanza 66.

The day drags through, though storms keep out the sun;  
And thus the heart will break, yet brokenly live on.

BYRON.—Childe Harold, Canto iii., stanza 32.

Never morning wore

To evening, but some heart did break.

TENNYSON.—In Memoriam, 6, verse 2.

Leap hearts to lips, and in our kisses meet.

FLETCHER.—Love's Cure, Act iii., scene 2.

The precious porcelain of human clay.

BYRON.—Don Juan, Canto iv., stanza 11.

None but God can satisfy the longings of an immortal soul; that as  
the heart was made for Him, so He only can fill it.

TRENCH.—On the Prodigal Son, page 381, Ed. 9.

Do you think that any one can move the heart but he that made it?

JOHN LILY.—Euphues, page 344, (Reprint 1868.)

Who made the heart, 'tis he alone,

Decidedly can try us;

He knows each chord—its various tone

Each spring its various bias:

Then at the balance let's be mute,

We never can adjust it;

What's done we partly may compute,

But know not what's resisted.

BURNS.—Address to the Unco Guid, verse 8.

*HEAVEN.*—But heaven hath a hand in these events;

To whose high will we bound our calm contents.

SHAKSPERE.—Richard II., Act v., scene 2.

'Twas whisper'd in Heaven, 'twas mutter'd in hell,

And echo caught faintly the sound as it fell;

On the confines of earth 'twas permitted to rest,

And the depths of the ocean its presence confess'd.

BYRON.—An Epigram on the Letter H.

*HEAVEN*.—A heaven on earth I have won, by wooing thee.

SHAKSPERE.—All's Well that Ends Well, Act iv., sc. 2.  
(Bertram to Diana.) And see MILTON, *Paradise Lost*,  
Book iv., line 208.

Heaven is above all yet ; there sits a judge  
That no king can corrupt.

SHAKSPERE.—Henry VIII., Act iii., scene 1.  
(Queen Katherine.)

There's nothing true but Heaven.

THOMAS MOORE.—World a fleeting Show.

*HEDGES*.—For by old proverbs it appears  
That walls have tongues, and hedges ears.

SWIFT.—Pastoral Dialogue.

*HEIR*.—Mated with a squalid savage  
What to me were sun or clime?

I the heir of all the ages

In the foremost files of time.

TENNYSON.—Locksley Hall, verse 89.

I the heir of all the globes and sceptres mankind bows to.

MASSINGER.—Duke of Florence, Act i., scene 1.

*HELL*.—The hungry wretch of a Greek would attempt heaven even  
were you to bid him.

JUVENAL.—Quoted by Riley in his *Class. Dict.*, 137.

All things the hungry Greek exactly knows :

And bid him go to heaven, to heaven he goes.

JUVENAL.—Sat. iii. (Dryden's Transl.)

And bid him go to hell, to hell he goes.

DR. JOHNSON.—London, line 116.

In hope to merit heaven by making earth a hell.

BYRON.—Childe Harold. Canto i., stanza xx., line 9.

Hell's court is built deep in a gloomy vale,  
High walled with strong damnation, moated round  
With flaming brimstone.

DR. JOSEPH BEAUMONT.—Hell, verse 1.

There is in hell a place stone-built throughout,

Called Malebolgë, of an iron hue,

Like to the wall that circles it about.

DANTE.—Inferno, Canto xviii., line 1. (Wright's Transl.)

Hell is empty,

And all the devils are here.

SHAKSPERE.—The Tempest, Act i., scene 2.

(Ariel to Prospero.)

*HELL.*—Hell is full of good meanings and wishings.

*HERBERT.*—*Jacula Prudentum.*

Hell is paved with good intentions.

*BOSWELL'S JOHNSON.*—April, 1775.

*HELP.*—Help your lame dog o'er the stile.

*SWIFT.*—Whig and Tory.

'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,

But to support him after.

*SHAKSPERE.*—*Timon of Athens*, Act i., scene 1.

(*Timon to Ventidius's servant.*)

*HENPECKED.*—Cursed be the man, the poorest wretch in life,

The crouching vassal to the tyrant wife,

Who has no will but by her high permission ;

Who has not sixpence but in her possession ;

Who must to her his dear friend's secret tell ;

Who dreads a curtain lecture worse than hell.

Were such the wife had fallen to my part,

I'd break her spirit, or I'd break her heart.

*BURNS.*—*The Henpecked Husband.*

*HERE AND THERE.*—If this *here's* suffer'd, and if that *there* fool,

May, when he pleases, send us all to school ;

*Why* then our only business is outright

To take our caps, and bid the world good-night.

*CHURCHILL.*—*Independence*, line 321.

*HERMIT.*—Far in a wild, unknown to public view,

From youth to age a reverend hermit grew ;

The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,

His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well ;

Remote from man, with God he pass'd the days ;

Prayer all his business—all his pleasure praise.

*PARNELL.*—*The Hermit.*

*HERO.*—No man is a hero to his valet.

*FRENCH SAYING.*

[But it may be traced to an earlier period. *Ramage's Thoughts from the French.*]

His mien, his speech,

Were sweetly simple——

But, when the matter match'd his mighty mind,

Up rose the hero ; on his piercing eye

Sat observation ; on each glance of thought

Decision followed.

*HOME.*—*Douglas*, Act iii., scene 1.

*HEROES.*—Heroes are much the same, the point's agreed,

From Macedonia's madman to the Swede.

*POPE.*—*Essay on Man*, Epi. iv., line 219.

*HESPERUS*.—Oh, Hesperus ! thou bringest all good things—  
Home to the weary, to the hungry cheer—  
Whate'er our household gods, protect of dear,  
Are gather'd round us by the look of rest ;  
Thou bring'st the child, too, to the mother's breast.

BYRON.—Don Juan, Canto iii., stanza 107.

*HILLS*.—Hills peep o'er hills ; and alps on alps arise !  
POPE.—On Criticism, line 232.

O'er many a frozen, many a fiery alp,  
Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and shades of death.  
MILTON.—Paradise Lost, Book xxi., line 620.

*HINDER*.—They hinder one another in the crowd,  
And none are heard, whilst all would speak aloud.  
COWLEY.—To the Bishop of Lincoln.

*HINDMOST*.—The race by vigour, not by vaunts is won,  
So take the hindmost h——, he said, and run.  
POPE.—The Dunciad, Book ii., line 60.

Then horn for horn they stretch an' strive,  
Deil tak' the hindmost ! on they drive,  
Till a'their weel-swallow'd kytes belyve  
Are bent like drums.  
BURNS.—To a Haggis, verse 4.

*HINT*.—Upon this hint I spake.  
SHAKSPERE.—Othello, Act i., scene 3.  
(Othello's Vindication.)

*HIP*.—I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip.  
SHAKSPERE.—Othello, Act ii., scene 1.  
(Iago plotting against the Moor and Cassio.)

*HISS*.—A dismal universal hiss, the sound of public scorn.  
MILTON.—Paradise Lost, Book x.

And scaly dragons hiss, and lions roar,  
Where wisdom taught, and music charm'd before.  
LILLO.—Fatal Curiosity, Act i., scene 1.

*HISTORY*.—I will answer you by quoting what I have read, some-  
where or other, in Dionysius Halicarnassensis. I think that history  
is philosophy teaching by examples.  
BOLINGBROKE.—On the Study and Use of History, Letter  
ii., Vol. iii., page 323.

Read their history in a nation's eyes.  
GRAY.—Elegy in a Churchyard, verse 16.

*HISTORY*.—There is a history in all men's lives,  
Figuring the nature of the time deceas'd;  
The which observ'd, a man may prophesy,  
With a near aim, of the main chance of things  
As yet not come to life; which in their seeds,  
And weak beginnings, lie intreasured.

SHAKSPERE.—2 Henry IV., Act iii., scene 1.  
(Warwick to King Henry.)

1. And what's her History?

2. A blank, my lord.

SHAKSPERE.—Twelfth Night, Act ii., scene 4.  
(The Duke and Viola.)

Where shall I hide my forehead and my eyes!  
For now I see the true old times are dead.

TENNYSON.—Morte D. Arthur.

*HIT*.—A hit, a very palpable hit.

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act v., scene 2.  
(Osrick to Hamlet and Laertes.)

*HOARSE*.—Warwick is hoarse with calling thee.

SHAKSPERE.—1 Henry VI., Act v., scene 2.  
(Warwick calling for Clifford.)

*HOG*.—But for one piece they thought it hard  
From the whole hog to be debarr'd.

COWPER.—Love of the World Reproved.

*HOHENLINDEN*.—On Linden when the sun was low,  
All bloodless lay th' untrodden snow,  
And dark as winter was the flow  
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

CAMPBELL.—Verse 1.

The combat deepens. On ye brave,  
Who rush to glory, or the grave!  
Wave Munich! all thy banners wave,  
And charge with all thy chivalry.

CAMPBELL.—Verse 6.

*HOLE*.—If I find a hole in his coat, I will tell him my mind.

SHAKSPERE.—Henry V., Act iii, scene 6.  
(Fluellen to Gower.)

If there's a hole in a' your coats,  
I rede ye tent it;

A chield's amang you taking notes,  
And, faith, he'll prent it.

BURNS.—Captain Grose.



*HOLIDAY*.—Awhile to work, and, after, holiday.  
*SHAKSPERE*.—Richard II., Act iii., scene 1.  
 (Bolingbroke to York and others at Bristol.)

*HOLINESS*.—Never poor lady had so much unbred holiness  
 About her person : I am never drest  
 Without a sermon.—I must show  
 Texts for the fashions of my gowns.  
 She works religious petticoats ; for flowers  
 She'll make church histories.

*MAYNE*.—The City Match, Act ii., scene 2.

*HOME*.—The next way home's the farthest way about.

*QUARLES*.—Book iv., Epigram No. 2.

There's a strange something, which without a brain  
 Fools feel, and which e'en wise men can't explain,  
 Planted in man, to bind him to that earth,  
 In dearest ties, from whence he drew his birth.

*CHURCHILL*.—The Farewell, line 63.

For the whole world, without a native home,  
 Is nothing but a prison of larger room.

*COWLEY*.—To the Bishop of Lincoln.

Sir Walter Rawleigh, on his return to prison, while some were deploring  
 his fate, said, "the world itself is but a larger prison, out of which  
 some are daily selected for execution."

*DISRAELI*.—Curiosities of Literature, Vol. iii., page 126.

Thou art my prison, and my home's above.

*QUARLES*.—Book iv., emblem ii., versè 2.

Home of the Homeless.

*LONGFELLOW*.—Evangeline, alluding to the almshouses.

Friend of the Friendless, oh ! abide with me.

*KEBLE*.

O'er hill, dale, and woodland, with rapture we roam ;  
 Yet returning, still find the dear pleasures at home ;  
 Where the cheerful good-humour gives honesty grace,  
 And the heart speaks content in the smiles of the face.

*LLOYD*.—Arcadia, scene 1.

Breathes there the man with soul so dead,  
 Who never to himself hath said,

This is my own, my native land !

Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,  
 As home his footsteps he hath turn'd,

From wandering on a foreign strand !

*SCOTT*.—Lay of the Last Minstrel, Canto vi., stanza 1.

*HOMER.*— Home is the resort  
Of love, of joy, of peace and plenty, where,  
Supporting and supported, polish'd friends  
And dear relations mingle into bliss.

*THOMSON.*—Autumn, line 65.

The duteous son, the sire decay'd,  
The modest matron and the blushing maid,  
Forced from their homes, a melancholy train,  
To traverse climes beyond the western main;  
Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,  
And Niagara stuns with thundering sound.

*GOLDSMITH.*—The Traveller, line 407.

There is no place like home.

*J. HOWARD PAYNE.*—A Song, "Home, Sweet Home."

1. What happy gale  
Blows you to Padua here, from old Verona?  
2. Such wind as scatters young men through the world,  
To seek their fortunes farther than at home,  
Where small experience grows.

*SHAKSPERE.*—Taming of the Shrew, Act i., scene 2.  
(Hortensio to Petruchio.)

Home-keeping youth hath ever homely wits.

*SHAKSPERE.*—Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act i., scene 1.  
(Valentine to Proteus.)

*HOMER.*—In long works sleep will sometimes surprise;  
Homer himself hath been observed to nod.

*ROSCOMMON.*—Art of Poetry.

The blind old man of Scio's Rocky Isle.

*BYRON.*—The Bride of Abydos, Canto ii., stanza 2.

*HONEST.*—An honest man, close-buttoned to the chin,  
Broad cloth without, and a warm heart within.

*COWPER.*—Epistle to Joseph Hill.

If an honest man, Nature has forgot to labour it upon your countenance.

*SCOTT.*—Peveril of the Peak, chapter xi.

If he were  
To be made honest by an act of parliament,  
I should not alter in my faith of him.

*BEN JONSON.*—The Devil is an Ass, Act iv., scene 1.

Take note, take note, O world!  
To be direct and honest is not safe.  
*SHAKSPERE.*—Othello, Act iii., scene 8.  
(Iago to the Moor.)

An honest man's the noblest work of God.

*POPE.*—Essay on Man, Epistle iv., line 247.

*HONEST*.—Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses  
For honest men and bonnie lassies.

*BURNS*.—Tam O'Shanter.

Athol's honest men,  
And Athol's bonnie lassies.

*BURNS*.—Petition of Bruar Water.

*HONEY*.—But they whom truth and wisdom lead  
Can gather honey from a weed.

*COWPER*.—The Pine-Apple and Bee, line 35.

*HONOUR*.—You stand upon your honour! Why, thou unconfinable baseness, it is as much as I can do to keep the terms of my honour precise. I myself sometimes, leaving the fear of heaven on the left hand, and hiding mine honour in my necessity, am fain to shuffle, to hedge, and to lurch; and yet you——!

*SHAKSPERE*.—Merry Wives of Windsor, Act ii., scene 2.  
(Falstaff to Pistol.)

Honour pricks me on. Yea; but how—if honour pricks me off when I come on—how then? Can honour set to a leg? No. Or an arm? No. Or take away the grief of a wound? No. Honour hath no skill in surgery then? No. What is honour? A word. What is that word, honour? Air. A trim reckoning! Who hath it? He that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. Is it insensible, then? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it:—therefore, I'll none of it: Honour is a mere scutcheon, and so ends my catechism.

*SHAKSPERE*.—1 Henry IV., Act v., scene 1. (Falstaff.)

His honour rooted in dishonour stood,  
And faith unfaithful kept him falsely true.

*TENNYSON*.—Idylls of the King. Elaine.

[Elaine, page 192. Moxon, ed. 1867. Sir Lancelot was bound to the Queen by a guilty love (which Arthur, however, thought to be but knightly devotion).

Elaine conceived an affection for Lancelot which he discovered but did not return; for the false love steeled his heart to the true. He was *loyal*, but to a *bad cause*; no unusual thing. The Rev. T. W. S.]

Honour's a *lease for lives to come*,  
And cannot be extended from  
The *legal tenant*; 'tis a chattel  
Not to be forfeited in battle.

*BUTLER*.—Hudibras, Part i., Canto iii., verse 1043.

How vain that second life in other's breath,  
The *estate* which will inherit after death!  
Ease, health, and life, for this they must resign,  
Unsure the *tenure*, but how vast the *fine*!

*POPE*.—The Temple of Fame, line 505.

*HONOUR.*—Fame is a *revenue payable only to our ghosts.*

*SIR GEORGE MACKENZIE.*—Preferring solitude to public enjoyment.

Give me, kind heaven, a private station,  
A mind serene for contemplation :  
Title and profit I resign ;  
The post of honour shall be mine.

*GAY.*—Fable ii., Part ii., line 69.

Content thyself to be obscurely good ;  
When vice prevails, and impious men bear sway,  
The post of honour is a private station.

*ADDISON.*—Cato, Act iv. (Cato to Juba.)

Honour's a sacred tie, the law of kings—  
It ought not to be sported with.

*ADDISON.*—Cato, Act ii. (Juba to Syphax.)

Honour and shame from no condition rise ;  
Act well your part—there all the honour lies.

*POPE.*—Essay on Man, Epi. iv., line 193.

Men were nice in honour in those days,  
And judg'd offenders well. And he that sharp'd,  
And pocketed a prize by fraud obtain'd,  
Was mark'd and shunn'd as odious.

*COWPER.*—The Task, Book iii., line 85.

But now, yes now,

We are become so candid and so fair,  
So liberal in construction, and so rich  
In Christian charity, a good-natured age !  
That they are safe sinners of either sex,  
Transgress what laws they may.

*COWPER.*—The Task, Book iii., line 91.

Life's but a word, a shadow, a melting dream,  
Compar'd to essential and eternal honour.

*FLETCHER.*—Love's Cure, Act v., scene 3.

I would not love thee, dear, so much,  
Loved I not honour more.

*LOVELACE.*—To Lucasta, on going to the wars

Where honour calls, and justice points the way.

*T. WHARTON.*—Triumph of Isis, line 59.

If honour calls, where'er she points the way,  
The sons of honour follow, and obey.

*CHURCHILL.*—The Farewell, line 67.

Better to die ten thousand deaths  
Than wound my honour.

*ADDISON.*—Cato, Act i., scene 4.

*HONOUR.*—This day beyond its term my fate extends,  
For life is ended when our honour ends.

GOLDSMITH.—Prol. by Laberius, last line.

When honour's lost, 'tis a relief to die;  
Death's but a sure retreat from infamy.

GARTH.—The Dispensary, Canto v., line 321.

Judge me, ye powers ! let fortune tempt or frown,  
I stand prepared, my honour is my own.

LANSDOWNE.—Verses written in 1690.

1. Pray, now, what may be that same bed of honour ?

2. O, a mighty large bed, bigger by half than the great bed at Ware  
—ten thousand people may lie in it together, and never feel one  
another.

FARQUHAR.—The Recruiting Officer, Act i., scene 1.

*HONOURING.*—Prithee, Trim, what dost thou mean by "*honouring  
thy father and mother ?*"

Allowing them, an' please your honour, three-halfpence a-day out of  
my pay, when they grow old.

STERNE.—Tristram Shandy, Vol. v., chapter xxiii.

*HONOURS.*—This is the state of man : To-day he puts forth  
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,  
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him.

SHAKSPEARE.—Henry VIII., Act iii., scene 2.  
(Wolsey's Soliloquy on his fall.)

Honours don't always change the man.

LE SAGE.—Gil Blas, Book iv., chapter 6.

[Manners, first Lord of Ruthland, said to Sir Thomas More, on his being made Chancellor, "*Honores mutant Mores.*" "No, my Lord," said Sir Thomas, "the pun will do much better in English, '*Honours change Manners.*'"]

*HOOK.*—Through thick and thin, both over bank and bush,  
In hopes her to attain by hook or crook.

SPENSER.—Fairy Queen, Book iii., Canto 1.

*HOOP.*—When Celia struts in man's attire,  
She shows too much to raise desire;  
But from the hoop's bewitching round,  
The very shoe has power to wound.

ED. MOORE.—The Spider and Bee, line 27.

*HOPE.*—Hope springs eternal in the human breast,  
Man never is, but always to be blest.

POPE.—Essay on Man, Epi. i., line 95.

'Tis not for mortals always to be blest.

ARMSTRONG.—Art of Preserving Health, Book iv.,  
line 260.



*HOPE*.—Hope springs exulting on triumphant wing.

*BURNS*.—The Cottar's Saturday Night.

Hope never comes that comes to all.

*MILTON*.—Paradise Lost, Book i., line 66.

And quiet never comes that comes to all.

*JUVENAL*.—Sat. vi., line 268. (Gifford.)

What a fine thing hope is !

*LE SAGE*.—Gil Blas, Book ix., chapter vii.

Auspicious Hope ! in thy sweet garden grow

Wreaths for each toil, a charm for every woe.

*CAMPBELL*.—The Pleasures of Hope, Part i.

All, all forsook the friendless guilty mind,

But Hope, the charmer, linger'd still behind.

*CAMPBELL*.—Ibid.

Where an equal poise of hope and fear

Does arbitrate the event, my nature is

That I incline to hope, rather than fear.

*MILTON*.—Comus. *SPENSER*.—Bk. iv., Can. vi., stan. 37.

Hope humbly then ; with trembling pinions soar ;

Wait the great teacher, Death ; and God adore,

What future bliss he gives not thee to know,

But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.

*POPE*.—Essay on Man, Epi. i., line 91.

See some fit passion every age supply ;

Hope travels through, nor quits us when we die.

*POPE*.—Essay on Man, Epi. ii., line 273.

Fair liberty shriek'd out aloud,

And loud religion groan'd.

*DENNIS*.—On William III.

Hope for a season bade the world farewell,

And freedom shriek'd as Kosciusko fell !

*CAMPBELL*.—The Pleasures of Hope, Part i.

I see some sparkles of a better hope.

*SHAKSPERE*.—Richard II., Act v., scene 3.

(Bolingbroke to Percy.)

Hopes and fears that equally attend.

*COWLEY*.—Constantia and Philetus, verse 1.

Alike distracted between hope and fear.

*COWLEY*.—Ibid, verse 18.

*HOPE*.—The wretch condemned with life to part,  
 Still, still on hope relies,  
 And every pang that rends the heart  
 Bids expectation rise.  
 Hope, like the glimmering taper's light,  
 Adorns and cheers the way;  
 And still, as darker grows the night,  
 Emits a brighter ray.

GOLDSMITH.—Song from the "Captivity."

The miserable have no other medicine  
 But only hope.

SHAKSPERE.—Measure for Measure, Act iii., scene 1.  
 (Claudio to the Duke.)

Races, better than we, have leaned on wavering promise, having nought  
 else but hope.

LONGFELLOW.—Tegner's Children of the Lord's Supper.  
 (Races of People.)

Hope and fear alternate chase  
 Our course through life's uncertain race.

SCOTT.—Rokeby, Canto vi., stanza 2.

This distant gleam of hope; this poor reversion.

LILLO.—Elmerick, Act ii.

I beheld his body half wasted away with long expectation and confinement; and felt what kind of sickness of heart it was which arises  
 from hope deferred.

STERNE.—Sent. Journey; the Captive.

The sickening pang of hope deferr'd.

SCOTT.—Lady of the Lake, Canto iii., stanza 22.

Hope deferred maketh the heart sick.

PROVERBS, chapter xiii., verse 12.

Strive against hope.

SHAKSPERE.—All's Well that Ends Well, Act i., scene 3.

Hope against hope, and ask till ye receive.

JAS. MONTGOMERY.—The World before the Flood, Can. v.

Who against hope believed in hope.

ROMANS, chapter iv., verse 18. (The faith of Abraham.)

Hope withering fled—and mercy sighed farewell!

BYRON.—The Corsair, Canto i.

In life's rough tide I sunk not down,  
 But swam till Fortune threw a rope,  
 Buoyant on bladders filled with hope.

GREEN.—The Spleen, line 50.

*HOPE*.—While there is life, there's hope, he cried,  
Then why such haste?—so groan'd and died.

GAY.—Fable 27. COLLEY CIBBER.—The Double Gallant,  
Act v., scene 1.

*Ægroto: dum anima est spes est.*

CICERO.

*HOPING*.—This comes *hopping* that you are in good health, as I am at this present writing.

O'KEEFE.—The Poor Soldier, Act ii., scene 1.

*HORN OF PLENTY*.—Nor yet his fury cool'd; 'twixt rage and scorn,  
From my maim'd front he tore the stubborn horn,  
This, heap'd with flowers and fruit, the Naiads bare,  
Sacred to plenty, and the bounteous year.

GAY.—Achelous and Hercules.

*HORRORS*.—I have supp'd full with horrors.

SHAKSPERE.—Macbeth, Act v., scene 5.

(Macbeth to Seyton.)

Making horror more deep by the semblance of mirth.

CAMPBELL.—Death-Boat of Heligoland, line 6.

*HORSE*.—A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!

SHAKSPERE.—Richard III., Act v., scene 3.

(Richard at Bosworth.)

To horse! to horse! urge doubts to them that fear.

SHAKSPERE.—Richard III., Act ii., scene 1.

(Ross to Northumberland, on starting for Ravensburg.)

Hast thou given the horse strength? hast thou clothed his neck with thunder? Canst thou make him afraid as a grasshopper? the glory of his nostrils is terrible. He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength; he goeth on to meet the armed men. He mocketh at fear, and is not affrighted; neither turneth he back from the sword. The quiver rattleth against him, the glittering spear and the shield. He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage: neither believeth he that it is the sound of the trumpet. He saith among the trumpets, ha! ha! and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains, and the shouting.

JOB, chapter xxxix., verse 19.

*HOSPITALITY*.—Hospitality, sitting with gladness.

LONGFELLOW.—Frithroff's Homestead.

(From the Swedish.)

*HOST*.—I follow, mine host, I follow.

SHAKSPERE.—Merry Wives of Windsor, Act ii., scene 1.

(Shallow to Host.)

*HOST*.—1. Mine host of the Garter.

2. What says my bully-rook? Speak scholarly and wisely.

1. I sit at ten pounds a-week.

2. Thou'rt an emperor.

SHAKSPEARE.—*Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act i., scene 3.  
(Falstaff and Host at the Garter.)

*HOSTAGES*.—He that hath a wife and children hath given hostages to fortune; for they are impediments to great enterprises, either of virtue or mischief.

LORD BACON.—*Essay viii., Of Marriage and Single Life.*

He that hath a wife and children, wants not business.

GEORGE HERBERT.—*Jacula Prudentum.*

How many pledges have you given to fortune?

ERASMUS.—*Household of Sir Thomas More*, page 50.

*HOT WATER*.—My bottle of pale sherry, Dinah—place it on this side—there is a good girl; and Toby—get my jug with the hot water, and let it be boiling—and don't spill it on Lady Penelope, if you can help it, Toby.

No; for her ladyship has been in hot water to-day already, said the squire.

SCOTT.—*St. Ronan's Well*, chapter iv.

*HOOR*.—It is the hour when from the boughs

The nightingale's high note is heard;

It is the hour when lover's vows

Seem sweet in every whisper'd word.

BYRON.—*Parisina*, section i.

Catch, then, oh! catch the transient hour,

Improve each moment as it flies;

Life's a short summer—man a flower,

He dies—alas! how soon he dies!

DR. JOHNSON.—*An Ode on Winter*, verse 9.

But just as he began to tell,

The auld kirk-hammer strak the bell,

Some wee short hour ayont the twal,

Which raised us baith.

BURNS.—*Death and Dr. Hornbook*, verse 31.

*HOUSE*.—This is none other but the honse of God, and this is the gate of heaven.

GENESIS, chapter xxviii., verse 17.

(Jacob awaking out of sleep.)

This is the way to heaven.

DRYDEN.—*The Æneid*, Book ix.

(Apollo to Ascanius.)

*HOUSE*.—Every kingdom divided against itself is brought to desolation; and a house divided against a house falleth.

ST. LUKE, chapter xi.; verse 17.

A city in sedition cannot be happy, nor can a house in which the masters are quarrelling.

YONGE'S Cicero.—De Finibus, Book i., div. 17; and see Richard II., Act iv., scene 1.

His house, his home, his heritage, his lands,  
The laughing dames in whom he did delight,  
Whose large blue eyes, fair locks, and snowy hands,  
Might shake the saintship of an anchorite.

BYRON.—Childe Harold, Canto i., stanza 11.

*HOUSES*.—Old houses mended,  
Cost little less than new before they're ended.

COLLEY CIBBER.—Prol. to the Double Gallant, line 15.

*HOW TO LIVE*.—He knows to live who keeps the middle state,  
And neither leans on this side nor on that.

POPE.—Book ii., Satire ii., line 61.

But chiefly, thou,  
Whom soft-ey'd pity once led down from heaven,  
To bleed for a man, to teach him how to live,  
And, oh! still harder lesson! how to die.

DR. PORTEUS.—On Death. See title "Thought."

[The idea is Tickell's.]

*HUMOURS*.—In all thy humours, whether grave or mellow,  
Thou'rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant fellow;  
Hast so much wit, and mirth, and spleen about thee,  
There is no living with thee, nor without thee.

MARTIAL.—Epigram xlvii., line 12.

My life's a preparation but to leave thee:  
Like one that seeks a door, I walk about thee:  
With thee I cannot live! I cannot live without thee.

QUARLES.—Emblems, No. ii., Book iv.

Forc'd to doat on thee thy own way,  
I chide thee first and then obey;  
Wretched when from thee, vex'd when nigh,  
I with thee or without thee die.

PRIOR.—The Lady's Looking-glass.

*HUNGER*.—Hunger is the best seasoning for meat, and thirst for drink.  
YONGE'S Cicero.—De Finibus, Book ii., div. 28, page 165.

His thirst he slakes at some pure neighboring brook,  
Nor seeks for sauce where appetite stands cook.

CHURCHILL.—Gotham, Book iii., line 133.



*HUNGRY*.—1. Ah! I am not hungry now.

2. What do you mean by that, Mr. Placid? I insist on your being hungry. —*MRS. INCHBALD*.—Every One has His Fault, Act i., sc. 1.

*HUSBAND*.—A good husband makes a good wife at any time.

*FARQUHAR*.—The Inconstant, Act ii.

As the husband is, the wife is :

Thou art mated with a clown,

And the grossness of his nature

Will have weight to drag thee down.

*TENNYSON*.—Locksley Hall, verse 24.

A corrupt nature which was continually ready to drag them down.

*REV. CHARLES KINGSLEY*, in Village Sermons, No. 10.

*HUSH*.—Hush! my dear; lie still and slumber;

Holy angels guard thy bed!

Heavenly blessings without number

Gently falling on thy head.

*WATTS*.—A Cradle Hymn.

*HYPERION*.—So excellent a king, that was, to this,  
Hyperion to a Satyr.

*SHAKSPERE*.—Hamlet, Act i., scene 2.

(On his Mother's marriage.)

“*Hesperion* curls, the front of *Job* himself!—  
An eye like *March* to threaten at command!—  
A station like *Harry Mercury*.”

*SHERIDAN*.—The Rivals, Act iv., scene 2.

*HYPOCRISY*.—You that would sell no man mustard to his beef on the Sabbath, and yet sold hypocrisy all your lifetime.

*BEAUMONT* and *FLETCHER*.—Love's Cure, Act ii., scene 1.

Hypocrisy is a sort of homage that vice pays to virtue.

*FULLER*.—*ROCHEFOUCAULD*.—See Ramage's Thoughts from the French, page 286.

Hypocrisy with smiling grace,

And Impudence with brazen face.

*ED. MOORE*.—Trial of Selim.

*HYSTERICIS*.—Oh, it gives me the *hydrostatics*!

*SHERIDAN*.—The Rivals, Act iii., scene 3.

*IDLE IDLER*.—How various his employments, whom the world  
Calls idle; and who justly, in return,  
Esteems that busy world an idler too!

*COWPER*.—The Task, Book iii., line 352.

An idler is a watch that wants both hands,  
As useless if it goes as when it stands.

*COWPER*.—Retirement, line 681.

*IDOLATRY*.—The vain image, which the devotee  
Classes as the god of his idolatry.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.—Greenland, Canto i., near the end.

*IF*.—Your If is the only peace-maker;—  
Much virtue in If.

SHAKSPEARE.—As you Like It, Act v., scene 4.  
(Touchstone to Jaques.)

If the French should beat the English?—If the sun go out of the zodiac?

STERNE.—Tristram Shandy, Vol. v., chapter xliii.

*IGNORANCE*.—"O ye Gods," says a wise heathen, "deny us what  
we ask if it shall be hurtful to us, and grant us whatever shall be  
profitable for us, even though we do not ask it!"

FRANCIS' Horace, in a Note Book i.

Not what we wish, but what we want,

Oh! let thy grace supply,

The good unask'd, in mercy grant;

The ill, though ask'd deny.

MERRICK.—A Hymn, No. ccxxv., in the Rev. W. Mercer's  
Church Psalter.

[The idea is from the Greek, and the passage is given by Mr. Riley in his Dict. of  
Class. Quot., p. 537, where it is rendered "Father Jove, grant us good whether we pray  
for it or not, and avert from us evil, even though we pray for it." A prayer by an  
unknown poet highly commended by Plato. See his Alcibiades, ii., 5, in Dr. Ramage's  
Thoughts from Greek Authors.]

If I am right, Thy grace impart,

Still in the right to stay:

If I am wrong, oh teach my heart

To find that better way.

POPE.—The Universal Prayer, verse 8.

Lord, grant me one suit, which is this: deny me all suits which are bad  
for me.

FULLER.—Personal Meditations, 18.

So much does our true interest lie concealed from us.

RILEY's Ovid's Meta., page 211.

We, ignorant of ourselves,

Beg often our own harms, which the wise Powers

Deny us for our good; so find we profit,

By losing of our prayers.

SHAKSPEARE.—Antony and Cleopatra, Act ii., scene 1.  
(Menecrates to Pompey.)

Seek not thou to find

The sacred counsels of Almighty mind;

Involv'd in darkness lies the great decree,

Nor can the depths of fate be pierc'd by thee.

POPE.—The Iliad, Book i., line 704; Ibid. Book xxii.,  
line 17.

*IGNORANCE*.— More to know—  
Did never meddle with my thoughts.

SHAKSPERE.—The Tempest, Act i., scene 2.  
(Miranda to her father.)

Where ignorance is bliss,  
'Tis folly to be wise.

GRAY.—Ode on Eton College.

Be ignorance thy choice, where knowledge leads to woe.

BEATTIE.—The Minstrel, Book ii., stanza 30, line 9.

But ask not bodies doomed to die,

To what abode they go ;

Since knowledge is but sorrow's spy,

It is not safe to know.

DAVENANT.—The Just Italian, Act v.

Heaven from all creatures hides the book of fate,  
All but the page prescrib'd—their present state ;  
From brutes what men, from men what spirits know :  
Or who could suffer being here below ?

The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,  
Had he thy reason, would he skip and play ?

Pleas'd to the last, he crops the flow'ry food,  
And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood.

POPE.—Essay on man, Epi. i., line 77.

The sheep was sacrific'd on no pretence,

But meek and unresisting innocence ;

A patient, useful creature, born to bear,

The warm and woolly fleece, that cloth'd her murderer.

DRYDEN.—Pythagorean Phil.

Prithee, dispatch,

The lamb entreats the butcher.

SHAKSPERE.—Cymbeline, Act iii., scene 4.

A gentle lamb has rhetoric to plead,

And when she sees the butcher's knife decreed,

Her voice entreats him not to make her bleed.

DR. KING.—Mully of Mountown, line 52.

And sweet it is in ignorance to be,

In that the will of God and ours agree.

WRIGHT'S Dante, Paradise, Canto xx., line 136.

Let me not burst in ignorance !

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act i., scene 4.

(Hamlet to the Ghost.)

In man's most dark extremity

Oft succour dawns from heaven.

SCOTT.—Lord of the Isles, Canto i., stanza 20.

*IGNORANCE*.— We oft doubt  
What the unsearchable dispose  
Of highest wisdom brings about.  
Oft he seems to hide his face,  
But unexpectedly returns.

MILTON.—Samson Agonistes.

By outward show  
Men judge of happiness and woe.  
Shall ignorance of good and ill  
Dare to direct th' eternal will ?

GAY.—Fable xxxix., line 45.

Alas ! regardless of their doom,  
The little victims play !  
No sense have they of ills to come,  
No care beyond to-day.

GRAY.—Ode on Eton College, stanza 6.

Ignorance with looks profound.

GRAY.—Ode for Music, line 3.

1. I wonder you will magnify this madman ;  
You are old and should understand.
2. *Should*, say'st thou ?

Thou monstrous piece of ignorance in office !

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.—The Elder Brother, Act ii.,  
scene 1.

Instruct the ignorant ; to those that live  
Under thy good care, good rules and patterns give.

DENHAM.—On Prudence, line 195.

*ILIAD*.—Iliads without a Homer.

ANONYMOUS.

[So called in allusion to the beautiful but anonymous ballad poetry of Spain. See the  
Second Lecture of Archbishop Trench, on the Study of Words.]

Iliads in a nutshell.

H. HOWARD.—In Memory of Fletcher, the Dramatist.  
(Beaumont and Fletcher, Vol. i.)

An Iliad in a nutshell ; a nutshell in an Iliad.

SWIFT.—The Tale of a Tub, section 7.

[Pliny says that Cicero once saw the Iliad of Homer in a nutshell. See Disraeli's  
Cur. of Lit., Vol. i., page 275, on Minute writing.]

*ILLS*.—Mark what ills the scholar's life assail,  
Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail.

DR. JOHNSON.—Vanity of Human Wishes, line 159.

What ills from beauty spring.

DR. JOHNSON.—Vanity of Human Wishes, line 321.

*ILLS*.—Those ills that wait on all below,

Shall ne'er be felt by me ;  
Or gently felt, and only so,  
As being shared with thee.

COWPER.—The Doves, verse 5.

And makes us rather bear those ills we have  
Than fly to others that we know not of.

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act iii., scene 1.  
(In his famous Soliloquy.)

Keep what you've got ; the evil that we know is the best.

RILEY'S Plautus, Vol. i., The Trinummus, Act i., sc. 2.

'Tis hard for kings to steer an equal course,  
And they who banish one, oft gain a worse.

DRYDEN.—Tarquin and Tullia.

*IMAGINATION*.—Imagination fondly stoops to trace

The parlour-splendours of that festive place ;  
The white-wash'd wall, the nicely sanded floor,  
The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door :  
The chest contriv'd a double debt to pay—  
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day.

GOLDSMITH.—Deserted Village, line 225.

You are oblig'd to your imagination for more than three-fourths of  
your importance.

GARRICK.—Lethe.

The right honourable gentleman is indebted to his memory for his jests,  
and to his imagination for his facts.

SHERIDAN.—Speech in reply to Dundas.

His wit shines at the expense of his memory.

LE SAGE.—Gil Blas, Book iii., chapter xi.

*IMMODEST*.—Immodest words admit of no defence,  
For want of decency is want of sense.

ROSCOMMON.—Essay i., on verse.

*IMPEACHMENT*.—Sir Lucius O'Trigger, ungrateful as you are, I own  
the soft impeachment.

SHERIDAN.—The Rivals, Act v., scene 3.

*IMPERFECTIONS*.—Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts.

SHAKSPERE.—Henry V., Chorus.

And the poor slattern muse is brought to bed,  
With all her imperfections on her head.

CHURCHILL.—Gotham, Book ii.



*IMPOSSIBLE*.—And what's impossible, can't be,  
And never, never comes to pass.

GEORGE COLEMAN, JUN.—The Water Fiend.

*IMPRESSION*.—Time but the impression stronger makes,  
As streams their channels deeper wear.

BURNS.—Mary in Heaven, verse 4.

*INACTIVITY*.—The Commons, faithful to their system, remained in a  
wise and masterly inactivity.

SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH.—Defence of the French Revolution,  
section i., page 23.

With skilled negligence.

VAUGHAN.—To St. Mary Magdalene, line 19.

The frivolous work of polished idleness.

MACKINTOSH.—Dissert. on Ethical Philosophy.  
(Remarks on Thomas Brown.)

Disciplined inaction.

MACKINTOSH.—Causes of the Revolution of 1688, chap-  
ter vii.

Or doing nothing with a deal of skill.

COWPER.—Table Talk, line 194.

Pangs without birth, and fruitless industry.

DRYDEN.—Mac Flecknoe, line 148.

To fight and terrify them if they made slow haste.

HOLLAND'S LIVY.—page 922.

*INCOME*.—A business with an income at its heels.

COWPER.—Retirement, line 615.

*INCUBATION*.—Th' appointed time

With pious toil fulfill'd the callow young,

Warm'd and expand'd into perfect life,

Their little bondage break, and come to light;

A helpless family, demanding food

With constant clamour.

THOMSON.—Spring, line 666.

*INDEPENDENCE*.—Ourselves are to ourselves the cause of ill.

We may be independent if we will.

CHURCHILL.—Independence, line 471.

The man who by his labour gets

His bread in independent state,

Who never begs, and seldom eats,

Himself can fix or change his fate.

PRIOR.—The Old Gentry, verse 5.

*INDEX*.—So, Mr. Index, what news with you?

FIELDING.—The Author's Preface, Act ii., scene 4.

*INDEX.*—

What act  
That roars so loud, and thunders in the index?

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act iii., scene 4.  
(The Queen to Hamlet.)

And readers call their lost attention home,  
Led by that index where true genius shines.

SHENSTONE.—Elegy ii., verse 9.

Get a thorough insight into the index by which the whole book is gov-  
erned and turned like fishes, by the tail.

SWIFT.—Tale of a Tub, sec. 7.

*INDUSTRY.*—In every rank, or great or small,  
'Tis industry supports us all.

GAY.—Man, Cat, Dog, and Fly, Pt. ii., Fable viii., line 62.

*INFANCY.*—At first the infant,  
Mewling and puking in his nurse's arms.

SHAKSPERE.—As You Like It, Act ii., sc. 7. (Jaques.)

Infancy straining backward from the breast,  
Tetchy and wayward, what he loveth best  
Refusing in his fits, whilst all the while  
The mother eyes the wrangler with a smile.

CHURCHILL.—Gotham, Book i.

*INFECTED.*—All seems infected that the infected spy,  
As all looks yellow to the jaundiced eye.

POPE.—Essay on Criticism, line 559.

Stand off, sycophant,  
And keep infection distant.

DRYDEN.—Don Sebastian, Act ii., scene 1.

*INFIDEL.*—Ye baptiz'd infidels! ye worse for mending.

DR. YOUNG.—Night iv., line 235.

*INFIRM.*—Infirm of purpose.

SHAKSPERE.—Macbeth, Act ii., scene 2.  
(Lady Macbeth.)

That last infirmity of noble minds.

MILTON.—Lycidas, line 71.

Though the desire of fame be the last weakness

Wise men put off.

MASSINGER.—A Very Woman, Act v., scene 4, and GIFFORD's note on this passage.

*INFLUENCE.*—I am sorry to say, Sir Anthony, that my *affluence* over  
my niece is very small.

SHERIDAN.—The Rivals, Act iv., scene 2.

*INGRATITUDE*.—Ingratitude is the Aaron's rod which swallows up and comprises in itself all the lesser vices.—ANONYMOUS.

[This is the sense of a Latin Proverb which the compiler found in a Dictionary of Classical Quotations published by Robinsons in 1799:—*Ingratum si dixcris omni diccs.*—If you pronounce a man ungrateful, you say all that can be urged against him.]

And shall I prove ungrateful? shocking thought! He that is ungrateful has no guilt but one; all other crimes may pass for virtues in him. —DR. YOUNG.—*Busiris*, Act ii. (Myron to the King.)

Scatter your favours on a fop,  
Ingratitude's the certain crop.—POPE.—Imitation of Horace, Epistle vii.

Ingratitude! thou marble-hearted fiend,  
More hideous, when thou show'st thee in a child,  
Than the sea-monster!

SHAKSPERE.—*King Lear*, Act i., scene 4.

How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is  
To have a thankless child.

SHAKSPERE.—*Ibid.* (*Lear* to Albany.)

Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the world!  
Crack nature's moulds, all germens spill at once,  
That make ingrateful man!

SHAKSPERE.—*King Lear*, Act iii., scene 2.  
(*Lear* and Fool upon the heath.)

I hate ingratitude more in a man  
Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness,  
Or any taint of vice.

SHAKSPERE.—*Twelfth Night*, Act iii., scene 4.  
(*Viola* to Antonio.)

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,  
Thou art not so unkind  
As man's ingratitude.

SHAKSPERE.—*As You Like It*, Act ii., scene 7.  
(A Song, *Amiens* sings.)

As we do turn our backs  
From our companion thrown into his grave,  
So his familiars to his buried fortunes  
Slink all away; leave their false vows with him  
Like empty purses pick'd; and his poor self,  
A dedicated beggar to the air.

SHAKSPERE.—*Timon of Athens*, Act iv., scene 2  
(2nd Servant.)

Deserted at his utmost need,  
By those his former bounty fed;  
On the bare earth exposed he lies,  
With not a friend to close his eyes.

DRYDEN.—*Alexander's Feast*.

*INN*.—There is nothing which has yet been contrived by man, by which so much happiness is produced, as by a good tavern or inn.

BOSWELL'S Johnson, March, 1776.

Shall I not take mine ease at mine inn?

SHAKSPERE.—1 Henry IV., Act iii., scene 3.

(Falstaff to the Hostess.)

Whoe'er has travell'd life's dull round,

Where'er his stages may have been,

May sigh to think he still has found

The warmest welcome at an inn.

SHENSTONE.—Written at an Inn at Henley.

Along the varying road of life,

In calm content, in toil or strife,

At morn or noon, by night or day,

As time conducts him on the way,

How oft doth man, by care oppress'd,

Find in an inn a place of rest.

WILLIAM COMBE.—Doctor Syntax, chapter ix.

Where'er his fancy bids him roam,

In ev'ry inn he finds a home.

Will not an inn his cares beguile,

Where on each face he sees a smile?

WILLIAM COMBE.—Ibid.

*INNOCENCE*.—Go in thy native innocence; rely

On what thou hast of virtue.

MILTON.—Paradise Lost, Book ix., line 373.

Innocence, that as a veil

Had shadow'd them from knowing ill, was gone.

MILTON.—Ibid., line 1054.

*INSCRIPTIONS*.—Inscriptions of various names I view'd

The greater part by hostile time subdued.

POPE.—Temple of Fame, line 31.

Each letter full of hope and yet of heart-break; full of all the tender pathos of the *Here* and the *Hereafter*.

LONGFELLOW.—Introduction to Hiawatha.

*INSTINCT*.—Instinct is a great matter;

I was a coward on instinct.

SHAKSPERE.—1 Henry IV., Act ii., scene 4.

(Falstaff to Prince Henry.)

*INSULT*.—Of all the griefs that harass the distress'd,

Sure the most bitter is a scornful jest;

Fate never wounds more deep the generous heart,

Than when a blockhead's insult points the dart.

DR. JOHNSON.—London, line 166.

*INTERCOURSE*.—The kindly intercourse will ever prove  
A bond of amity and social love.

BLOOMFIELD.—Farmer's Boy, Winter.

*INTEREST*.—Int'rest makes all seem Reason that leads to it;  
Int'rest that does the zeal of sects create,  
To purge a Church, and to reform a State.

DRYDEN.—The Maiden Queen, Act iv., scene 1.

*INTERPRETER*.—Egad! I think the interpreter is the hardest to be  
understood of the two!

R. B. SHERIDAN.—The Critic, Act i., scene 1.

*INTRUDE*.—I hope I don't intrude.

ANONYMOUS.—The Maid of the Oaks, Act ii.

Unmannerly intruder as thou art!

SHAKSPERE.—Titus Andronicus, Act ii., scene 3.  
(Tamora to Bassianus.)

*IRELAND*.—Long, from a nation ever hardly used,  
At random censured, wantonly abused,  
Have Britons drawn their sport; with partial view  
Form'd general notions from the rascal few.

CHURCHILL.—The Rosciad, line 529.

*IRONICALLY*.—Fy, Fy, Sir Anthony! you surely speak *laconically*.

SHERIDAN.—The Rivals, Act i., scene 2.

*IS IT COME TO THIS?*

SHAKSPERE.—Antony and Cleopatra, Act iii., scene 2.  
(Cleopatra to Antony.)

*ITCHING*.—Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself  
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm.

SHAKSPERE.—Julius Cæsar, Act iv., scene 3.  
(Brutus to Cassius.)

*IVY*.—

He was

The ivy which had hid my princely trunk,  
And suck'd my verdure out on't.

SHAKSPERE.—The Tempest, Act i., scene 2.  
(Prospero to Miranda.)

Usurping ivy, briar, or idle moss;  
Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion  
Infect thy sap, and live on thy confusion.

SHAKSPERE.—Comedy of Errors, Act ii., scene 2.  
(Adriana to Antipholus of S.)

As creeping ivy clings to wood or stone,  
And hides the ruin that it feeds upon.

COWPER.—The Progress of Error, line 285.



*IVY*.—The noisome weeds that without profit suck the soil's fertility  
from wholesome flowers.—SHAKSPERE.—Richard II., Act iii., scene 4.  
(The Gardener and Servants.)

*JACK IN OFFICE*.—I do despise them ;  
For they do prank them in authority,  
Against all noble sufferance.  
SHAKSPERE.—Coriolanus, Act iii., scene 1.  
(The General to Lartius.)

*JARS*.—Hence jarring sectaries may learn  
Their real int'rest to discern ;  
That brother should not war with brother,  
And worry and devour each other.  
COWPER.—Nightingale and Glow-worm.

*JEALOUSY*.—Be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus.  
SHAKSPERE.—Julius Cæsar, Act i., scene 2.  
(Cassius to him.)

It is a monster  
Begot upon itself, born on itself.  
SHAKSPERE.—Othello, Act iii., scene 4.  
(Emilia to Desdemona.)

O beware, my lord, of jealousy ;  
It is the green-eyed monster, which doth mock  
The meat it feeds on.  
SHAKSPERE.—Othello, Act iii., scene 3. (Iago to Othello.)  
Merchant of Venice, Act iii., scene 2.

*JEMMY DAWSON*.—Though justice ever must prevail,  
The tear my Kitty sheds is due ;  
For seldom shall she hear a tale  
So sad, so tender, yet so true.  
SHENSTONE.—Jemmy Dawson, verse 20.

Or Gallus' song, so tender and so true,  
As ev'n Lycoris might with pity view.  
ROSCOMMON.—On Translated Verse, line 23.

*JEPHTHA*.—O Jephtha, judge of Israel,—what a treasure hadst thou !  
SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act ii., scene 2.  
(Hamlet and Polonius.)

Alas, my daughter ! thou hast brought me low !  
The timbrel at her rooted feet resounds.  
GRAHAME.—Biblical Pictures. (Jephtha's Vow.)

The daughter of the warrior Gileadite,  
A maiden pure ; as when she went along  
From Mizpeh's tower'd gate with welcome light,  
With timbrel and with song.  
TENNYSON.—A Dream of Fair Women.

*JERKIN*.—A man's body and his mind (with the utmost reverence to both I speak it) are exactly like a jerkin, and a jerkin's lining : rumple the one, you rumple the other.

STERNE.—Tristram Shandy, chapter xlviii.

*JEST*.—A jest's prosperity lies in the ear  
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue  
Of him that makes it.

SHAKSPERE.—Love's Labor's Lost, Act v., scene 2.

(Rosaline to Biron.)

*JEW*.—Hath not a Jew eyes ? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions ?

SHAKSPERE.—Merchant of Venice, Act iii., scene 1.

(Shylock to Salarino.)

1. He left his old religion for an estate, and has not had time to get a new one.

2. But stands like a dead wall between church and synagogue, or like the blank leaves between the Old and New Testament.

SHERIDAN.—The Duenna, Act i., scene 3.

He was a Jew, and turned Catholic ; but in his heart he is still as much a Jew as ever Pilate was : for, they say, he abjured for interest.

LE SAGE.—Gil Blas, Book vi., chapter i.

I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

SHAKSPERE.—Merchant of Venice, Act iv., scene 1.

(Gratiano to Shylock.)

There's no living without these Israelites. I am an absolute bankrupt with every Christian creature.

O'BRIEN.—Cross Purposes, Act i., scene 1.

*JEWELS*.—Jewels five-words long,  
That on the stretch'd finger of all time sparkle for ever.

TENNYSON.—The Princess, ii., line 368.

*JOB*.—As poor as Job.

SHAKSPERE.—Merry Wives of Windsor, Act v., scene 5.

*JOINT*.—Time is out of joint.

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act i., scene 5.

(To Horatio and Marcellus.)

All things here are out of joint.

TENNYSON.—Locksley Hall, verse 67.

The age is grown so picked, that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier he galls his kibe.

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act v., scene 1.

(The Prince to Horatio.) Kibe is a chapp'd heel.

*JOKE*.—It requires a surgical operation to get a joke well into a Scotch understanding.

SYDNEY SMITH.—Wit and Wisdom.  
(Longman, Edn. 3, page 5.)

*JOURNEY*.—In the mid-journey of our life below,  
I found myself within a gloomy wood,  
No traces left the path direct to show.

WRIGHT'S Dante.—Inferno, line 1.

*JOY*.—Joy ruled the day, and love the night.

DRYDEN.—The Secular Masque.

How much better it is to weep at joy, than joy at weeping.

SHAKSPERE.—Much Ado About Nothing, Act i., scene 1.  
(Leonato to Messenger.)

An infant when it gazes on a light,  
A child the moment when it drains the breast,  
A devotee when soars the host in sight,  
An Arab with a stranger for a guest,  
A sailor when the prize has struck in fight,  
A miser filling his most hoarded chest,  
Feel rapture : but not such true joy are reaping,  
As they who watch o'er what they love while sleeping.

BYRON.—Don Juan, Canto ii., stanza 196.

Sorrows remember'd sweeten present joy.

POLLOK.—The Course of Time, Book i.

*JOYS*.—Nothing is insipid to the wise ;  
To thee, insipid all, but what is mad ;  
Joys season'd high, and tasting strong of guilt.

DR. YOUNG.—Night viii., line 835.

*JUDAISM*.—Stands midway between Heathenism and Christianity. It rose out of Heathenism as twilight out of night and melted into Christianity as twilight into morning.

ANONYMOUS.—Ecce Homo, ch. 23.

There was a twilight before the dawn, and a dawn before the morning,  
and a morning before the day.

W. E. GLADSTONE.—On our Saviour's commissions to the Apostles and to the Disciples. See his remarks on, "Ecce Homo," page 89.

*JUDGES*.—The judge forsakes the noisy bar,  
To take repast, and still the wordy war.

POPE'S Homer.—The Odyssey, Book xii., line 519.

The hungry judges soon the sentence sign,  
And wretches hang that jurymen may dine.

POPE.—Rape of the Lock, Canto iii., line 21.

*JUDGES*.—How, justice, before I've dined ! I tell you it's impossible.  
*ANONYMOUS*.—Duke and No Duke, Act i.

Thieves for their robbery have authority,  
 When judges steal themselves.  
*SHAKSPERE*.—Measure for Measure, Act ii., scene 2.  
 (Angelo meditating on his intentions towards Isabel.)

He who the sword of heaven will bear,  
 Should be as holy as severe ;  
 Pattern in himself, to know,  
 Grace to stand, and virtue go ;  
 More or less to others praying,  
 Than by self-offences weighing,  
 Shame to him, whose cruel striking  
 Kills for faults of his own liking !  
*SHAKSPERE*.—Measure for Measure, Act iii., scene 2.  
 (The Duke of Angelo's hypocrisy.) See *ROMANS*, chapter ii., verse 1.

O noble judge ! O excellent young man !  
*SHAKSPERE*.—Merchant of Venice, Act iv., scene 1.  
 (Shylock, when Portia directs Antonio to prepare his bosom for the knife.)

*JUDGMENT*.—'Tis with our judgments as our watches ; none  
 Go just alike, yet each believes his own.  
*POPE*.—On Criticism, line 9.

Sir, if my judgment you'll allow—  
 I've seen—and sure I ought to know !  
*MERRICK*.—The Chameleon.

*JURIES*.—They have been grand jurymen since before Noah was a sailor.  
*SHAKSPERE*.—Twelfth Night, Act iii., scene 2.  
 (Sir Toby to Fabian.)

Do not your juries give their verdict  
 As if they felt the cause, not heard it.  
*BUTLER*. Hudibras, Part ii., Canto ii., line 365.

*JUST*.—Be just, and fear not :  
 Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,  
 Thy God's, and truth's.  
*SHAKSPERE*.—Henry VIII., Act iii., scene 2.  
 (Wolsey to Cromwell.)

Be just in all thy actions, and if join'd  
 To those that are not, never change thy mind.  
*DENHAM*.—On Prudence, line 163.

*JUST.*—To the height of this great argument  
I may assert Eternal Providence,  
And justify the ways of God to men.

MILTON.—*Paradise Lost*, Book i., line 25.

Just are the ways of God,  
And justifiable to men.

MILTON.—*Samson Agonistes*, line 293.

Laugh where we must, be candid where we can;  
But vindicate the ways of God to man.

POPE.—*Essay on Man*, Epistle i., line 15.

Henceforth should every man in his own instance justify the plan of  
Providence.—FRERE.—*Fragments of Theognis*. (Maxim 55.)

The sweet remembrance of the just  
Shall flourish when he sleeps in dust.

PSALM cxii., verse 6.

Since the bright actions of the just  
Survive unburied in the kindred dust.

WHEELRIGHT'S Pindar.—*Olym. Ode viii.*, line 112.

And Heaven that every virtue bears in mind,  
E'en to the ashes of the just, is kind.

POPE.—*The Iliad*, Book xxiv., line 523.

[David lived about 1,000 years before our Saviour, and the Psalms are more ancient than the writings of any classic now extant. Homer, one of the earliest classic writers, wrote about 840 years before the birth of Christ, and above 100 years after the death of Solomon, the son of David.—Sir John Bayley's *Book of Common Prayer*, 239. It appears evident that the writers of the Old Testament were the original and best authors, and that from them are borrowed numerous ideas attributed to the poets themselves.—See Dr. Johnson, on the *Oriental Eclogues* of Collins.]

*JUSTICE.*—Ye gods! what justice rules the ball;  
Freedom and Arts together fall!

POPE.—*Choruses to Brutus*.

Thus, if eternal justice rules the ball;  
Thus shall your wives, and thus your children fall.

POPE.—*Elegy to the Memory of a Lady*.

And then, the justice;  
In fair round belly, with good capon lined,  
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,  
Full of wise saws and modern instances,  
And so he plays his part.

SHAKSPERE.—*As You Like It*, Act ii., scene 7.  
(Jaques on the Seven Ages of Man.)

Though justice be thy plea, consider this—  
That in the course of justice none of us  
Should see salvation.

SHAKSPERE.—*Merchant of Venice*, Act iv., scene 1.  
(Portia to Shylock.)



*JUSTICE.*— Yet I shall temper so  
Justice with mercy, as may illustrate most  
Them fully satisfy'd, and thee appeased.

MILTON.—*Paradise Lost*, Book x., line 77.

The dew of justice, which did seldom fall,  
And when it dropt, the drops were very small.

BEAUMONT.—*The Hermaphrodite*, a Poem.

1. Do you not know me, Mr. Justice?

2. Justice is blind, he knows nobody.

DRYDEN.—*The Wild Gallant*, Act v., scene 1.

Justice is lame as well as blind, amongst us.

OTWAY.—*Venice Preserved*, Act i., scene 1.

So justice, while she winks at crimes,  
Stumbles on innocence sometimes.

BUTLER.—*Hudibras*, Part i., Canto ii., line 1177.

A fine and slender net the spider weaves,  
Which little and light animals receives ;  
And if she catch a common bee or fly,  
They with a piteous groan and murmur die ;  
But if a wasp or hornet she entrap,  
They tear her cords like Sampson and escape ;  
So, like a fly, the poor offender dies,  
But, like the wasp, the rich escapes and flies.

DENHAM.—*Of Justice*, near the end ; and LA FONTAINE,  
Fable 3.

*JUVENILE.*—A most acute juvenal ; volable and free of grace !

SHAKSPERE.—*Love's Labor's Lost*, Act iii., scene 1.  
(Armado to Moth.)

1. How canst thou part sadness and melancholy, my tender juvenal ?

2. By a familiar demonstration of the working, my tough senior.

SHAKSPERE.—*Love's Labor's Lost*, Act i., scene 2.  
(Armado to Moth.)

*KEEP.*—Who cannot keep his wealth must keep his house.

SHAKSPERE.—*Timon of Athens*, Act iii., scene 3.  
(Timon's Servant.)

*KEPT.*—All these things have I kept from my youth up.

ST. MATTHEW, chapter xix., verse 20 ; ST. LUKE, chapter  
xviii., verse 21.

From my earliest youth, even up to this present age, I have always,  
father, paid all submission to the injunctions you have given.

RILEY's *Plautus*.—*Trinummus*, Act. ii., scene 2., p. 27.

*KICK*.—When late I attempted your pity to move,

Why seem'd you so deaf to my prayers?  
Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love,

But—why did you kick me down stairs?

ANONYMOUS.—From a Comedy in Three Acts called  
"The Panel," scene 4; Notes and Queries, 391.

*KILL*.—

To kill, and numbers sanctified the crime.

DR. PORTEUS.—Poem on Death.

For Heaven's sake, when you kill him hurt him not.

HEYWOOD.—The Golden Age, a Play.

As good almost kill a man as kill a good book; who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book, kills reason itself.

MILTON.—Areopagitica.

*KILLING*.—Did I not make it appear by my former arguments—or was I only amusing myself, and killing time in what I then said?

YONGE's Cicero.—Tusculan Disp., Book v., div. 16, p. 448.

*KIN*.—A little more than kin, and less than kind.

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act i., scene 2.

(Hamlet on the king having addressed him as "my son.")

*KINDNESS*.— Have I not seen

In thy swollen eye the tear of sympathy,

The milk of human kindness?

DR. ROBERTS.—To a Young Gentleman leaving Eton.

That best portion of a good man's life,

His little nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love.

WORDSWORTH.—Tintern revisited.

*KING*.—A King is more powerful when he is enraged with an inferior man.

BUCKLEY's Homer.—The Iliad, Book i., page 4.

[The wrath of a king is as messengers of death, Proverbs, chapter xvi., verse 14; and as the roaring of a lion, Proverbs, chapter xix., verse 12.]

In the breath of a prince there is life and death; and his sentence stands good, right or wrong.

SENECA.—Of Clemency.

The king's name is a tower of strength.

SHAKSPERE.—Richard III., Act v., scene 3.

The sum of all

Is, that the king hath won.

SHAKSPERE.—2 Henry IV., Act i., scene 1.

*KING*.—Obey him gladly ; and let him too know,  
You were not made for him, but he for you.

*COWLEY*.—*The Davideis*, Book iv., line 674.

*DRYDEN*.—*Absalom and Achithophel*, Part i., line 409.

*COWPER*.—*Table Talk*, line 55.

If I could find example  
Of thousands that had struck anointed kings  
And flourish'd after, I'd not do't ; but since  
Nor brass, nor stone, nor parchment, bears not one,  
Let villany itself forswear't.

*SHAKSPERE*.—*Winter's Tale*, Act i., scene 2.

(*Camillo detesting Regicides.*)

Not all the water in the rough rude sea  
Can wash the balm from an anointed king :  
The breath of worldly men cannot depose  
The deputy elected by the Lord.

*SHAKSPERE*.—*Richard II.*, Act iii., scene 2.

(*The King to Aumerle.*)

Do not fear our person :  
There's such divinity doth hedge a king,  
That treason can but peep to what it would,  
Acts little of his will.

*SHAKSPERE*.—*Hamlet*, Act iv., scene 5.

(*The King to Gertrude on Laertes' threats.*)

What earthly name to interrogatories,  
Can task the free breath of a sacred king ?

No Italian priest

Shall tithe or toll in our dominions ;  
But as we under heaven are supreme head,  
So under him, that great supremacy,  
Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,  
Without the assistance of a mortal hand :  
So tell the Pope.

*SHAKSPERE*.—*King John*, Act iii., scene 1.

(*The King to Pandulph.*)

Whiles he thought to steal the single ten,  
The King was slyly finger'd from the deck.

*SHAKSPERE*.—*3 Henry VI.*, Act v., scene 1.

(*Gloster to King Edward.*)

A cutpurse of the empire and the rule ;  
That from the shelf the precious diadem stole,  
And put it in his pocket.

*SHAKSPERE*.—*Hamlet*, Act iii., scene 4.

(*Hamlet to his mother.*)

*KING*.—I am a sage, and can command the elements—  
At least men think I can.

*SCOTT*.—*Quentin Durward*, chapter xiii.

[See also the anecdote related of Canute the Great, 1 Hume and Smollett, chapter iii.; where he in the presence of the nobles, who had so grossly flattered him on his greatness and power, commanded the sea to retire.]

It is the curse of kings to be attended  
By slaves that take their humours for a warrant.

*SHAKSPERE*.—*King John*, Act iv., scene 2.  
(The King to Hubert.)

Such is the breath of kings.

*SHAKSPERE*.—*Richard II.*, Act i., scene 3.  
(Bolingbroke to the King.)

Now lie I like a king.

*SHAKSPERE*.—*Henry V.*, Act iv., scene 1.  
(Erpingham to the King.)

Ay, every inch a king.

*SHAKSPERE*.—*King Lear*, Act iv., scene 6.  
(The King to Gloster.)

The wisest sovereigns err like private men,  
And royal hand has sometimes laid the sword  
Of chivalry upon a worthless shoulder,  
Which better had been branded by the hangman.  
What then? Kings do their best—and they and we  
Must answer for the intent, and not the event.

*SCOTT*.—*Kenilworth*, chapter xxxii.

Here lies our sovereign lord the king,

Whose word no man relies on;  
Who never says a foolish thing,  
And never does a wise one.

*ROCHESTER*.—On Charles II. (*Elegant Extracts*.)

Kings may be bless'd but Tam was glorious,  
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious.

*BURNS*.—*Tam O' Shanter*.

God bless the King! God bless the faith's defender!  
God bless—No harm in blessing the Pretender,  
Who that Pretender is, and who that King—  
God bless us all!—Is quite another thing.

*SCOTT*.—*Redgauntlet*, chapter viii.  
(Quoting Dr. Byrom.)

A king

Of shreds and patches.

*SHAKSPERE*.—*Hamlet*, Act iii., scene 4.  
(His rebuke to his mother at the moment the Ghost enters.)

*KING LOG*.—Loud the thunder to its bottom shook the log,  
And the hoarse nation croak'd, God save King Log!

OGILBY'S *Æsop's Fables*.

POPE.—The *Dunciad*, Book i., line 327.

*KINGS OF BRENTFORD*.—So sit two kings of Brentford on one  
throne;

And so two citizens who take the air,  
Close pack'd and smiling in a chaise and one.

COWPER.—The *Sofa*, Book i., line 78.

*KINGDOM*.—For, as yourselves, your empires fall,  
And every kingdom has a grave.

HABBINGTON.—*Nox nocti indicat scientiam*.

*KINGDOMS*.—Kingdoms and nations at his call appear,  
For ev'n the Lord of Hosts commands in person there.

YALDEN.—The *Curse of Babylon*, stanza 1.

*KISS*.—My lady came in like a *nolle prosequi*, and stopt the proceedings.

CONGREVE.—The *Way of the World*, Act ii., scene 8.

Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May.

SHAKSPERE.—Sonnet xviii.

Ere I could

Give him that parting kiss, which I had set  
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father,  
And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,  
Shakes all our buds from growing.

SHAKSPERE.—*Cymbeline*, Act i., scene 4.

(Imogen to Pisanio.)

While now her bending neck she plies  
Backward to meet the burning kiss,  
Then with an easy cruelty denies,  
Yet wishes you would snatch, not ask the bliss.

FRANCIS' Horace, Ode xii., line 25.

Once more for pity; that I may keep the  
Flavour upon my lips till we meet again.

DRYDEN.—Don Sebastian, Act iii., scene 2.

Once he drew,  
With one long kiss, my whole soul thro'  
My lips, as sunlight drinketh dew.

TENNYSON.—Stanza iii., Fatima.



*KITTEN*.— I'm glad of't with all my heart.  
 I had rather be a kitten and cry mew,  
 Than one of those same metre ballad-mongers ;  
 I had rather hear a brazen candlestick turn'd,  
 Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree ;  
 And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,  
 Nothing so much as mincing poetry ;  
 'Tis like the forced gait of a shuffling nag.

SHAKSPERE.—1 Henry IV., Act iii., scene 1.  
 (Hotspur to Glendower.)

*KNAVE*.—Knavery's plain face is never seen till used.

SHAKSPERE.—Othello, Act ii., scene 1.  
 (Iago after Roderigo leaves him.)

A man is not born a knave ; there must be time to make him so, nor is  
 he presently discovered after he becomes one.

HOLT.—Chief Justice, Rex v., Swendsen, 14 Howell's  
 State Trials 596. (On Character Evid.)

Well there's knavery in't ;  
 I see that without spectacles.

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.—The Coxcomb, Act v.,  
 scene 1.

Whip me such honest knaves.

SHAKSPERE.—Othello, Act i., scene 1.  
 (Iago to Roderigo.)

1. There's ne'er a villain, dwelling in all Denmark,  
 But he's an arrant knave.

2. There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave  
 To tell us that.

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act i., scene 5.  
 (Hamlet and Horatio.)

Thy beard and head are of a diff'rent dye ;  
 Short of one foot, distorted in an eye ;  
 With all those tokens of a knave complete,  
 Should'st thou be honest, thou'rt a devilish cheat.

MARTIAL.—Epig. liv., line 12.

A knave's a knave to me, in every state.

POPE.—Epi. to Arbuthnot, line 361.

Knives starve not in the land of fools.

CHURCHILL.—The Ghost, Book i., line 374.

Strip the gilding off a knave.

POPE.—Imit. of Horace, Satire i. To Fortescue, line 115.

*KNEE*.—Crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,  
Where thrift may follow fawning.

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act iii., scene 2. (Hamlet to Horatio.) Othello, Act i., scene 1. (Iago to Roderigo.)

*KNEW*.—He knew by the streamers that shot so bright,  
That spirits were riding the northern light.

SCOTT.—Last Minstrel, Canto ii., stanza 8.

*KNIVES*.—Nine and twenty Knives.

EZRA, chapter i., verse 9. (The number of knives among other things that Cyrus brought from Babylon to Jerusalem after the captivity of the Jews.)

*KNOCK*.—I stand at the door and knock.

REVELATION, chapter iii., verse 20.

Knocks at our hearts, and finds our thoughts from home.

DR. YOUNG.—Satire v., line 96.

*KNOW*.—Know'st thou the land where bloom the orange bowers,  
Where through dark foliage gleam the citron's dyes?

MRS. HEMANS.—The Last Constantine, stanza 59.

Know'st thou the land where bloom the citron bow'rs,  
Where the gold-orange lights the dusky grove?

MRS. HEMANS.—Mignon's Song, page 547.

Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle  
Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime;  
Where the rage of the vulture, the love of the turtle,  
Now melt into sorrow, now madden to crime?

BYRON.—Bride of Abydos, Canto i., verse 1.

Know then thyself, presume not God to scan,  
The proper study of mankind is man.

POPE.—Essay on Man, Epi. ii.

Lord, we know what we are, but know not what we may be.

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act iv., scene 5. (Ophelia to the King.) DAVENANT.—The Philosopher and Lover *ante* Ignorance.

*KNOWLEDGE*.—Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased.

DANIEL, chapter xii., verse 4.

Just notions will into good actions grow,  
And to our reason we our virtues owe;  
False judgments are the unhappy source of ill,  
And blinded error draws the passive will.  
To know one God, and know ourselves, is all  
We can true happiness or wisdom call.

READING.—Christian instructed, 3 Notes and Queries, 240.

**KNOWLEDGE.**—

Beyond abstain  
 To ask; nor let thine own inventions hope  
 Things not reveal'd, which the invisible King  
 Only omniscient, hath suppress'd in night;—  
 Enough is left besides to search and know.  
 Knowledge is as food, and needs no less  
 Her temperance over appetite.

MILTON.—Paradise Lost, Book vii.

Which who mislike, the fault is in their judgments quite out of taste,  
 and not in the sweet food of sweetly uttered knowledge.

SIR PHILIP SYDNEY.—Apology for Poetry. Arber's  
 re-print, page 27.

Knowledge and Wisdom, far from being one,  
 Have oft-times no connexion. Knowledge dwells  
 In heads replete with thoughts of other men;  
 Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.

COWPER.—The Task, Book vi., line 88.

Knowledge is power.—

BACON.—*De Heresibus, Nam et ipsa scientia potestas est;*  
 for knowledge itself is power.

A wise man is strong; yea, a man of knowledge increaseth strength.

SOLOMON.—Book of Proverbs, chapter xxiv., verse 5.

Our knowledge is our power, and God our strength.

SOUTHEY.—Madoc: Part 1., vi., 63.

The desire of knowledge in excess caused man to fall.

BACON.—Essay 13, On Goodness.

Human knowledge is the parent of doubt.

GREVILLE.—Maxims No. 26, 3 Ed. 1768.

**LABOUR.**—On active worth the laurel war bestows;

Peace rears her olive for industrious brows;

Nor earth, uncultured, yields its kind supplies;

Nor heaven its showers, without a sacrifice.

SHENSTONE.—The Judgment of Hercules, line 400.

As we are born to work, so others are born to watch over us while we  
 are working.

GOLDSMITH.—Essay. Specimen of a Magazine; Article  
 "Speech."

Clamorous labour knocks with its hundred hands at the golden gate of  
 the morning.

NEWMAN HALL.—Lecture in Exeter Hall, on Jan. 30th,  
 1855.

Such hath it been—shall be—beneath the sun,

The many still must labour for the one!

BYRON.—The Corsair, Canto i., stanza 8.

*LABOUR*.—I have had my labour for my travel.

SHAKSPERE.—Troilus and Cressida, Act i., scene i.

We are pouring our words into a pierced cask : we are losing our pains.  
1 RILEY's Plautus, Pseudolus, Act i., scene 3, page 274.

Labour like this our want supplies,  
And they must stoop who mean to rise.

COWPER.—Satire ix.

*LABOURER*.—The labourer is worthy of his hire.

ST. LUKE, chapter x., verse 7.

A sunburnt daughter of labour rose up from the group to meet me, as I  
advanced towards them.

STERNE.—Tristram Shandy, Vol. vii., chapter xliii.

*LADIES*.—Ladies, like variegated tulips, show  
'Tis to their changes half their charms we owe.

POPE.—Moral Essays, Epistle ii., To a Lady, line 41.

The ladies call him sweet ;  
The stairs, as he treads on them, kiss his feet.

SHAKSPERE.—Love's Labor's Lost, Act v., scene 2.  
(Biron alluding to Boyet.)

*LADY*.—A lady with her daughters or her nieces,  
Shine like a guinea and seven-shilling pieces.

BYRON.—Don Juan, Canto iii., stanza 60.

And when a lady's in the case,  
You know all other things give place.

GAY.—Fable, No. L., line 41.

*LAME*.—O most lame and impotent conclusion !

SHAKSPERE.—Othello, Act ii., scene 1. (Desdemona to Iago.)

*LAND*.—Yon sun that sets upon the sea,

We follow in his flight ;  
Farewell awhile to him and thee,  
My native land—good night !

BYRON.—Childe Harold, a Song following stanza 13,  
Canto i.

I'm still quite out at sea ; nor see the shore.

DR. YOUNG.—Night ix., line 1458.

A land of levity is a land of guilt.

DR. YOUNG.—Preface to Night vii.

I see land. —DIOGENES.—Riley's Dict., 533.

*LANDSCAPE*.—Ever charming, ever new,  
When will the landscape tire the view ?

DYER.—Grongar Hill, line 103.

*LANDSCAPE*.—New scenes arise, new landscapes strike the eye,  
And all th' enliven'd country beautify.

THOMSON.—Castle of Indolence, Canto ii., stanza 27.

Heavens! what a goodly prospect spreads around,  
Of hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and spires,  
And glittering towers, and gilded streams, till all  
The stretching landscape into smoke decays!

THOMSON.—Summer.

'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more.

BEATTIE.—The Hermit, verse 4.

Thus I (which few, I think, can boast)

Have made a landscape of a post.

WILLIAM COMBE.—Doctor Syntax, chapter ii.

*LANGUAGE*.—She ceas'd, and ere his words her fate decreed  
Impatient watch'd the language of his eye:  
There pity dwelt.

SHENSTONE.—Love and Honour.

Languages are the pedigree of nations.

DR. JOHNSON.—Croker's Boswell, 340, (A.D. 1733.)

Words are the leaves on the tree of language, of which if some fall  
away, a new succession takes their place.

TRENCH.—English Past and Present, Lect. 3, page 151,  
edition 5.

Language is fossil poetry.

EMERSON.—Essays: The Poet.

*LARK*.—The lark, that shuns on lofty bough to build.

WALLER.—A Song. Of the Queen.

The busy lark, the messenger of day.

CHAUCER.—The Knight's Tale, line 1493.

DRYDEN has "the morning lark."

Not a lark, that calls

The morning up, shall build on any turf

But she shall be thy tenant, call thee lord,

And for her rent pay thee in change of songs.

FORD.—The Sun's Darling, Act ii., scene 1.

It was the lark, the herald of the morn,  
No nightingale.

SHAKSPEKE.—Romeo and Juliet, Act iii., scene 5.

(Romeo to Juliet.)

*LASH*.—With unsparing hand,  
Oh, lash the vile impostors from the land!

CANNING.—New Morality.



*LASH*.—O, heaven ! that such companions thou'dst unfold ;  
And put in every honest hand a whip,  
To lash the rascals naked through the world.

SHAKSPERE.—Othello, Act iv., scene 2.  
(Emilia to Desdemona.)

*LAST*.—Though last, not least in love yours.

SHAKSPERE.—Julius Cæsar, Act iii., scene 1.  
(Antony to the Conspirators.) BURNS, Prol. to New-  
Year's Day. COLLINS, Ode to Liberty.

Although our last and least.

SHAKSPERE.—King Lear, Act i., scene 1.  
(Lear to his Daughter Cordelia.)

And there, though last, not least.

SPENSER.—Colin Clout, line 444.

*LATCH*.—He knew whose gentle hand was at the latch,  
Before the door had given her to his eyes.

KEATS.—Isabella.

*LATE*.—Too late ! I will put back the hand of time.  
O think it not too late !

FIELDING.—The Wedding Day, Act v., scene 7.

*LATIN*.—Away with him, away with him ! he speaks Latin.

SHAKSPERE.—2 Henry VI., Act iv., scene 7.  
(Cade to Lord Saye.)

Lash'd into Latin by the tingling rod.

GAY.—The Birth of the Squire.

*LAUGH*.—When we shall have succeeded, then will be our time to  
rejoice, and freely laugh.

BUCKLEY's Sophocles.—Electra, page 153.

They laugh that win.

SHAKSPERE.—Othello, Act iv., scene 2.  
(The Moor on watching Iago ply Cassio about Desde-  
mona's love for him.)

The long, loud laugh, sincere ;  
The kiss, snatch'd hasty from the sidelong maid,  
On purpose guardless, or pretending sleep.

THOMSON.—Winter.

To laugh were want of goodness and of grace ;  
And to be grave, exceeds all power of face.

POPE.—Prol. to Satires, line 35.

Laugh and be fat, sir.

BEN JONSON.—The Penates.

Laugh and shake in Rabelai's easy-chair.

POPE.—The Dunciad, Book i., line 22.

*LAUGH.*—I am tipsy with laughing.

CONGREVE.—The Way of the World, Act iv., scene 8.

*LAUGHED.*—The sprightly wit, the lively eye,  
Th' engaging smile, the gaiety,  
That laugh'd down many a summer sun,  
And kept you up so oft till one.

POPE.—Imit. of Horace, Book i., Epi. vii.

*LAUGHTER.*—The house of laughter makes a house of woe.

DR. YOUNG.—Night viii., line 757.

The laughter of girls is, and ever was, among the delightful sounds of earth.

DE QUINCEY.—(Note to Coleridge's Speculations on Lit. and Phil.)

*LAW.*—I speak to your shame.—Is it so, that there is not a wise man among you? no, not one that shall be able to judge between his brethren? but brother goeth to law with brother.

1 CORINTHIANS, chapter vi., verse 5; 6.

1. But is this law?

2. Ay, marry is't; crowner's quest law.

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act v., scene 1.

(The Clowns, who are about to dig Ophelia's grave.)

Thou art the worm and maggot of the law, bred in the bruised and rotten parts, and now are nourished in the same corruption that produced thee.

FARQUHAR.—The Twin Rivals, Act iv.

To be my lord, study the law.

The mighty Julius pleading at the bar,  
Was greater than when thundering in the war.  
He conquer'd nations: 'tis of more renown  
To save a client than to storm a town.

LANDSDOWNE.—Beauty and Law.

Law is a bottomless pit; it is a cormorant—a harpy that devours everything.

SWIFT.—History of John Bull, chapter vi.

(Roscoe's ed. of his life.)

*LAWS.*—Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law.

GOLDSMITH.—The Traveller, line 386.

Mark what unvaried laws preserve each state,  
Laws wise as nature, and as fix'd as fate.

POPE.—Essay on Man, Epi. iii., line 189.

Laws are like spider webs, small flies are ta'en,  
While greater flies break in and out again.

BRAITHWAITE.—Honest Ghost, 1658, page 79.

*LAW*.—Law is a spider's web, and ever was,  
It takes the little flies, lets great ones pass.

*Ibid.*—Page 170; and see Mr. Dyce's Ed. of Webster's  
Plays, xx. *in notis*.

Laws under which life lives.

CUMMING.—Lecture at Exeter Hall, 12th Nov., 1854.  
(See title "Justice.")

*LAWYERS*.—Thou son of parchment—that may'st call  
The pen thy father, and the ink thy mother,  
The sand thy brother, and the wax thy sister,  
And the good pillory thy cousin removed;  
I say, learn reverence to thy betters.

CARTWRIGHT.—The Ordinary, Act iii., scene 5.

Never fear a lawyer in lace—

The lawyer that sets out in lace, always ends in rags.

FIELDING.—Rape upon Rape, Act ii., scene 2.

I know you lawyers can, with ease,  
Twist your words and meanings as you please;  
That language, by your skill made pliant,  
Will bend to favour every client;  
That 'tis the fee directs the sense,  
To make out either side's pretence.

GAY.—Fable i., Part ii.

The plainest case in many words entangling.

BAILLIE.—Legend of Lady Griseld.

The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers.

SHAKSPERE.—2 Henry VI., Act iv., scene 2.  
(Dick to Cade.)

A lawyer's dealings should be just and fair,  
Honesty shines with great advantage there.

COWPER.—Hope, line 401.

But who shall act the honest lawyer?

'Tis a hard part that.

SUCKLING.—The Sad One, Act iii., scene 4.

*LAY*.— Lay on, Macduff;  
And damn'd be him that first cries "Hold, enough!"

SHAKSPERE.—Macbeth, Act v., scene 7.  
(Macbeth to Macduff.)

Lay not that flatt'ring unction to your soul,  
That not your trespass, but my madness, speaks.

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act iii., scene 4. (To his Mother.)

*LEAD APES IN HELL.*—Poor Gratia, in her twentieth year,  
Foreseeing future woe,  
Chose to attend a monkey here,  
Before an ape below.

SHENSTONE.—To a Lady buried in Marriage, verse 6.

*LEAP.*—Methinks, it were an easy leap  
To pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon.

SHAKSPERE.—1 Henry IV., Act i., scene 3.

(Hotspur with Northumberland and Worcester.)

1. There, Sir, I challenge you, and matrimony's the spot where I expect you.

2. 'Tis enough, I'll not fail.

(Aside) So now I'm in for Hobbes' voyage, a great leap in the dark.

VANBRUGH.—The Provoked Wife, Act v., scene 3.

*LEARNED.*—Great contest follows, and much learned dust  
Involves the combatants; each claiming truth,  
And truth disclaiming both.

COWPER.—The Task, Book iii., line 161.

With various readings stored his empty skull,  
Learn'd without sense, and venerably dull.

CHURCHILL.—The Rosciad, line 591.

*LEARNING.*—After the flood, arts to Chaldea fell.

DENHAM.—Progress of Learning, line 13.

To Egypt from Chaldee it travell'd,  
And Fate at Memphis was unravell'd.

CHURCHILL.—The Ghost, Book i., line 35.

From thence did learning into Egypt pass.

DENHAM.—Progress of Learning, line 16.

Thence to Greece.

DENHAM.—Progress of Learning, line 21.

Thus when Eliza fill'd Britannia's throne,  
What arts, what learning was not then our own?  
Then sinew'd genius strong and nervous rose  
In Spenser's numbers, and in Raleigh's prose;  
On Bacon's lips then every science hung,  
And nature spoke from her own Shakspeare's tongue.

LLOYD.—Prologue, 1761.

The Bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,  
With loads of learned lumber in his head.

POPE.—On Criticism, Part iii., line 612.

I'll talk a word with this same learned Theban.

SHAKSPERE.—King Lear, Act iii., scene 4,

(Lear with Kent and Edgar.)

*LEARNING*.—A little learning is a dangerous thing;  
 Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring:  
 There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,  
 And drinking largely sobers us again.

POPE.—On Criticism, Part ii., line 215.

Small draughts of philosophy lead to Atheism; but larger bring back to God.

BACON.—Ramage's Thoughts from the French and Italian, page 65.

O this learning! what a thing it is!

SHAKSPERE.—Taming of the Shrew, Act i., scene 2.  
 (Grumio to Lucentio.)

Learning by study must be won,  
 'Twas ne'er entail'd from son to son.—GAY.—Fable xi., Part ii.

1. Suppose we put a tax upon learning.
2. Learning, it is true, is a useless commodity, but I think we had better lay it on ignorance; for learning being the property but of a very few, and those poor ones too, I am afraid we can get little among them; whereas ignorance will take in most of the great fortunes in the kingdom.

FIELDING.—The Historical Register for 1736, Act i., sc. 1.

Learning is better worth than house or land.

CRABBE.—The Borough, Letter 18.

*LEAVE*.—Leave the room, Sir!

HOLCROFT.—The Road to Ruin, Act iv., scene 2.

MURPHY.—The Way to Keep Him, Act ii., scene 1.

MASSINGER.—The Renegado, Act iii., scene 3.

Leave this keen encounter of our wits,  
 And fall somewhat into a slower method.

SHAKSPERE.—Richard III., Act i., scene 2.  
 (Gloster to Anne.)

*LEAVES*.—A fresher green the smelling leaves display,  
 And glittering as they tremble, cheer the day.

PARNELL.—The Hermit, line 119.

There's not a spring  
 Or leaf but hath his morning hymn: each bush  
 And oak doth know I Am.

VAUGHAN.—Rules and Lessons, verse 3.

*LEBANON*.—The wintry top of giant Lebanon.

HEBER.—Palestine, page 6, edition, 1812.

*LECTURE*.—And every married man is certain  
 T' attend the lecture call'd the curtain.

LLOYD.—Epi. to J. B., Esq.



*LED*.—Her hand he seized ; and to a shady bank,  
Thick overhead with verdant roof embower'd,  
He led her, nothing loth.

MILTON.—Paradise Lost, Book ix., line 1037.

*LEFT*.—Nevertheless I have somewhat against thee, inasmuch as thou  
has left thy first love.

ST. JOHN THE DIVINE.—The Book of Revelation, chapter  
ii., verse 4.

*LEISURE*.—Retired leisure,  
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure.

MILTON.—Il Penseroso.

I am never less at leisure than when at leisure, nor less alone than  
when I am alone.—PUBLIUS SCIPIO AFRICANUS.

[A saying written of him by Cato the censor, and quoted by Cicero at the commence-  
ment of the third book of his Offices. The same idea is to be found in Seneca, Epi. vi,  
and Rogers on Human Life, line 65 from the end, without acknowledgment.]

They are never alone that are accompanied with noble thoughts.

SIDNEY.—The Arcadia, Book i.

*LENDING*.—If you lend a person any money, it becomes lost for any  
purpose as one's own. When you ask for it back again, you may  
find a friend made an enemy by your kindness. If you begin to press  
still further—either you must part with that which you have in-  
trusted, or else you must lose that friend.

1 RILEY's Plautus.—The Trinummus, Act iv., scene 4.

For loan oft loses both itself and friend.

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act i., scene 3.

*LEPROSY*.—Would God my lord were with the prophet that is in  
Samaria ! for he would recover him of his leprosy.

2 KINGS, chapter v., verse 3.

He that of greatest works is finisher

Oft does them by the weakest minister ;

So Holy Writ in babes hath judgement shown

When Judges hath been babes.

SHAKSPERE.—All's Well that Ends Well, Act ii., sc. 1.

(Helena to the King.)

*LESSON*.—The living lesson stole into the heart,  
With more prevailing force than dwells in words.

THOMSON.—Liberty, Part ii.

There is a lesson in each flower,

A story in each stream and bower ;

In every herb on which you tread,

Are written words which, rightly read,

Will lead you from earth's fragrant sod,

To hope, and holiness, and God.

ANONYMOUS.—From Adams's Quotations.

*LET.*—Let the galled jade wince ; our withers are unwrung.

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act iii., scene 2. (Hamlet to his Uncle, who begins to feel the offence of the play.)

Let's meet, and either do or die !

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.—The Island Princess.

Let us do or die !

BURNS.—Scots wha hae, &c., verse 6.

CAMPBELL.—Ontalozzi's Death Song.

Let us, then, be up and doing,

With a heart for any fate :

Still achieving, still pursuing,

Learn to labour and to wait.

LONGFELLOW.—Psalm of Life, verse last.

*LETTERS.*—It is by the benefit of Letters, that absent friends are in a manner brought together.

SENECA.—Epi. iv.

They are those wing'd postilions that can fly

From the Antarctic to the Arctic sky ;

The heralds and swift harbingers that move

From east to west on embassies of love.

HOWELL.—On Letters, Poem ii., line 5.

Heaven first taught letters for some wretch's aid,

Some banish'd lover or some captive maid.

POPE.—Eloise to Abelard, line 51.

Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,

And waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole.

POPE.—Eloise to Abelard, line 57.

And thus his quill

Declares to her the absent lover's will.

COWLEY.—The Song, verse last.

Kind messages that pass from land to land,

Kind letters that betray the heart's deep history,

In which we feel the pressure of a hand,

One touch of fire and all the rest is mystery !

LONGFELLOW.—The Sea-side, and Fire-side : Dedication.

*LIAR.*—Thou liar of the first magnitude.

CONGREVE.—Love for Love, Act ii., scene 5.

*LIBEL.*—They make a libel, which he made a play.

BEN JONSON.—Prol. to the Silent Woman.

Convey a libel in a frown,

And wink a reputation down.

SWIFT.—Journal of a Modern Lady.

*LIBERTY*.—Deep in the frozen regions of the north,  
A goddess violated brought thee forth,  
Immortal liberty.—SMOLLETT.—Ode to Independence, line 5.

'Tis liberty alone that gives the flower  
Of fleeting life its lustre and perfume;  
And we are weeds without it.

COWPER.—The Task, Book v., line 446.

From the vine-cover'd hills and gay valleys of France,  
See the day-star of liberty rise;  
Through clouds of detraction unwearied advance,  
And hold its new course in the skies.

ROSCOE.—The Metrical Miscellany. (Written in 1788.)

Thou gav'st them more than life,  
Giving what, lost, makes life not worth the keeping.

ROGERS's Italy.—Genoa, line 25.

The love of liberty with life is given,  
And life itself the inferior gift of Heaven.

DRYDEN.—Palemon and Arcite, Book ii., line 291.

When liberty is gone,  
Life grows insipid and has lost its relish.

ADDISON.—Cato, Act ii.

A day, an hour of virtuous liberty,  
Is worth a whole eternity of bondage.

ADDISON.—Cato, Act ii.

I would not my unhoused free condition  
Put into circumscription and confine  
For the sea's worth.

SHAKSPERE.—Othello, Act 1., sc. 2. (Othello to Iago.)

*LIE*.—You lie—under a mistake.

SHELLEY.—From Calderon.

Thou liest in thy throat.

SHAKSPERE.—Twelfth Night, Act iii., scene 4. (Sir Toby to Fabian.) 2 Henry IV., Act i., scene. 2.

I give him joy that's awkward at a lie.

DR. YOUNG.—Night viii., line 361.

Truth was never indebted to a lie.

DR. YOUNG.—Night viii., line 587.

The lie circumstantial, and the lie direct.

SHAKSPERE.—As you like It, Act v., scene 4.  
(Touchstone to Jaques.)

This is a shameful thing for men to lie.

TENNYSON.—Morte d'Arthur. (King Arthur to Sir Bedivere.)

*LIFE*.—The web of our life is of a mingled yarn,  
Good and ill together.

SHAKSPERE.—All's Well that Ends Well, Act iv., scene 3.  
(First Lord to Second Lord.)

So that it is never entirely free from calamity.

PLUTARCH.—Paulus Emilius, 24.

But, looking back, we see the dreadful train  
Of woes anew, which were we to sustain,  
We should refuse to tread the path again.

PRIOR.—Solomon, Book iii., line 103.

Comes the blind fury with the abhorred shears,  
And slits the thin-spun life.

MILTON.—Lycidas, line 75.

And with unwearied fingers drawing out  
The lines of life from living knowledge hid.

SPENSER.—Fairly Queen, Book iv., Canto ii., verse 48.

Whose life with care is overcast,  
That man's not said to live, but last ;  
Nor is't a life, seven years to tell,  
But for to live that half seven well.

HERRICK.—Hesp. Pastorals, No. 3.

Thus we live many years in a state of much happiness ; not but that we  
sometimes had those little rubs which Providence sends to enhance  
the value of its favours.

GOLDSMITH.—Vicar of Wakefield, chapter i.

After life's fitful fever he sleeps well.

SHAKSPERE.—Macbeth, Act iii., scene 2. (To his Lady.)

O life ! how pleasant is thy morning,  
Young fancy's rays the hills adorning !  
Cold-pausing caution's lesson scorning,

We frisk away,

Like schoolboys, at the expected warning,  
To joy and play.

BURNS.—Epistle to James Smith, verse 15.

I bear a charmed life.

SHAKSPERE.—Macbeth, Act v., scene 7. (To Macduff.)

To husband out life's taper at the close,  
And keep the flames from wasting, by repose.

GOLDSMITH.—Deserted Village, line 87.

Let us (since life can little more supply  
Than just to look about us and to die)  
Expatiate free o'er all this scene of man ;  
A mighty maze ! but not without a plan.

POPE.—Essay on Man, Epistle i., line 3.

*LIFE*.—Men deal with life as children with their play,  
Who first misuse, then cast their toys away.  
COWPER.—Hope, line 127.

To live in hearts we leave behind  
Is not to die.

CAMPBELL.—Hallowed Ground, verse 6.

But he's short-lived that with his death can do most good.  
DONNE.—The Progress of the Soul, verse 17, last line.

Life is a warfare.

SENECA.—Of a Happy Life, chapter viii.

Life is a navigation.

SENECA.—Of a Happy Life, chapter xxi.

Life's a tragedy.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.—SWIFT to Mrs. Moore, 27th  
December, 1727.

Life is a jest, and all things show it :  
I thought so once, but now I know it.

GAY.—“My Own Epitaph.”

Life is but a day at most.

BURNS.—Friars' Carse Hermitage.

Longest life is but a day.

WORDSWORTH.—Rob Roy's Grave.

Our whole life is like a play.

BEN JONSON.—Discoveries.

Life is a journey :—on we go

Thro' many a scene of joy and woe.

WILLIAM COMBE.—Dr. Syntax, Tour to the Lakes,  
chapter xii.

Life, sir ! no prince fares like him ; he breaks his fast with *Aristotle*,  
dines with *Tully*, drinks at *Helicon*, sups with *Seneca* ; then walks a  
turn or two in the milky-way, and after six hours' conference with the  
stars, sleeps with old *Erra Pater*.

COLLEY CIBBER.—Love Makes a Man, Act i., scene 1.

Reason thus with life :

If I lose thee, I do lose a thing

That none but fools would keep : a breath thou art,

(Servile to all the skye's influences,)

That dost this habitation, where thou keepest,

Hourly afflict.

SHAKSPERE.—Measure for Measure, Act iii., scene 1.  
(Duke to Claudio.)



*LIFE*.—When I consider life, 'tis all a cheat,  
 Yet, fool'd with hope, men favour the deceit.  
 —None would live past years again,  
 Yet all hope pleasure in what yet remain.

DRYDEN.—Aurengzebe, Act iv., scene 1.

That cruel Atropos eftsoons undid,  
 With cursed knife cutting the twist in twain;  
 Most wretched men, whose days depend on threads so vain.

SPENSER.—Fairy Queen, Book iv., Canto ii., verse 48.

And life at length forsook his heaving heart,  
 Loth from so sweet a mansion to depart.

DRYDEN.—The *Æneid*, Book x.

(The death of Laurus.)

'Tis not for nothing that we life pursue;  
 It pays our hopes with something still that's new;  
 Each day's a mistress, unenjoy'd before;  
 Like travellers we're pleased with seeing more.  
 Did you but know what joys your way attend,  
 You would not hurry to your journey's end.

DRYDEN.—Aurengzebe, Act iv., scene 1.

Reflect that life, like every other blessing,  
 Derives its value from its use alone;  
 Not for itself, but for a nobler end,  
 Th' Eternal gave it, and that end is virtue.

DR. JOHNSON.—Irene, Act iii., scene 8.

Life is not an idle ore,  
 But iron dug from central gloom,  
 And heated hot with burning fears,  
 And dipt in baths of hissing tears,  
 And batter'd with the shocks of doom,

To shape and use.—TENNYSON.—In Memoriam, cxvii., verse 5.

Thou hast nor youth, nor age;—  
 But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,  
 Dreaming on both.—

What's yet in this,

That bears the name of life? yet in this life  
 Lie hid more thousand deaths: yet death we fear  
 That makes these odds all even.

SHAKSPEARE.—Measure for Measure, Act iii., scene 1.

(The Duke to Claudio.)

Our life contains a thousand springs,  
 And dies if one be gone;  
 Strange that a harp of thousand strings  
 Should keep in tune so long.

WATTS.—Hymns and Spiritual Songs, Book ii., Hymn 19.

*LIFE*.—Oppress'd with grief, oppress'd with care,  
 A burden more than I can bear,  
 I sit me down and sigh ;  
 O Life ! thou art a galling load,  
 Along a rough, a weary road,  
 To wretches such as I !

BURNS.—Despondency, verse 1.

In life's last scene what prodigies surprise,  
 Fears of the brave, and follies of the wise !  
 From Marlborough's eyes the streams of dotage flow,  
 And Swift expires a driveller and a show.

DR. JOHNSON.—Vanity of Human Wishes, line 315.

The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees  
 Is left this vault to brag of.

SHAKSPERE.—Macbeth, Act ii., scene 3. (To Lennox.)

I will drink life to the lees.—TENNYSON.—Ulysses.

She was a form of life and light,  
 That, seen, became a part of sight !  
 And rose, wher'er I turn'd mine eye,  
 The morning-star of Memory.

BYRON.—The Giaour.

Take not away the life you cannot give,  
 For all things have an equal right to live.

DRYDEN.—Pythagorean Phil.

Life's but a walking shadow ; a poor player,  
 That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,  
 And then is heard no more : It is a tale  
 Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,  
 Signifying nothing.—SHAKSPERE.—Macbeth, Act v., scene 5.  
 (On hearing of his wife's death.)

He struts in robes the monarch of an hour.

TICKELL.—Prol. 1713, line 12.

*LIFT*.—Lift up your heads, O ye gates !

PSALM xxiv., verse 7.

We directed our steps towards the mansion of a wealthy man full of  
 precious things. Gates, fly open !

BUCKLEY'S Homer.—The Odyssey, Life of Homer,  
 page 29.

*LIGHT*.—He that has light within his own clear breast,  
 May sit i' the centre, and enjoy bright day ;  
 But he that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts,  
 Benighted walks under the mid-day sun :  
 Himself is his own dungeon.

MILTON.—Comus, line 381.

*LIGHT.*—

In that I shine confest,  
By my own light, in motion or at rest.

ARIOSTO.—Orlando Furioso, Canto xxiii., stanza 36.  
(Rose's Transl.)

Virtue could see to do what virtue would  
By her own radiant light.

MILTON.—Comus.

A lovely lady garmented in light.

SHELLEY.—The Witch of Atlas, stanza 5.

The light that never was on sea or land.

WORDSWORTH.—Elegiac Stanzas. Peele Castle.

Farewell ! we lose ourselves in light.

TENNYSON.—In Memoriam, 46, verse 4.

Mutually giving and receiving aid,

They set each other off, like light and shade.

CHURCHILL.—Gotham, Book ii., line 151.

There is that which one can communicate to another, and make himself  
the richer ; as one who imparts a light to another has not therefore  
less light, but walks henceforth in the light of two torches instead of  
one.

DR. TRENCH.—Parable of the Ten Virgins, 250. Ed. 9.

*LIKE.*—Were I like thee, I'd throw myself away.

SHAKSPERE.—Timon of Athens, Act iv., scene 3.  
(Timon to Apemantus.)

It was not my fault, Major Bridgenorth ;

How could I help it ? like will to like—

The boy would come—The girl would see him.

SCOTT.—Peveril of the Peak, chapter xiv.

Like will to like ; each creature loves his kind,

Chaste words proceed still from a bashful mind.

HERRICK.—Hesperides, Aphorisms, 293.

There's not a man among them but must please,

Since they are like each other as are peas.

SWIFT.—Horace, Book i., Epi. 5.

As like as milk is to milk.

RILEY.—Plautus, The Bacchides, Act i., scene 2.

As cherry is to cherry.

SHAKSPERE.—Henry VIII., Act v., scene 1.  
(Lady to King Henry.)

Almost as like as eggs.

SHAKSPERE.—Winter's Tale, Act i., scene 2.  
(Leontes to Mamillius.)

*LIKE*.—F—— loves the senate, Hockleyhole his brother,  
Like in all else as one egg to another.

POPE.—Satire to Fortescue, Book i., line 49.

Like Niobe, all tears.

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act i., scene 2. (After his interview with the King, Queen, and Lords.)

No more like my father  
Than I to Hercules.

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act i., scene 2.  
(The same Soliloquy.)

Very like a whale.

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act iii., scene 2.  
(To Polonius.)

But simpering, mild, and innocent,  
As angels on a monument.—WHITEHEAD.—Variety.

All flesh consorteth according to kind, and a man will cleave to his like.  
ECCLESIASTICUS, chapter xiii., verse 16.

The birds will resort unto their like.

ECCLESIASTICUS, chapter xxvii., verse 9.

Cicada is dear to cicada, and ant to ant, and hawks to hawks.  
BANKS' Theocritus.—Idyll ix., page 52.

*LIKENESS*.—Long shall we seek his likeness—long in vain,  
And turn to all of him which may remain,  
Sighing that Nature form'd but one such man,  
And broke the die—in moulding Sheridan.

BYRON.—Monody on Sheridan, last lines.

*LILY*.—Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not,  
neither do they spin: And yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in  
all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

ST. MATTHEW, chapter vi., verse 28, 29.

Observe the rising lily's snowy grace,  
Observe the various vegetable race:  
They neither toil nor spin, but careless grow,  
Yet see how warm they blush! how bright they glow!  
What regal vestments can with them compare!  
What King so shining! or what Queen so fair!

THOMSON.—Paraphrase on St. Matthew.

And every rose and lily, there did stand  
Better attir'd by Nature's hand.

COWLEY.—The Garden.

Yet neither spins, he cards, nor frets,  
But to her mother nature all her care she lets.

SPENSER.—Fairy Queen, Book ii., Canto i.

*LILY*.— Like the lily  
That once was mistress of the field and flourish'd  
I'll hang my head and perish.  
SHAKSPERE.—Henry VIII., Act iii., scene 1.  
(Queen Catherine to Wolsey.)

*LINE*.—The line too labours, and the words move slow.  
POPE.—On Criticism, line 370.

*LINGERING*.—Lingering and sitting by a new made grave,  
As loath to leave the body that it lov'd.  
MILTON.—Comus.

Lingering with a fond delay.  
COLLINS.—Ode on the Superstitions of Scotland, line 2.

Still linger, in our northern clime,  
Some remnants of the good old time;  
And still, within our valleys here,  
We hold the kindred title dear.

SCOTT.—Marmion, Canto iv., Introduction, line 86.

*LION*.—Rouse the lion from his lair.  
SCOTT.—The Talisman, chapter vi.

[And see the opening of St. Gregory's Poem entitled "An Address to his Soul," in Blakey's Lives of the Primitive Fathers, page 136.]

Hear the lion roar.

SHAKSPERE.—King John, Act ii., scene 1.  
(The Bastard to Austria.)

Dost thou hear the Nemean lion roar?  
SHAKSPERE.—Love's Labor's Lost, Act iv., scene 1.  
(Boyet to the Princess.)

A living dog is better than a dead lion.  
ECCLESIASTES, chapter ix., verse 4; and see Swift, "An Excellent new Song."

A lion among ladies is a most dreadful thing; for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion, living.

SHAKSPERE.—Midsummer Night's Dream, Act iii., sc. 1.  
(Bottom to his companions.)

Dost thou now fall over to my foes?  
Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for shame,  
And hang a calf's skin on those recreant limbs.

SHAKSPERE.—King John, Act iii., scene 1.  
(Constance to Austria.)

*LIPS*.—Her lips are roses over-wash'd with dew.  
GREENE.—Menaphon's Eclogue, verse 8.

Her fair lips were as a spout,  
To tumble pearls and diamonds out.

LLOYD.—On Rhyme.



*LIQUORS*.—Though I look old, yet am I strong and lusty,  
 For in my youth I never did apply  
 Hot and rebellious liquors to my blood;  
 Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo  
 The means of weakness and debility;  
 Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,  
 Frosty, but kindly.

SHAKSPERE.—As You Like It, Act ii., scene 3.  
 (Adam to Orlando.)

*LISTEN*.—*Leontine*. But, sir, if you will but listen to reason.  
*Croaker*. Come, then, produce your reasons. I tell you I'm fixed,  
 determined : so now produce your reasons. When I'm determined, I  
 always listen to reason, because it can then do no harm.

GOLDSMITH.—The Good-natured Man, Act i., scene 1.

*LISTENING*.—The planets in their station listening stood.

MILTON.—Paradise Lost, Book vii.

Have ye not listn'd while he bound the suns  
 And planets to their spheres?

THOMSON.—Memory of Newton, line 17.

In listening mood she seem'd to stand,  
 The guardian Naiad of the strand.

SCOTT.—Lady of the Lake, Canto i., stanza 17.

*LIVE*.—Live while you live, the epicure will say,  
 And take the pleasure of the present day :  
 Live while you live, the sacred preacher cries,  
 And give to God each moment as it flies.  
 Lord, in my view let both united be,  
 I live in pleasure when I live to Thee !

DR. DODDRIDGE.

From the time we first began to know,  
 We live and learn, but not the wiser grow.

POMFRET.—Reason.

For living long sin hath the greater space,  
 And dying well they find the greater grace.

GREENE.—A Maiden's Dream, 4th verse from end.

*LIVED*.—I had not wander'd wild and wide,  
 With such an angel for my guide ;  
 Nor heaven nor earth could then reprove me,  
 If she had lived, and lived to love me.

SCOTT.—Old Mortality, chapter xxiii.

If I one soul improve, I have not lived in vain.

BEATTIE.—The Minstrel, Book ii., verse 32, line 9.

*LIVED*.—To-morrow let my sun his beams display,  
Or in clouds hidè them ; I have lived to-day.

COWLEY.—A Vote, last lines.

Nor good, nor bad, nor fools, nor wise ;  
They would not learn, nor could advise ;  
Without love, hatred, joy, or fear,  
They led—a kind of—as it were,  
Nor wish'd, nor cared, nor laugh'd, nor cried ;  
And so they liv'd, and so they died.

PRIOR.—Epitaph on Jack and Joan, last lines.

*LO!*—Lo ! he comes with clouds descending.

THOMAS OLIVERS.—Hymn for Advent.

[The Author was one of the Agents in the Religious revival of the 17th century. See the Rev. Luke H. Wiseman's Lecture in Exeter Hall, 10th January, 1855.]

*LOAF*.— And easy it is  
Of a cut loaf to steal a shive, we know.

SHAKSPERE.—Titus Andronicus, Act ii., scene 1.  
(Demetrius to Aaron.)

*LOAVES*.—There shall be, in England, seven half-penny loaves sold for  
a penny ; the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops ; and I will make  
it felony to drink small beer.

SHAKSPERE.—2 Henry VI., Act iv., scene 2.  
(Cade to Dick.)

*LOBSTERS*.—Fleas are not lobsters, d—— their souls.

WOLCOT, alias Peter Pindar, (Sir Jos. Banks and the  
boiled fleas.)

*LODGE*.—Oh, that I had in the wilderness a lodging place !

JEREMIAH, chapter ix., verse 2.

Oh for a lodge in some vast wilderness,  
Some boundless contiguity of shade !  
Where rumour of oppression and deceit—  
Of unsuccessful or successful war,  
Might never reach me more !

COWPER.—The Task, Book ii., line 1.

O for a seat in some poetic nook,  
Just hid with trees and sparkling with a brook !

LEIGH HUNT.—Politics and Parties.

With spots of sunny openings, and with nooks  
To lie and read in, sloping into brooks.

LEIGH HUNT.—The Story of Rimini.

*LOGIC*.—He was in logic a great critic,  
 Profoundly skilled in analytic :  
 He could distinguish, and divide  
 A hair 'twixt south and south-west side ;  
 On either which he would dispute,  
 Confute, change hands, and still confute.

BULWER.—Hudibras, Part i., Canto i., line 65.

It is a piece of logic which will hardly pass on the world, that because  
 one man has a sore nose all the town should put plasters upon theirs.

SWIFT.—Remarks upon a Book. (Roscoe's edition, Vol.  
 2, page 181.)

*LONDON*.—The very houses seem asleep !  
 And all that mighty heart is lying still.

WORDSWORTH.—Westminster Bridge at Night.

There lies a sleeping city.

H. TAYLOR.—Philip Van Artevelde, Act iv., scene 1.

At my feet the city slumbered.—LONGFELLOW.—The Belfry of Bruges.

Creation sleeps. 'Tis as the general pulse  
 Of life stood still, and nature made a pause.

DR. YOUNG.—Night i., line 23.

Methinks I see

The monster London laugh at me.

\* \* \* \* \*

Let but thy wicked men from out thee go,

And all the fools that crowd thee so.

Even thou, who dost thy millions boast,

A village less than Islington will grow,

A solitude almost.—COWLEY.—Of Solitude, v., 11, 12, A.D. 1660.

The walls and Towers are levelled with the ground,

And scarce aught now of that vast city's found,

But shards and rubbish, which weak signs might keep,

Of forepast glory, and bid travellers weep.

COWLEY.—The Davideis, Book 2.

(With reference to Jerusalem that was.)

At last some curious traveller from Lima will visit England, and give  
 a description of the ruins of St. Paul's like the editions of Balbec and  
 Palmyra.—HORACE WALPOLE.—To Horace Mann, 24th Nov., 1774.

[And again the same writer in a letter to the Rev. William Mason, (27th November, 1775,) alludes to the period when this Island may be rediscovered, and some American smiles at the scenes on the little Thames while he is planting a forest on the banks of the Oronoko, and then in a feigned rhapsody says, "He is in little London, and must go dress and dine with some of the inhabitants of that ancient metropolis now in ruins!" After Walpole we have Volney. "Who knows," says he, "but that hereafter some traveller like myself will sit down upon the banks of the Seine, the Thames, or the Zuyder Zee, where now in the tumult of enjoyment, the heart and the eyes are too slow to take in the multitude of sensations. Who knows but he will sit down solitary amid silent ruins, and weep a people inurned, and their greatness changed into an empty name."—Ruins, chapter 2.] The next in point of time is Henry Kirke White.

LONDON.—Where now is Britain?

\* \* \* \* \*

Even as the Savage sits upon the stone  
That marks where stood her capitols, and hear  
The bittern booming in the weeds, he shrinks  
From the dismaying solitude.

H. K. WHITE.—Time. Written between 1803 and 1805.

[Next follows Shelley, who trenches upon White's *bittern*, his *capitols* and *weeds*; see his *Peter Bell* the third. Dedication, A.D. 1819.] And lastly we have,

She may still exist in undiminished vigour when some traveller from  
New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on  
a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's.

T. B. MACAULAY.—On the Roman Catholic Church.

[See his *Essay on Ranke's History of the Popes*. *Edinburgh Review*, Oct. 1840.]

LOOK.—Look before you, 'ere you leap;  
For as you sow y' are like to reap.

HUDIBRAS.—Canto ii., Part ii., line 503.

Look here, upon this picture, and on this.

SHAKSPERE.—*Hamlet*, Act iii., scene 4.  
(To his Mother.)

Look round the habitable world, how few  
Know their own good; or, knowing it, pursue.

DRYDEN.—*Juvenal*, *Satire x.*

That constellation set, the world in vain  
Must hope to look upon their like again.

COWPER.—*Table Talk*, line 661.

He was a man, take him for all and all,  
I shall not look upon his like again.

SHAKSPERE.—*Hamlet*, Act i., scene 2. (To Horatio.)

LOOKED.—Alone, amid the shades,  
Still in harmonious intercourse they lived  
The rural day, and talk'd the flowing heart,  
Or sigh'd and look'd unutterable things.

THOMSON.—*Summer*, line 1185.

LOOKS.—Looks that speak.

SHERIDAN.—*Verses to Garrick's Memory*.

And looks commercing with the skies,  
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes.

MILTON.—*Il Penseroso*, line 39.

Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,  
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn.

GOLDSMITH.—*The Deserted Village*, line 329.

He looks like a writ of inquiry into their titles and estates.

CONGREVE.—*Love for Love*, Act i., scene 2.

*LORD*.—The Lord is my shepherd : therefore can I lack nothing. He shall feed me in a green pasture ; and lead me forth beside the waters of comfort.

PSALM xxiii., verses 1, 2. See ADDISON's beautiful Paraphrase on the same, *Spectator*, No. 441.

Thou wast wont to lead the stag to new pastures, and to the streams of running waters.

RILEY's *Ovid*, *Met.*, page 349.

Lord of the lion heart and eagle eye !

SMOLLETT.—*Ode to Independence*.

Lord of useless thousands.

POPE.—*Moral Essays*, *Epi. iii.*, line 314.

Lord of himself—that heritage of woe !

BYRON.—*Lara*, *Canto i.*, stanza 2.

I see the lords human kind pass by.

GOLDSMITH.—*The Traveller*, line 328.

And there began a lang digression

About the lords o' the creation.

BURNS.—*The Twa Dogs*.

*LOSSES*.—Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,

That have of late so huddled on his back,

Enough to press a royal merchant down.

SHAKSPERE.—*Merchant of Venice*, *Act iv.*, scene 1.

(*The Duke to Shylock.*)

*LOST*.—What though the field be lost !

All is not lost ; th' unconquerable will,

And study of revenge, immortal hate,

And courage never to submit or yield,

And what is else not to be overcome.

MILTON.—*Paradise Lost*, *Book i.*, line 105.

Dear is the spot where Christians sleep,

And sweet the strain which angels pour ;

Oh, why should we in anguish weep ?

They are not lost, but gone before.

ANONYMOUS.—See R. A. Smith's *Edinburgh Harmony*, 1829, and Rogers' *Human Life*.

Such is the tale, so sad, to memory dear,

Which oft in youth has charm'd my listening ear.

H. KIRKE WHITE.—*Clifton Grove*, line 441.

Good Titus could, but Charles could never say,

Of all his royal life, he "lost a day."

DUKE.—*Poem on the Death of Charles II.*



*LOST*.—"I've lost a day"—the prince who nobly cried,  
Had been an emperor without his crown.

DR. YOUNG.—Night ii., line 99.

This world, 'tis true,  
Was made for Cæsar, but for Titus too;  
And which more blest? Who chain'd his country? say,  
Or he whose virtue sigh'd to lose a day?

POPE.—Essay on Man, Epi. iv., stanza 1.

The delight of men,  
He who the day, when his overflowing hand  
Had made no happy heart, concluded lost!

THOMSON.—Liberty.

How hard their lot who neither won nor lost!

ANONYMOUS.—The Bucks had dined. (Elegant Extracts.)

*LOVE*.—Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods  
drown it.

SOLOMON'S SONG, chapter viii., verse 7.

HERRICK.—Hesperides against Love, No. 127.

Banish that fear; my flame can never waste,  
For love sincere refines upon the taste.

COLLEY CIBBER.—The Double Gallant, Act v., scene 1.

O love! unconquerable in the fight.

BUCKLEY.—Sophocles, Antigone, page 188.

But he who stems a stream with sand,  
And fetters flame with flaxen band,  
Has yet a harder task to prove—  
By firm resolve to conquer love!

SCOTT.—Lady of the Lake, Canto iii., stanza 28.

Love, free as air, at sight of human ties,  
Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies.

POPE.—Epi. to Eloisa, last lines.

Love is the salt of life; a higher taste  
It gives to pleasure, and then makes it last.

BUCKINGHAM.—Ode on Love, verse 5.

O death, all eloquent! you only prove  
What dust we doat on, when 'tis man we love.

POPE.—Eloise to Abelard, line 355.

'Like Dian's kiss, unask'd, unsought,  
Love gives itself, but is not bought.

LONGFELLOW.—Endymion, verse 4.

Thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women.

DAVID, KING OF ISRAEL, lamenting Saul and Jonathan.—  
2 Samuel, chapter i., verse 26.

*LOVE*.—Love! who lightest on wealth, who makest thy couch in the soft cheeks of the youthful damsel, and roamest beyond the sea, and 'mid the rural cots, thee shall neither any of the immortals escape, nor men the creatures of a day.

BUCKLEY'S *Sophocles, Antigone*, page 188.

Alas! the love of women! it is known  
To be a lovely and a fearful thing;  
For all of theirs upon that die is thrown,  
And if 'tis lost, life hath no more to bring  
To them but mockeries of the past alone,  
And their revenge is as the tiger's spring,  
Deadly, and quick, and crushing; yet, as real  
Torture is theirs, what they inflict they feel.

BYRON.—*Don Juan*, Canto ii., stanza 199.

In men desire begets love, and in women love begets desire.

SWIFT.—A Quotation from Fitzharding, the sister of Lady Orkney. (*Journal to Stella*, Letter 54.)

Oh love! what is it in this world of ours  
Which makes it fatal to be loved? Ah! why  
With cyprus branches hast thou wreathed thy bowers,  
And made thy best interpreter a sigh?  
As those who dote on odours pluck the flowers,  
And place them on their breast—but place to die;  
Thus the frail beings we would fondly cherish  
Are laid within our bosoms but to perish.

BYRON.—*Don Juan*, Canto iii., stanza 2.

True he it said, whatever man it said,  
That love with gall and honey doth abound;  
But if the one be with the other weighed,  
For every dram of honey therein found  
A pound of gall doth over it redound.

SPENSER.—*Fairy Queen*, Book iv., Canto x., and *Eclogue* iii., March.

In peace, love tunes the shepherd's reed;  
In war, he mounts the warrior's steed;  
In halls, in gay attire is seen;  
In hamlets, dances on the green.  
Love rules the court, the camp, the grove;  
And men below, and saints above;  
For love is heaven, and heaven is love.

SCOTT.—*Lay of the Last Minstrel*, Canto iii., verse 2.

True Love's the gift which God has given  
To man alone beneath the heaven.

SCOTT.—*Lay of the Last Minstrel*, Canto v., stanza 13.

LOVE.—Man's love is of man's life a thing apart,  
 'Tis woman's whole existence : man may range  
 The court, camp, church, the vessel, and the mart ;  
 Sword, gown, gain, glory, offer in exchange  
 Pride, fame, ambition, to fill up his heart,  
 And few there are whom these cannot estrange ;  
 Men have all these resources, we but one,  
 To love again, and be again undone.

BYRON.—Don Juan, Canto i., stanza 194.

I cannot love thee as I ought,  
 For love reflects the thing beloved ;  
 My words are only words, and moved  
 Upon the topmost froth of thought.

TENNYSON.—In Memoriam, line i., verse 1.

Love will find out the way.

ANONYMOUS.—3 Percy Reliques, 294. (A Song.)

Love on the picture smiled ! expression pour'd  
 Her mingling spirit there, and Greece adored !

CAMPBELL.—Pleasures of Hope, Part ii.

There is no other remedy for love, O Nicias, either in the way of salve,  
 as it seems to me, or of plaster, except the Muses.

BUCKLEY's Theocritus, page 58.

Love, the sole disease thou canst not cure.

POPE.—Pastoral ii., Summer, line 12.

Love is not to be reason'd down, or lost  
 In high ambition or a thirst of greatness.

ADDISON.—Cato, Act i., scene 1.

Ambition is no cure for love.

SCOTT.—Lay of the Last Minstrel, Canto i., verse 27.

Why did she love him ? Curious fool !—be still—  
 Is human love the growth of human will ?

BYRON.—Lara, Canto ii., verse 22.

Love will still be lord of all.

SCOTT.—Lay of the Last Minstrel, Canto vi., verse 11.

Love keeps the cold out better than a cloak. It serves for food and  
 raiment.

LONGFELLOW.—The Spanish Student, Act i., scene 5.

From "*Two Gentlemen of Verona*."—SHAKSPERE :

Affection chains thy tender days  
 To the sweet glances of thy honoured love.—i., 1.  
 Since thou lovest, love still and thrive therein,  
 Even as I would when I to love begin.—i., 1.

LOVE.—And on a love-book pray for my success ?  
 Upon some book I love I'll pray for thee.—i., 1.  
 On some shallow story of deep love :  
 How young Leander crossed the Hellespont.—i., 1.  
 That's a deep story of a deeper love ;  
 For he was more than over shoes in love.—i., 1.  
 You are over boots in love,  
 And yet you never swum the Hellespont.—i., 1.  
 Now we are alone,  
 Wouldst thou then counsel me to fall in love.—i., 2.  
 His little speaking shows his love but small.—i., 2.  
 They do not love that do not show their love.—  
 O, they love least that let men know their love.—i., 2.  
 To plead for love deserves more fee than hate.—i., 2.  
 Fie, fie, how wayward is this foolish love  
 That, like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse !—i., 2.  
 Sweet love ! sweet lines ! sweet life !  
 Here is her hand, the agent of her heart.—i., 3.  
 Here is her oath for love, her honour's pawn.—i., 3.  
 How this spring of love resembleth  
 The uncertain glory of an April day !—i., 3.  
 I break my fast, dine, sup, and sleep,  
 Upon the very naked name of love.—ii., 4.  
 O, flatter me ; for love delights in praises.—ii., 4.  
 Except not any ;  
 Except thou wilt except against my love.—ii., 4.  
 I must after,  
 For love, thou know'st, is full of jealousy.—ii., 4.  
 The remembrance of my former love  
 Is by a newer object quite forgotten.—ii., 4.  
 She is fair ; and so is Julia that I love—  
 That I did love, for now my love is thawed.—ii., 4.  
 I love this lady too too much,  
 And that's the reason I love him so little.—ii., 4.  
 If I can check my erring love, I will ;  
 If not, to compass her I'll use my skill.—ii., 4.  
 I tell thee, I care not though he burn himself in love.—ii., 5.  
 Love bade me swear, and Love bids me forswear.—ii., 6.  
 O sweet-suggesting Love, if thou hast sinned,  
 Teach me, thy tempted subject, to excuse it !—ii., 6.  
 I to myself am dearer than a friend,  
 For love is still most precious in itself.—ii., 6.  
 Love, lend me wings to make my purpose swift.—ii., 6.

LOVE.—Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,  
 Thou wouldst as soon go kindle fire with snow.—ii., 7.  
 As seek to quench the fire of love with words.—ii., 7.  
 A thousand oaths, an ocean of his tears  
 And instances of infinite of love.—ii., 7.  
 His oaths are oracles,  
 His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate.—ii., 7.

From "*Merry Wives of Windsor*."—SHAKSPERE:

It is a familiar beast to man, and signifies love.—i., 1.  
 But if there be no great love in the beginning, yet heaven may decrease  
 it.—i., 1.  
 Though Love use Reason for his physician, he admits him not for his  
 counsellor.—ii., 1.  
 Love like a shadow flies when substance love pursues.—ii., 2.  
 In love the heavens themselves do guide the state;  
 Money buys lands, and wives are sold.—v., 5.

From "*Measure for Measure*."—SHAKSPERE:

I love the people,  
 But do not like to stage me to their eyes.—i., 1.  
 Believe not that the dribbling dart of love  
 Can pierce a complete bosom.—i., 3.  
 To the love I have in doing good a remedy presents itself.—iii., 1.  
 Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dearer love.—  
 iii., 2.  
 Seals of love, but sealed in vain, sealed in vain.—iv., 1.

From "*Comedy of Errors*."—SHAKSPERE:

Ere I learn love, I'll practice to obey.—ii., 1.  
 Your sauciness will jest upon my love,  
 And make a common of my serious hours.—ii., 2.  
 Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot.—iii., 2.  
 Do it by stealth;  
 Muffle your false love with some show of blindness.—iii., 2.  
 Let Love, being light, be drowned if she sink!—iii., 2.  
 Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life.—iii., 2.  
 Belike you thought our love would last too long.—iv., 1.

From "*Much Ado About Nothing*."—SHAKSPERE:

I shall see thee, ere I die, look pale with love.—i., 1.  
 With anger, with sickness, or with hunger, my lord, not with love.—i., 1.



*LOVE*.—Prove that ever I lose more blood with love than I will get again with drinking.—i., 1.  
 Had a rougher task in hand  
 Than to drive liking to the name of love.—i., 1.  
 How sweetly you do minister to love,  
 That know love's grief by his complexion!—i., 1.  
 Speak low, if you speak love.—ii., 1.

From "*Love's Labor's Lost*."—SHAKSPERE:

Comfort me, boy; what great men have been in love?—i., 2.  
 My love is most immaculate white and red.—i., 2.  
 Sing, boy; my spirit grows heavy in love.—i., 2.  
 Love is a familiar;  
 Love is a devil: there is no evil angel but Love.—i., 2.  
 A well-accomplished youth,  
 Of all that virtue love for virtue loved.—ii., 1.  
 Through the throat, as if you swallowed love with singing love.—iii., 1.  
 Through the nose, as if you snuffed up love by swelling love.—iii., 1.  
 Some men must love my lady and some Joan.—iii., 1.  
 If love makes me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?—iv., 2.  
 By the Lord, this love is as mad as Ajax.—iv., 3.  
 O, but her eye,—by this light, but for her eye,  
 I would not love her.—iv., 3.  
 By heaven, I do love: and it hath taught me to rhyme and be melancholy.—iv., 3.  
 Once more  
 I'll mark how love can vary wit.—iv., 3.  
 Love, whose month is ever May,  
 Spied a blossom passing fair.—iv., 3.  
 Something else more plain,  
 That shall express my true love's fasting pain.—iv., 3.  
 Thy love is far from charity,  
 That in love's grief desirest society.—iv., 3.  
 When shall you see me write a thing in rhyme?  
 Or groan for love?—iv., 3.  
 O, but for my love, day would turn to night!—iv., 3.  
 As much love in rhyme  
 As would be crammed up in a sheet of paper.—v., 2.  
 Love doth approach disguised,  
 Armed in arguments.—v., 2.  
 Though the mourning brow of progeny  
 Forbid the smiling courtesy of love.—v., 2.

LOVE.—Yet, since love's argument was first on foot,  
Let not the cloud of sorrow justle it.—v., 2.

Love is full of unbefitting strains,  
All wanton as a child, skipping and vain.—v., 2.  
If frosts and fasts, hard lodging and thin weeds  
Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love.—v., 2.

From "*Midsummer Night's Dream*."—SHAKSPERE:

At her window sung  
With feigning voice verses of feigning love.—i., 1.  
The course of true love never did run smooth.—i., 1.  
O hell! to choose love by another's eyes.—i., 1.  
As due to love as thoughts and dreams and sighs,  
Wishes and tears.—i., 1.  
By the simplicity of Venus' doves,  
By that which knitteth souls and prospers loves.—i., 1.  
The more I hate, the more he follows me.—  
The more I love, the more he hateth me.—i., 1.  
Things base and vile, holding no quantity,  
Love can transpose to form and dignity.—i., 1.  
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;  
And therefore is winged Cupid painted blind.—i., 1.  
Nor hath Love's mind of any judgement taste;  
Wings and no eyes figure unheedy haste.—i., 1.  
Therefore is Love said to be a child,  
Because in choice he is so oft beguiled.—i., 1.  
As waggish boys in game themselves forswear,  
So the boy Love is perjured everywhere.—i., 1.  
Playing on pipes of corn, and versing love  
To amorous Phillida.—ii., 1.  
On meddling monæy, or on busy ape,  
She shall pursue it with the soul of love.—ii., 1.  
What worser place can I beg in your love,—  
And yet a place of high respect with me?—ii., 1.  
We cannot fight for love, as men may do;  
We should be wooed, and were not made to woo.—ii., 1.  
Take the sense, sweet, of my innocence!  
Love takes the meaning in love's conference.—ii., 2.  
Where I o'erlook  
Love's stories written in love's richest book.—ii., 2.  
To say the truth, reason and love keep little company together now a-  
days.—iii., 1.

From "*The Merchant of Venice*."—SHAKSPERE :

LOVE.—From your love I have a warranty  
 To unburden all my plots and purposes.—i., 1.  
 Spend but time  
 To wind about my love with circumstance.—i., 1.  
 If he love me to madness,  
 I shall never requite him.—i., 2.  
 Let us make incision for your love,  
 To prove whose blood is reddest.—ii., 1.  
 I am not bid for love ; they flatter me :  
 But yet I'll go in hate.—ii., 5.  
 Ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly  
 To seal love's bonds new-made.—ii., 6.  
 Love is blind and lovers cannot see  
 The pretty follies that themselves commit.—ii., 6.  
 Let it not enter in your mind of love.—ii., 8.  
 Employ your chiefest thoughts  
 To courtship and such fair ostents of love.—ii., 8.  
 I have not seen  
 So likely an ambassador of love.—ii., 9.  
 With no less presence, but with much more love,  
 Than young Alcides.—iii., 2.  
 Touched with human gentleness and love,—iv., 1.

From "*As You Like It*."—SHAKSPERE :

Let me see ; what think you of falling in love ?—i., 2.  
 Love no man in good earnest ; nor no further in sport neither than with  
 safety.—i., 2.  
 The love  
 Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one.—i., 3.  
 But if thy love were ever like to mine—  
 As sure I think did never man love so.—ii., 4.  
 As all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal in folly.—ii., 4.  
 Who doth ambition shun  
 And loves to live i' the sun.—ii., 5.  
 Who after me hath many a weary step  
 Limped in pure love.—ii., 7.  
 The worst fault you have is to be in love.—iii., 2.  
 He seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.—iii., 2.  
 Love is merely a madness, and,  
 I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip.—iii., 2.  
 The sight of lovers feedeth those in love.—iii., 4.

LOVE—Then shall you know the wounds invisible  
That love's keen arrows make.—iii., 5.

Down on your knees,  
And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love.—iii., 5.

Do not fall in love with me,  
For I am falser than vows made in wine.—iii., 5.

So holy and so perfect is my love,  
And I in such a poverty of grace.—iii., 5.

Would have gone near  
To fall in love with him.—iii., 5.

For my part, I love him not nor hate him not.—iii., 5.

He is one of the pattern of love.—iv., 1.

My pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am  
in love!—iv., 1.

I see love hath made thee a tame snake.—iv., 3.

They are in the very wrath of love and they will together.—v., 2.

For love is crowned with the prime  
In spring time.—v., 3.

From "*The Taming of the Shrew*."—SHAKSPERE:

Is it possible  
That love should of a sudden take such hold?—i., 1.

While idly I stood, looking on,  
I found the effect of love in idleness.—i., 1.

Peace it bodes, and love and quiet life,  
And awful rule and right supremacy.—v., 2.

Craves no other tribute at thy hands  
But love, fair looks, and true obedience.—v., 2.

From "*All's Well That Ends Well*."—SHAKSPERE:

Love all, trust a few,  
Do wrong to none; be able for thine enemy.—i., 1.

'Twere all one  
That I should love a bright particular star  
And think to wed it.—i., 1.

The hind that would be mated by the lion,  
Must die for love.—i., 1.

What power is it which mounts my love so high,  
That makes me see, and cannot feed mine eye?—i., 1.

The show and seal of nature's truth,  
Where love's strong passion is impressed in youth.—i., 3.

Love make your fortunes twenty times above  
Her that so wishes, and her humble love!—ii., 3.

From *Twelfth Night*.”—SHAKSPERE :

LOVE.—If music be the food of love, play on ;  
Give me excess of it.—i., 1.

O spirit of love ! how quick and fresh art thou.—i., 1.

With adorations, fertile tears,  
With groans that thunder love.—i., 5.

It gives a very echo to the seat  
Where love is throned.—ii., 4.

Let thy love be younger than thyself,  
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent.—ii., 4.

And dallies with the innocence of love,  
Like the old age.—ii., 4.

My love, more noble than the world,  
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands.—ii., 4.

Alas, their love may be called appetite,  
No motion of the liver, but the palate.—ii., 4.

She never told her love,  
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,  
Feed on her damask cheek.—ii., 4.

For still we prove  
Much in our vows, but little in our love.—ii., 4.

I pity you—  
That's a degree to love.—  
No, not a grize.—iii., 1.

Love sought is good, but given unsought is better.—iii., 1.

His love dares yet do more  
Than you have heard him brag to you he will.—iii., 4.

After him I love  
More than I love those eyes, more than my life.—v., 1.

A contract of eternal bond of love,  
Confirmed by mutual joinder of your hands.—v., 1.

From *"Romeo and Juliet."*—SHAKSPERE :

Here's much to do with hate, but more with love.—i., 1.

Love is a smoke raised with the fume of sighs.—i., 1.

In strong proof of chastity well armed,  
From love's weak childish bow she lives unharmed.—i., 1.

My only love sprung from my only hate !  
Too early seen unknown, and known too late !—i., 5.

Prodigious birth of love it is to me,  
That I must love a loathed enemy.—i., 5.

Stony limits cannot hold love out,  
And what love can do that dares love attempt.—ii., 2.



*LOVE*.—O gentle Romeo,  
 If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully.—ii., 2.  
 This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,  
 May prove a beauteous flower.—ii., 2.  
 My bounty is as boundless as the sea,  
 My love as deep.—ii., 2.  
 Love goes toward love, as schoolboys from their books.—ii., 2.  
 Love moderately; long love doth so;  
 Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.—ii., 6.  
 My true love has grown to such excess I cannot sum up sum of half my  
 wealth.—ii., 6.  
 If love be blind,  
 It best agrees with night.  
 Come, civil night.—iii., 2.  
 Till strange love, grown bold,  
 Think true love acted simple modesty.—iii., 2.  
 O, I have bought the mansion of a love,  
 But not possessed it.—iii., 2.

From "*Hamlet*."—SHAKSPERE :

With wings as swift,  
 As meditation or the thoughts of love.—i., 5.  
 So, gentlemen,  
 With all my love I do commend me to you.—i., 5.  
 And what so poor a man as Hamlet is  
 May do, to express his love and friending to you.—i., 5.  
 This is the very ecstasy of love,  
 Whose violent property fordoes itself.—ii., 1.  
 Doubt that the sun doth move;  
 Doubt truth to be a liar;  
 But never doubt I love.—ii., 1.  
 Truly in my youth I suffered much extremity for love; very near this.  
 —ii., 2.  
 By the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved  
 love.—ii., 2.  
 The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,  
 The insolence of office.—iii., 1.  
 The origin and commencement of his grief  
 Sprung from neglected love.—iii., 1.  
 Is this a prologue, or the posy of a ring?—  
 'Tis brief, my lord—  
 As woman's love.—iii., 2.  
 For woman's fear and love holds quantity;  
 In neither aught, or in extremity.—iii., 2.

LOVE.—What my love is, proof hath made you know;  
 And as my love is sized, my fear is so.—iii., 2.  
 Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear.—iii., 2.

From "*King Lear*."—SHAKSPERE:

I love you more than words can wield the matter;  
 Dearer than eyesight.—i., 1.  
 A love that makes breath poor, and speech unable  
 Beyond all manner of so much I love you.—i., 1.  
 I am sure, my love's  
 More richer than my tongue.—i., 1.  
 Whose hand must take my plight shall carry  
 Half my love with him, half my care and duty.—i., 1.  
 May your deeds approve,  
 That good effects may spring from words of love.—i., 1.  
 Love's not love  
 When it is mingled with regards that stand  
 Aloof from the entire point.—i., 1.  
 Since that respects of fortune are his love, I shall not be his wife.—i., 1.  
 Love cools, friendship falls off, brothers divide: in cities, mutinies; in  
 countries, discord.—i., 2.  
 Not so young, sir, to love a woman for singing, nor so old to dote on her  
 for anything.—i., 4.

From "*Othello*."—SHAKSPERE:

Not I for love and duty,  
 But seeming so, for my peculiar end.—i., 1.  
 I must show out a flag and sign of love,  
 Which is indeed but sign.—i., 1.  
 I will a round unvarnished tale deliver  
 Of my whole course of love.—i., 3.  
 To fall in love with what she feared to look on!  
 It is a judgment maimed and most imperfect.—i., 3.  
 I have but an hour  
 Of love, of worldly matters and direction,  
 To spend with thee.—i., 3.  
 I never found man that knew how to love himself.—i., 3.  
 Ere I would say, I would drown myself for the love of a guinea-hen.—i., 3.  
 I take this that you call love to be a sect or scion.—i., 3.  
 Our loves and comforts should increase,  
 Even as our days do grow.—ii., 1.  
 This crack of your love shall grow stronger than it was before.—ii., 3.  
 I protest, in the sincerity of love and honest kindness.—ii., 3.

*LOVE*.—His soul is so en fettered to her love,  
 That she may make, unmake, do what she list.—ii., 3.  
 I do love thee ! and when I love thee not,  
 Chaos is come again.—iii., 3.  
 But, O, what damned minutes tells he o'er  
 Who dotes, yet doubts, suspects, yet strongly loves !—iii., 3.  
 Than keep a corner in the thing I love  
 For others' uses.—iii., 3.  
 In sleep I heard him say, " Sweet Desdemona,  
 Let us be wary, let us hide our love."—iii., 3.  
 All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven.—iii., 3.

From "*Antony and Cleopatra*."—SHAKSPERE :

There's beggary in the love that can be reckoned.—i., 1.  
 The ebb'd man, ne'er loved till ne'er worth love,  
 Comes deared by being lacked.—i., 4.  
 The April's in her eyes : it is love's spring,  
 And these the showers to bring it on.—iii., 2.  
 Let your best love draw to that point, which seeks  
 Best to preserve it.—iii., 4.

Our faults  
 Can never be so equal, that your love  
 Can equally move with them.—iii., 4.

The ostentation of our love, which, left unshown,  
 Is often left unloved.—iii., 6.

As thereto sworn by your command,  
 Which my love makes religion to obey.—v., 2.

*LOVED*.—None without hope e'er loved the brightest fair ;  
 But Love can hope, where Reason would despair.

LYTTLETON.—Epigram.

Let those love now who ever lov'd before,  
 And those who always lov'd now love the more.  
 PARNELL.—The Vigil of Venus, the last lines.

To soothe  
 That agony of heart which they alone  
 Who best have lov'd, who best have been beloved  
 Can feel or pity.

Rev. W. MASON.—The English Garden, Book i.

'Tis better to have loved and lost,  
 Than never to have loved at all.  
 TENNYSON.—In Memoriam, xxvii.

*LOVED*.—How many are not lov'd who think they are?  
 Yet all are willing to believe the fair:  
 And, though 'tis Beauty's known and obvious cheat,  
 Yet man's self-love still favours the deceit.

DRYDEN.—The Conquest of Granada, Part ii., Act ii., scene 1.

It is certain I am loved of all ladies, only you excepted.

SHAKSPERE.—Much Ado About Nothing, Act i., scene 1.

But mine and mine I loved and mine I praised  
 And mine that I was proud on.

SHAKSPERE.—Much Ado About Nothing, Act iv., scene 1.

The fairest dame

That lived, that loved, that liked, that looked with cheer.

SHAKSPERE.—Midsummer Night's Dream, Act v., sc. 1.

From "*As You Like It*."—SHAKSPERE:

Thou knew'st how I do love her!—

I partly guess; for I have loved ere now.—ii., 4.

Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?—iii., 5.

No sooner looked but they loved, no sooner loved but they sighed.—v., 2.

I do protest I never loved myself  
 Till now.

SHAKSPERE.—King John, Act ii., scene 1.

As if I loved my little should be dieted

In praises sauced with lies.

SHAKSPERE.—Coriolanus, Act i., scene 9.

Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more.

SHAKSPERE.—Julius Cæsar, Act iii., scene 2.

He's loved of the distracted multitude,

Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes.

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act iv., scene 3.

Her father loved me; oft invited me;

Still questioned me the story of my life.

SHAKSPERE.—Othello, Act i., scene 3.

Of one that loved not wisely but too well;

Of one not easily jealous.

SHAKSPERE.—Othello, Act v., scene 2.

*LOVELINESS*.—

Loveliness

Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,

But is, when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most.

THOMSON.—Autumn, line 204.

*LOVELINESS*.—Her gentle limbs did she undress,  
And laid down in her loveliness.

COLERIDGE.—Christabel, Part i.

*LOVELY*.—Lovely Thais sits beside thee,  
Take the good the gods provide thee.

DRYDEN.—Alexander's Feast, verse 5.

*LOVER*.—What mad lover ever dy'd,  
To gain a soft and gentle bride?  
Or for a lady tender-hearted,  
In purling streams or hemp departed?

BUTLER.—Hudibras, Part iii., Canto i., line 23.

A sonnet quaint  
Of Silvia's shoe-string, or of Chloe's fan,  
Or sweetly-fashion'd tip of Celia's ear.

SHENSTONE.—Economy, Part iii., line 85.

Who shall give a lover any law?

CHAUCER.—Saunders, Volume i., page 20.

From "*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*."—SHAKSPERE :

Alas ! this parting strikes poor lovers dumb.—ii., 2.  
Hope is a lover's staff ; walk hence with that,  
And manage it against despairing thoughts.—iii., 1.  
Lovers break not hours,  
Unless it be to come before their time.—v., 1.

From "*Love's Labor's Lost*."—SHAKSPERE :

Green indeed is the colour of lovers.—i., 2.  
A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind ;  
A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound.—iv., 3.  
We are wise girls to mock our lovers so,  
They are worse fools to purchase mocking so.—v., 2.

From "*Midsummer Night's Dream*."—SHAKSPERE :

Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,  
Such shaping fantasies.—v., 1.  
The lunatic, the lover, and the poet  
Are of imagination all compact.—v., 1.  
The lover, all as frantic,  
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt.—v., 1.  
The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve :  
Lovers, to bed ; 'tis almost fairy time.—v., 1.

It is marvel he out-dwells his hour,  
For lovers ever run before the clock.

SHAKSPERE.—Merchant of Venice, Act ii., scene 6.



*LOVER*.—Love is blind and lovers cannot see  
The pretty follies that themselves commit.

*SHAKSPERE*.—*Ibid*.

From "*As You Like It*."—*SHAKSPERE* :

As true a lover

As ever sighed upon a midnight pillow.—ii., 4.

We that are true lovers run into strange capers.—ii., 4.

And then the lover,

Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad

Made to his mistress' eyebrow.—ii., 7.

It is as easy to count atomies as to resolve the propositions of a lover.—  
iii., 2.

The truest poetry is the most feigning ; and lovers are given to poetry.  
—iii., 3.

The oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster.—iii., 4.

The sight of lovers feedeth those in love.—iii., 4.

It was a lover and his lass,

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino.—v., 3.

Hey ding a ding, ding :

Sweet lovers love the spring.—v., 3.

Journeys end in lovers meeting,

Every wise man's son doth know.

*SHAKSPERE*.—*Twelfth Night*, Act ii., scene 3.

For such as I am all true lovers are,

Unstaid and skittish.

*SHAKSPERE*.—*Twelfth Night*, Act ii., scene 4.

Full of grace and fair regard.—

And a true lover of the holy church.

*SHAKSPERE*.—*Henry V.*, Act i., scene 1.

Since I cannot prove a lover,

To entertain these fair well-spoken days.

*SHAKSPERE*.—*Richard III.*, Act i., scene 1.

They say all lovers swear more performance than they are able.

*SHAKSPERE*.—*Troilus and Cressida*, Act iii., scene 2.

From "*Romeo and Juliet*."—*SHAKSPERE* :

This precious book of love, this unbound lover,

To beautify him, only lacks a cover.—i., 3.

You are a lover ; borrow Cupid's wings,

And soar with them above a common bound.—i., 4.

In this state she gallops night by night

Through lovers' brains.—i., 4.

*LOVER*.—To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear.—ii., Prol.

Thou mayst prove false ; at lovers' perjuries,  
They say, Jove laughs.—ii., 2.

How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,  
Like softest music to attending ears !—ii., 2.

A lover may bestride the gossamer  
That idles in the wanton summer air.—ii., 6.

Lovers can see to do their amorous rites  
By their own beauties.—iii., 2.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers ! hear me for my cause, and be silent.

*SHAKSPERE*.—Julius Cæsar, Act iii., scene 2.

The lover shall not sigh gratis ; the humorous man shall end his part  
in peace.

*SHAKSPERE*.—Hamlet, Act ii., scene 2.

The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,  
Which hurts, and is desired.

*SHAKSPERE*.—Antony and Cleopatra, Act v., scene 2.

*LOVING*.—The appetite for power grows on what it feeds upon.  
*POLYBIUS*, vi., 57. (Ramage's Thoughts from the Greek.)

*LOVE-RHYMES*.—Dan Cupid ;  
Regent of love-rhymes, lord of folded arms.

*SHAKSPERE*.—Love's Labor's Lost, Act iii., scene 1.

*LOVE-SHAKED*.—I am he that is so love-shaked.

*SHAKSPERE*.—As You Like It, Act iii., scene 2.

*LOVE-SONG*.—To relish a love-song, like a robin-redbreast.

*SHAKSPERE*.—Two Gentleman of Verona, Act ii., sc. 1.

He has the prettiest love-songs for maids.

*SHAKSPERE*.—Winter's Tale, Act iv., scene 4.

Shot thorough the ear with a love-song.

*SHAKSPERE*.—Romeo and Juliet, Act ii., scene 4.

*LOW*.—1. He never gives us nothing that's low.

2. O d—n any thing that's low, I cannot bear it.

3. The genteel thing is the genteel thing at any time.

If so that a gentleman bees in a concatenation accordingly.

2. I like the *maxum* of it Master Muggins.

What, though I am obliged to dance a bear,

A man may be a gentleman for all that.

May this be my poison, if my bear ever dances

But to the very genteelst of tunes !

"Walter Parted ; or the Minuet in Ariadne."

*GOLDSMITH*.—She Stoops to Conquer, Act i., scene 2.  
(The Alehouse.)

*LOW*.—It is the known talent of low and little spirits to have a great man's name perpetually in their mouths.

*SWIFT*.—The Drapier's 6th letter.

*LOWLINESS*.—Lowliness is young ambition's ladder,  
Whereto the climber upward turns his face :  
But when he once attains the utmost round,  
He then unto the ladder turns his back,  
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees  
By which he did ascend.

*SHAKSPERE*.—Julius Cæsar, Act ii., scene 1.  
(Brutus to Lucius.)

Fool that I was ! upon my eagle's wings  
I bore this wren, till I was tir'd with soaring,  
And now he mounts above me.

*DRYDEN*.—All for Love, Act ii., scene 1.

*LUCKY*.—The lucky have whole days, which still they choose ;  
Th' unlucky have but hours, and those they lose.

*DRYDEN*.—Tyrannick Love, Act i., scene 1.

*LURE*.—O, for a falconer's voice  
To lure this tassel-gentle back again.

*SHAKSPERE*.—Romeo and Juliet, Act ii., scene 2.  
(Juliet making an appointment for the morrow.)

*LUXURY*.—Such fool as this would have been heretofore  
Accounted riot in a senator—

For scarce a slave but has to dinner now,  
The well-dress'd paps of a fat pregnant sow.

*JUVENAL*.—Sat. xi. (Congreve.)

*LYING*.—Lydia, you ought to know that lying don't become a young woman. —*SHERIDAN*.—The Rivals, Act iii., scene 3.

Lord, lord, how the world is given to lying ! I grant you I was down,  
and out of breath ; and so was he : but we rose both at an instant,  
and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock.

*SHAKSPERE*.—1 Henry IV., Act v., scene 4.  
(Falstaff to Prince Henry and Prince John.)

If I do lie, and do no harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope they'll  
pardon it.

*SHAKSPERE*.—Cymbeline, Act iv., scene 2.  
(Imogen to Lucius.)

*MAD*.—The man is either mad or making verses.

*HORACE*.—Translated by Smart, Book ii., Satire vii.,  
line 117.

The man's as mad as his master ! The strangest stranger that ever  
came to our house !

*BROME*.—The Merry Beggars, Act v.

*MAD.*—Are his wits safe? is he not light of brain?

*SHAKSPERE.*—Othello, Act iv., scene 1.  
(Lodovico to Iago.)

Sure the man is tainted in his wits.

*SHAKSPERE.*—Twelfth Night, Act iii., scene 4.  
(Maria to Olivia.)

See that noble and most sovereign reason,  
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh.

*SHAKSPERE.*—Hamlet, Act iii., scene 1.  
(Ophelia after Hamlet leaves her.)

It shall be so;

Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go.

*SHAKSPERE.*—Ibid.  
(The King resolving to send him to England.)

It is the very error of the moon,  
She comes more nearer earth than she was wont,  
And makes men mad.

*SHAKSPERE.*—Othello, Act v., scene 2.  
(Othello to Emilia.)

That he is mad 'tis true; 'tis true, 'tis pity;  
And pity 'tis 'tis true.

*SHAKSPERE.*—Hamlet, Act ii., scene 2.  
(Polonius to the Queen.)

I am not mad; I would to heaven I were!  
For then 'tis like I should forget myself.

*SHAKSPERE.*—King John, Act iii., scene 4.  
(Constance to Pandolph.)

Why this is very midsummer madness.

*SHAKSPERE.*—Twelfth Night, Act iii., scene 4.  
(Olivia to Maria.)

My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,  
And makes as healthful music.

*SHAKSPERE.*—Hamlet, Act iii., scene 4. (To his Mother.)

Though this be madness, yet there is  
Method in it.

*SHAKSPERE.*—Hamlet, Act ii., scene 2.  
(Polonius with Hamlet.)

By this time I am afraid the reader begins to suspect that he was crazy;  
and certainly when I consider everything, he must have been crazy  
when the wind was N.N.E.

DE QUINCEY.—Walking Steward, page xi.

*MAD.*— By mine honesty,  
If she be mad, as I believe no other,  
Her madness hath the oldest frame of sense  
(Such a dependency of thing on things)  
As e'er I heard in madness.

SHAKSPERE.—Measure for Measure, Act v., scene 1.  
(The Duke on hearing Isabella's complaint.)

Moody madness, laughing wild,  
Amid severest woe.

GRAY.—Prospect of Eton College, stanza 8.

And madness laughing in his ireful mood.

DRYDEN.—Palamon and Arcite, near the end.

O, that way madness lies, let me shun that !

SHAKSPERE.—King Lear, Act iii., scene 4.  
(Lear to Kent.)

There is a pleasure, sure, in being mad,  
Which none but madmen know.

DRYDEN.—Spanish Friar, Act ii., scene 1.

With a heart of furious fancies,  
Whereof I am commander ;  
With a burning spear,  
And a horse of air,  
To the wilderness I wander ;  
With a night of ghosts and shadows,  
I summoned am to Tourney :  
Ten leagues beyond  
The wide world's end ;  
Methinks it is no journey !

ANONYMOUS.—The last verse of a Tom-a-bedlam.

Song in Disraeli's Curiosities of Lit., Vol. 2, page 317.

*MAGISTRATES.*—Let discipline employ her wholesome arts ;  
Let magistrates alert perform their parts,  
Not skulk or put on a prudential mask,  
As if their duty were a desperate task ;  
Let active laws apply the needful curb,  
To guard the peace that riot would disturb,  
And liberty, preserved from wild excess,  
Shall raise no feuds for armies to suppress.

COWPER.—Table Talk, line 311.

Slack in discipline—more prompt  
To avenge than to prevent the breach of law.

COWPER.—The Task, Book i., The Sofa, line 730.



MAID.—The chariest maid is prodigal enough,  
If she unmask her beauty to the moon ;  
Virtue itself 'scapes not calumnious strokes.

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act i., scene 3.  
(Laertes to Ophelia.)

A maid unmask'd may own a well-placed flame ;  
Not loving first, but loving wrong, is shame.  
LYTTLETON.—Advice to a Lady, line 69.

MAIDEN.—Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen ;  
Here's to the widow of fifty ;  
Here's to the flaunting extravagant quean,  
And here's to the housewife that's thrifty.

Chorus. Let the toast pass—  
Drink to the lass,

I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

SHERIDAN.—School for Scandal, Act iii., scene 3.

Maidens, like moths, are ever caught by glare,  
And mammon wins his way where seraphs might despair.  
BYRON.—Childe Harold, Canto i., stanza 9.

Poor maids have more lovers than husbands.

WEBSTER.—The White Devil.  
(Zanche to Francisco.)

MALEFACTORS.—My name is Elbow ; I do lean upon justice, sir, and  
do bring in here before your good honour two notorious *benefactors*.  
2. Are they not malefactors ?

1. I know not well what they are : but precise villains they are, that  
I am sure of ; and void of all *profonation* in the world, that good  
Christians ought to have.

SHAKSPERE.—Measure for Measure, Act ii., scene 1.  
(Elbow to Angelo.)

MALICE.—For malice will with joy the lie receive,  
Report, and what it wishes true believe.

YALDEN.—Ovid's Art of Love, Book ii.

MAN.—Man that is born of a woman, is of few days and full of trouble.  
He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down ; fleeth also as a  
shadow, and continueth not.

JOB, chapter xiv., verse 1, 2.

Man goeth forth unto his work, and to his labour, until the evening.

PSALM civ., verse 23.

All go into one place ; all are of the dust, and all turn to dust again.

ECCLESIASTES, chapter iii., verse 20.

Man goeth to his long home.

ECCLESIASTES, chapter xii., verse 5.

*MAN*.—Man that flowers so fresh at morn, and fades at evening late.

SPENSER.—*Fairy Queen*, Book iii., Canto ix.

Such is the state of men!

SPENSER.—*The Fairy Queen*; Book ii., Canto ii., stanza 2;

SHAKSPERE.—*Henry VIII.*, Act iii., scene 2.

What a piece of work is man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action how like an angel, in apprehension how like a God!

SHAKSPERE.—*Hamlet*, Act ii., scene 2.

(*Hamlet to Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*)

He is the whole encyclopedia of facts. The creation of a thousand forests is in one acorn; and Egypt, Greece, Rome, Gaul, Britain, America, lie folded already in the first man.—EMERSON.—*History*.

Man is his own star, and that soul that can

Be honest, is the only perfect man.

FLETCHER.—*Miscellaneous Poems*.

The man resolved and steady to his trust,

Inflexible to ill, and obstinately just;

May the rude rabble's insolence despise,

Their senseless clamours, and tumultuous cries.

ADDISON.—*Horace*, Ode iii., Book iii.

Quick of despatch, discreet in every trust;

Rigidly honest, and severely just.

YALDEN.—*On Sir Willoughby Aston*, line 227.

Man, each man's born

For the high business of the public good.

For me, 'tis mine to pray, that men regard

Their occupations with an honest heart,

And cheerful diligence.—DYER.—*The Fleece*, Book ii.

Man hath his daily work of body or mind appointed.

MILTON.—*Paradise Lost*, Book iv.

Man doom'd to care, to pain, disease, and strife,

Walks his short journey through the vale of life,

Watchful, attends the cradle and the grave,

And passing generations longs to save:

Last dies himself: yet wherefore should we mourn?

For man must to his kindred dust return;

Submit to the destroying hand of fate,

As ripen'd ears the harvest-sickle wait.

EURIPIDES.—*Younge's Cicero*, *Tusculan Disp.*, Book iii., page 387.

Man!

Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear.

BYRON.—*Childe Harold*, Canto iv., stanza 109.

MAN.—A pendulum, I there am made  
To move the leaden wheels of trade.

FENTON.—A letter to the Knight.

Man is the tale of narrative old time.

DR. YOUNG.—Night viii., line 109.

The banquet done—the narrative old man,

Thus mild, the pleasing conference began.

POPE.—The Odyssey, Book iii., line 80.

(Nestor to Telemachus.)

He spake as man or angel might have spoke  
Where man was pure and angels were his guests.

HANNAH MORE.—Intro. Moses in the Bulrushes.

Man wants but little here below,

Nor wants that little long.—GOLDSMITH.—The Hermit, verse 8.

Man wants but little, nor that little long.

DR. YOUNG.—Night iv., line 118; GOLDSMITH.—Learning

Wisdom in Retirement.

Say first, of God above, or man below,

What can we reason from what we know?

Of man, what see we but his station here,

From which to reason, or to which refer?

POPE.—Essay on Man, Epi. i., line 17.

Why has not a man a microscopic eye?

For this plain reason, man is not a fly.

Say what the use, were finer optics given,

T' inspect a mite, not comprehend the heaven?

POPE.—Essay on Man, Epi. i., line 193.

Go, wondrous creature! mount where science guides,

Go, measure earth, weigh air, and state the tides;

Instruct the planets in what orbs to run,

Correct old Time, and regulate the sun;

Go, teach Eternal Wisdom how to rule,

Then drop into thyself, and be a fool!

POPE.—Essay on Man, Epi. ii., line 19.

One part, one little part, we dimly scan,

Through the dark medium of life's feverish dream,

Yet dare arraign the whole stupendous plan,

If but that little part incongruous seem,

Nor is that part perhaps what mortals deem.

Oft from apparent ill our blessing rise:

O then renounce that impious self-esteem,

That aims to trace the secrets of the skies:

For thou art but of dust; be humble, and be wise.

BEATTIE.—The Minstrel, Book i., stanza 50.

MAN.—Man on the dubious waves of error tost.

COWPER.—First line of Poem on Truth.

[ Confess the Almighty just,  
And where you can't unriddle, learn to trust.

PARNELL.—The Hermit, line 206.

O, see the monstrousness of man

When he looks out in an ungrateful shape !

SHAKSPEARE.—Timon of Athens, Act iii., scene 2.

(The first Stranger to Another.)

That man of loneliness and mystery,

Scarce seem to smile, and seldom heard to sigh.

BYRON.—The Corsair, Canto i., stanza 8.

No laws, or human or divine,

Can the presumptuous race of man confine.

FRANCIS' HORACE, Book i., Ode iii., line 27.

So man, the moth, is not afraid, it seems,

To span omnipotence, and measure might

That knows no measure, by the scanty rule

And standard of his own, that is to-day,

And is not ere to-morrow's sun go down.

COWPER.—The Task, Book vi., line 211.

Inhumanity is caught from man—

From smiling man.

DR. YOUNG.—Night v., line 158.

Man's revenge,

And endless inhumanities on man.

DR. YOUNG.—Night viii., line 104.

O Thou who dost permit these ills to fall

For gracious ends, and would'st that men should mourn !

DR. YOUNG.—Night viii., line 134.

And man, whose heaven-directed face

The smiles of love adorn ;

Man's inhumanity to man

Makes countless thousands mourn !

BURNS.—Man was Made to Mourn, verse 7.

Man, only, mars kind Nature's plan,

And turns the fierce pursuit on man.

SCOTT.—Rokeby, Canto iii.

A hard, bad man, who prey'd upon the weak.

CRABBE.—The Borough, Letter 6.

A man's a man for a' that.

BURNS.—For a' that, verse 2.

*M.N.*—Trust not a man; we are by nature false,  
Dissembling, subtle, cruel, and unconstant:  
When a man talks of love, with caution trust him;  
But if he swears, he'll certainly deceive thee.

*OTWAY.*—The Orphan, Act ii., scene 1.

Man doth purpose, but God doth dispose.

*THOMAS A KEMPIS.*—De Imit. Christi, Book 1., chapter xix., Div. 2.

Man proposeth, God disposeth.

*GEORGE HERBERT.*—*Jacula Prudentum.*

[And see the same idea in Demosthenes and in Pindar, as given by Dr. Ramage in his "Beautiful Thoughts from Greek Authors," page 74, and those from Latin authors, page 297; but the words of the wise king are superior to all:—A man's heart deviseth his way; but the Lord directeth his steps.—*SOLOMON.*—Proverbs, chapter xvi., verse 9.]

I hurl the spear but Jove directs the blow.

*HOMER.*—The Iliad, Book xvii., line 577.

*EARL DERBY.*—Automedon to Menelaus.

A proper man, as one shall see in a summer's day.

*SHAKSPERE.*—A Midsummer's Night's Dream, Act i., scene 2. (Quince instructing Bottom to play Pyramus.)

A king, so good, so just, so great,  
That at his birth the heavenly council paus'd,  
And then at last cried out, This is a man!

*DRYDEN.*—The Duke of Guise, Act i., scene 1.

This was a man!

*SHAKSPERE.*—Julius Cæsar, Act v., scene 5.  
(Antony on Brutus.)

Man delights not me, no, nor woman neither.

*SHAKSPERE.*—Hamlet, Act ii., scene 2.  
(To Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.)

I am a man, nothing that is human do I think unbecoming in me.

*TERENCE.*—Heautontimorumenos, Act i., sc. 1. line 25.

The man of wisdom is the man of years.

*DR. YOUNG.*—Night v., line 775.

*MANKIND.*—Mankind by various arts ascend  
The paths to eminence that tend.

*WHEELWRIGHT's Pindar.*—Nemean, Ode i., line 35.

And by th' indulgent powers of heaven,  
Success in various paths is given.

*WHEELWRIGHT's Pindar.*—Olympic, Ode v., line 20.

At common births the world feels nothing new;  
At these she shakes: mankind lives in a few.

*BEN JONSON.*—Prince Henry's Barriers.



*MANNER*.—*Costard*. The matter is to me, sir, as concerning Jaquenetta. The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner.

*Biron*. In what manner?

*Costard*. In manner and form following, sir : all those three ; I was seen with her in the manor-house, sitting with her upon the form, and taken following her into the park, which, put together, is in manner and form following.

SHAKSPERE.—*Love's Labor's Lost*, Act i., scene 1.

*Olivia*. What kind of man is he?

*Malvolio*. Why, of mankind.

*Olivia*. What manner of man?

*Malvolio*. Of very ill manner : he'll speak with you, will you, or no.

SHAKSPERE.—*Twelfth Night*, Act i., scene 5.

*MANNERS*.—Our country manners give our betters way.

SHAKSPERE.—*King John*, Act i., scene 1.

(*The Bastard to Queen Elinor.*)

Manners make the man.

MOTTO OF WILLIAM OF WYKEHAM.

Education makes the man.

CAWTHORNE.—*Birth and Education of Genius*.

The attentive eyes,

That saw the manners in the face.

DR. JOHNSON.—*Epitaph for Hogarth*.

Impartially their talents scan,

Just education forms the man.—GAY.—*Fable xiv.*, part 2.

Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow, .

The rest is all but leather or prunella.

POPE.—*Essay on Man*, Epi. iv., line 203.

Meantime intent the fairest plan to find,

To form the manners and improve the mind.

FENTON.—*Epi. to Lambard*.

Evil habits soil a fine dress more than mud ; good manners, by their deeds, easily set off a lowly garb.

RILEY's *Plautus*, *The Poenulus*, Act i., scene 2 ; *The Mostellaria*, Act i., scene 3.

Evil communications corrupt good manners.

ST. PAUL.—1 *Corinthians*, chapter xv., verse 33 ;

MENANDER.—*Ex Thaide*, page 78. (*Dr. Ramage.*)

*MANTLE*.—The prophet's mantle, ere his flight began,

Dropt on the world—a sacred gift to man.

CAMPBELL.—*Pleasure of Hope*, Part i.

And Elijah passed by him, and cast his mantle upon him.

1 *KINGS*, chapter xix., verse 19.

*MANY*.—Many a time and oft.

SHAKSPERE.—Julius Cæsar, Act i., scene 1.  
(Marcellus to the Citizens.)

*MARCH*.—Beware the ides of March.

SHAKSPERE.—Ibid. Act iv., scene 2.  
(Soothsayer to Cæsar.)

Remember March, the ides of March remember !

SHAKSPERE.—Ibid. Act iv., sc. 3. (Brutus to Cassius.)

I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat.

SHAKSPERE.—1 Henry IV., Act iv., scene 2.  
(Falstaff to Bardolph.)

*MARE*.—Unless you yield for better or for worse :

Then the she-Pegasus shall gain the course :

And the gray mare will prove the better horse.

PRIOR.—Epil. to Lucius.

Then all shall be set right, and the man shall have his mare again.

DRYDEN.—Love Triumphant, Act iii., scene 2.

The man shall have his mare again.

SHAKSPERE.—A Midsummer Night's Dream. Act iii., scene 2. (Puck.)

*MARIGOLD*.—The marigold, that goes to bed with the sup

And with him rises weeping.

SHAKSPERE.—Winter's Tale, Act iv., scene 3.  
(Perdita to Polixenes.)

*MARRIAGE*.—Ah me ! when shall I marry me ?

Lovers are plenty but fail to relieve me.

GOLDSMITH.—A Song.

I would be married, but I'd have no wife ;

I would be married to a single life.

CRASHAW.—On Marriage.

Art thou married ? O thou horribly virtuous woman.

COLLEY CIBBER.—The Comical Lovers, Act., scene 1.

Though fools spurn Hymen's gentle pow'rs,

We who improve his golden hours,

By sweet experience know,

That marriage, rightly understood,

Gives to the tender and the good

A paradise below.

COTTON.—The Fireside, verse v.

I am to be married within three days—married past redemption.

DRYDEN.—Marriage à la Mode, Act i., scene 1.

*MARRIAGE*.—When we are alone, we walk like lions in a room, she one way, and I another.

DRYDEN.—*Marriage à la Mode*, Act i., scene 1.

COLLEY CIBBER.—*The Comical Lovers*, Act i.

Thus grief still treads upon the heels of pleasure.

Marry'd in haste, we may repent at leisure.

CONGREVE.—*The Old Bachelor*, Act v., scene 8.

I will marry her, sir, at your request; but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet Heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance:—I hope, upon familiarity will grow more contempt;—I will marry her, that I am freely dissolved, and dissolutely.

SHAKSPERE.—*Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act i., scene 1.  
(Slender to Shallow.)

As a walled town is more worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a bachelor.

SHAKSPERE.—*As You Like It*, Act iii., scene 3.

Let o'er thy house some chosen maid preside,

Till Heaven decrees to bless thee in a bride.

POPE'S Homer, *The Odyssey*, Book xv., line 29.

Oh! when meet now

Such pairs, in love and mutual honour join'd?

MILTON.—*Paradise Lost*, Book viii., line 57.

She that weds will wisely match her love,

Nor be below her husband nor above.

OVID.—*Heroides*, Epi. ix., line 32.

Let still the woman take

An elder than herself; so wears she to him,

So sways she level in her husband's heart.

For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,

Our fancies are more giddy and infirm,

More longing, wavering, sooner lost and won,

Than women's are.

SHAKSPERE.—*Twelfth Night*, Act ii., scene 4.

We'll try the gods again; for, wise men say,

Marriage and obsequies do not suit one day.

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.—*The Prophetess*, Act ii., scene 3.

To-morrow yet would reap to-day,

As we wear blossoms of the dead;

Earn well the thrifty months nor wed

Raw haste, half sister to delay.

TENNYSON.—*Love Thou the Land*, last verse.

*MARRIAGE (SECOND.)*—Thou know'st the practice of the female train :—

Lost in the children of the present spouse  
They slight the pledges of their former vows ;  
Their love is always with the lover past ;  
Still the succeeding flame expels the last.

POPE'S *Homer*, The *Odyssey*, Book xv., line 24.

*MARTHA AND MARY.*—Happy's that house where these fair sisters vary ;

But most when Martha's reconciled to Mary.

QUARLES.—Book iv., Emblem vii., Epig. 7.

*MASK.*—Lift not the festal mask !—enough to know,  
No scene of mortal life but teems with mortal woe.

SCOTT.—The *Lord of the Isles*, Canto ii., stanza 1.

*MATRIMONY.*—Come, is the bride ready to go to church ?

SHAKSPERE.—*Romeo and Juliet*, Act iv., scene 5.

Here, afore heaven,

I ratify this my rich gift—

Do not smile at me that I boast her off,  
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise,  
And make it halt behind her.

SHAKSPERE.—The *Tempest*, Act iv., scene 1.

Quiet days, fair issue, and long life.

SHAKSPERE.—*Ibid.*

Give me your hands :

Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart  
That doth not wish you joy !

SHAKSPERE.—The *Tempest*, Act v., scene 1.

My gentle lady,

I wish you all the joy that you can wish.

SHAKSPERE.—*Merchant of Venice*, Act iii., scene 2.

I don't think matrimony consistent with the liberty of the subject.

FARQUHAR.—The *Twin Rivals*, Act v.

Our Maker bids increase ;—

Hail, wedded love, mysterious law, true source  
Of human offspring.

MILTON.—*Paradise Lost*, Book iv.

The wedding, you know, is always before the sermon—which is one of  
the chief things wherein hanging and matrimony disagree.

FIELDING.—*Love in Several Masques*, Act v., scene 4.

*MATTER.*—I'll read you matter deep and dangerous.

SHAKSPERE.—1 *Henry IV.*, Act i., scene 3.

*MATTER*.—Why, you whoreson round man! What's the matter?

SHAKSPERE.—1 Henry IV., Act ii., scene 4.

(The Prince to Falstaff.)

1. What's the matter, Furnish?

2. Nothing, sir; nothing's the matter.

MURPHY.—The Way to Keep Him, Act ii., scene 1.

What's the matter?

Why, murder's the matter! Slaughter's the matter!

Killing's the matter!—But he can tell you the *perpendiculars*.

SHERIDAN.—The Rivals, Act v., scene 1.

Why, how you stand, girl! you have no more feeling than one of the Derbyshire *putrefactions*.

SHERIDAN.—The Rivals, Act v., scene 1.

*MEANS*.—The way and means thereto is.

PRAYER BOOK.—The first notice of intention to administer the sacrament; and see Alford's Queen's English, paragraph 27.

*MEANT*.—Of forests and enchantments drear,

Where more is meant than meets the ear.

MILTON.—Il Penseroso, line 120.

*MEASURE*.—Come not within the measure of my wrath.

SHAKSPERE.—Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act v., sc. 4.

*MEASURES*.—Measures, not men, have always been my mark.

GOLDSMITH.—The Good-natured Man, Act ii.

(Lofty to Mrs. Croaker.)

*MEDDLE*.—I'll not meddle nor make no farther.

SHAKSPERE.—Troilus and Cressida, Act i., scene 1.

*MEEK*.—They can be meek that have no other cause.

SHAKSPERE.—Comedy of Errors, Act ii., scene 1.

The flower of meekness on a stem of grace.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.—The World before the Flood, Canto ii.

O blessed well of love! O flower of grace.

SPENSER.—A Hymn of Heavenly Love, line 169.

To Christian meekness sacrifice thy spleen,

And strive thy neighbour's weaknesses to screen.

SMOLLETT.—Advice, line 121.

*MEET*.—When shall we three meet again,

In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

SHAKSPERE.—Macbeth, Act i., scene 1.

*MELANCHOLY*.—I am as melancholy as a gib cat.

SHAKSPERE.—1 Henry IV., Act i., scene 2.



*MELANCHOLY*.—As melancholy as an unbraced drum.

MRS. CENTLIVRE.—The Wonder, Act ii., scene 1.

Now, my young guest! methinks you are *allycholly*; I pray you, why is it?

SHAKSPERE.—Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act iv., sc. 2.  
(The Host to Julia in Boy's clothes.)

I can suck melancholy out of a song.

SHAKSPERE.—As You Like It, Act ii., scene 5.  
(Jaques to Amiens.)

Pale melancholy sat retired.

COLLINS.—The Passions, line 57.

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,  
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown;  
Fair science frown'd not in his humble birth,  
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

GRAY.—Elegy, verse 30.

*MELROSE*.—And he a solemn sacred plight,  
Did to St. Bride of Douglas make,  
That he a pilgrimage would take  
To Melrose Abbey—

SCOTT.—Lay of the Last Minstrel, Canto vi., verse 27.

If thou would'st view fair Melrose aright,  
Go visit it by the pale moonlight;  
For the gay beams of lightsome day,  
Gild, but to flout, the ruins grey.

IBID.—Canto ii., verse 1.

*MELTING MOOD*.—Albeit unused to the melting mood.

SHAKSPERE.—Othello, Act v., scene 2.

*MEMORY*.—From the table of my memory  
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records.

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act i., scene 5.

No, Doctor, I have no command of my memory; it only retains what happens to hit my fancy; and like enough, sir, if you were to preach to me for a couple of hours on end, I might be unable at the close of the discourse to remember one word of it.

SCOTT.—Intro. to Ann of Geierstein.

I pleas'd remember, and while mem'ry yet  
Holds fast her office here, can ne'er forget.

COWPER.—Tirocinium.

Oh! while all conscious memory holds her power,  
Can I forget that sweetly painful hour.

FALCONER.—Shipwreck, Canto i.

*MEMORY*.—Remember thee?

Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat  
In this distracted globe.

*SHAKSPERE*.—Hamlet, Act i., scene 5.

*MEN*.—Make the men sit down.

*ST. JOHN'S GOSPEL*, chapter vi., verse 10.  
(Jesus to Andrew.)

Let the men cross!

*SIR ARTHUR WELLESLEY*.

[A pithy command of Sir Arthur to Col. Waters on crossing the Douro with a boat and twenty-five men.](Sheerer's Memoirs of Wellington, page 210.)

Be strong, and quit yourselves like men.

*SAMUEL*, Book i., chapter iv., verse 9. *HOMER'S Iliad*,  
Book xv., line 567.

Be of good courage, and let us play the men for our people.

*SAMUEL*, Book ii., chapter x., verse 13.

Play the men.

*SHAKSPERE*.—The Tempest, Act i., scene 1.  
(Alonzo to the Boatswain.)

In an age

When men were men, and not ashamed of heaven.

*DR. YOUNG*.—Night viii., line 11.

Then men were men, but now the greater part  
Beasts are in life, and women are in heart.

*HALL*.—Bishop of Norwich, Sat. vi.

Remember this, and shew yourselves men.

*ISAIAH*, chapter xlvi., verse viii.

These men are fortune's jewels, moulded bright,  
Brought forth with their own fire and light.

*COWLEY*.—The Motto, line 9.

Men are the sport of circumstances, when  
The circumstances seem the sport of men.

*BYRON*.—Don Juan, Canto v., stanza 17.

Men are but children of a larger growth.

*DRYDEN*.—All for Love, Act iv., scene 1.—*DR. WATTS*, in  
his "Improvement of the Mind," Part ii., chapter v.,  
and *ROBERT LLOYD*, in his "Epistle to Colman," are  
identical with Seneca in the next quotation.

They are but children too, though they have grey hairs: they are indeed  
of a larger size.

*SENECA*.—On Anger, chapter viii.

*MEN*.—To each his sufferings : all are men,  
 Condemn'd alike to groan ;  
 The tender for another's pain,  
 The unfeeling for his own.

GRAY.—Prospect of Eton College, stanza 10.

Of such materials wretched men were made.

BYRON.—The Lament of Tasso, stanza vi., line 11.

Men must endure  
 Their going hence, even as their coming hither.

SHAKSPERE.—King Lear, Act v., scene 2.

Let me have men about me that are fat ;  
 Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights ;  
 Yond' Cassius has a lean and hungry look,  
 He thinks too much : such men are dangerous.

SHAKSPERE.—Julius Cæsar, Act i., scene 2.

Men—

Are masters to their females, and their lords ;  
 Then let your will attend on their awards.

SHAKSPERE.—Comedy of Errors, Act ii., scene 1.  
 (Luciana to Adriana.)

*MEND*.—And next in value we shall find  
 What mends the taste and forms the mind.

HANNAH MORE.—Conversation.

*MENTIONS*.—To rest, the cushion and soft dean invite,  
 Who never mentions hell to ears polite.

POPE.—Moral Essays, Epi. iv. to Burlington, line 149.

*MERCHANDISE*.—Curs'd merchandise ! where life is sold,  
 And avarice consents to starve for gold !

ROWE.—Lucan's Pharsalia, Book iv., line 145.

I have wished for some years past, that instead of discouraging our people from seeking foreign soil, the public would rather pay for transporting all our unnecessary mortals, whether papists or protestants, to America, as *drawbacks* are sometimes allowed for *exporting commodities* when a nation is overstocked.

SWIFT.—Maxims controlled in Ireland.

*MERCHANT*.—The restless merchant, he that loves to steep  
 His brains in wealth, and lays his soul to sleep  
 In bags of bullion, sees th' immortal crown,  
 And fain would mount, but ingots keep him down :  
 He brags to-day, perchance, and begs to-morrow :  
 He lent but now, wants credit now to borrow.  
 Blow, winds, the treasure's gone, the merchant's broke ;  
 A slave to silver's but a slave to smoke.

QUARLES.—Book ii., Emblem 4

*MERCHANT.*— In Venice state

Where merchants gilt the top.

*MARSTON.*—What You Will, Act i.

Strike, louder strike, th' ennobling strings,

To those whose merchant sons were kings.

*COLLINS.*—Ode to Liberty, line 42.

Whose merchants are princes.

*ISAIAH*, chapter xxiii., verse 8.

(On the overthrow of the city of Tyre.)

*MERCY.*—Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.

*SHAKSPERE.*—Titus Andronicus, Act i., scene 2.

Mercy to him that shows it, is the rule.

*COWPER.*—The Task, Book vi., line 595.

Mercy is not itself, that oft looks so ;

Pardon is still the nurse of second woe.

*SHAKSPERE.*—Measure for Measure, Act ii., scene 1.

The gates of mercy shall be all shut up.

*SHAKSPERE.*—Henry V., Act iii., scene 3.

Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,

The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,

Become them with one-half so good a grace

As mercy does.—*SHAKSPERE.*—Measure for Measure, Act ii., scene 2.

Then, everlasting Love, restrain thy will ;

'Tis godlike to have power, but not to kill.

*BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.*—The Chances, Act ii., sc. 2.

The quality of Mercy is not strain'd ;

It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven

Upon the place beneath : it is twice bless'd ;

It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes ;

'Tis mightiest in the mightiest ; it becomes

The throned monarch better than his crown.

*SHAKSPERE.*—Merchant of Venice, Act iv., scene 1.

It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,

It is an attribute to God himself ;

And earthly power doth then show likest God's,

When mercy seasons justice.—*SHAKSPERE.*—Ibid., Act iv., scene 1.

There is no more mercy in him than there is milk in a male tiger.

*SHAKSPERE.*—Coriolanus, Act v., scene 4.

Betwixt the stirrup and the ground,

Mercy I asked, I mercy found.

*CAMDEN'S REMAINS.*—Quoted by Malone in Boswell's Johnson., Vol. iv., page 225, 5th edition, improved by the Doctor as follows :—

MERCY.—Between the stirrup and the ground,  
I mercy asked, I mercy found.

We do pray for mercy ;  
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render  
The deeds of mercy.

SHAKSPERE.—Merchant of Venice, Act iv., scene 1.

Mercy stood in the cloud with eye that wept  
Essential love.

POLLOK.—The Course of Time, Book iii.

I am content to spare the living for the sake of the dead.

CÆSAR to the Envoys sent to propitiate him after the  
Battle of Pharsalia.

MERIT.—On their own merits modest men are dumb ;  
“ *Plaudite et valet* ”—TERENCE—Hum !

COLMAN.—Epilogue to Heir-at-Law, last lines.

View the whole scene, with critic judgment scan,  
And then deny him merit if you can.

Where he falls short, 'tis nature's fault alone :  
Where he succeeds, the merit's all his own.

CHURCHILL.—The Rosciad, line 1023.  
(Critique on Sheridan.)

Before such merit all objections fly ;—

Prichard's genteel, and Garrick's six feet high.

CHURCHILL.—The Rosciad, line 850.  
(Critique on Mrs. Prichard.)

Amongst the sons of men how few are known  
Who dare be just to merit not their own.

CHURCHILL.—Epi. to Hogarth., line 1.

MERRY.—I had rather have a fool to make me merry, than experience  
to make me sad.

SHAKSPERE.—As You Like It, Act iv., scene 1.

I am not merry ; but I do beguile  
The thing I am, by seeming otherwise.

SHAKSPERE.—Othello, Act ii., scene 1.

I am never merry when I hear sweet music.

SHAKSPERE.—Merchant of Venice, Act v., scene 1.

Jog on, jog on, the footpath way,  
And merrily hent the style—a ;

A merry heart goes all the day,  
Your sad tires in a mile—a.

SHAKSPERE.—Winter's Tale, Act iv., scene 2.



*MERRY*.—How oft, when men are at the point of death,  
Have they been merry?

*SHAKSPERE*.—Romeo and Juliet, Act v., scene 3.  
(Romeo at Juliet's tomb.)

And if you can be merry then, I'll say  
A man may weep upon his wedding day.

*SHAKSPERE*.—Henry VII., Prologue, last lines.

*METAL*.—Yielding metal flow'd to human form.

*POPE*.—To Augusta, Epi. i., line 148.

Here's metal more attractive.

*SHAKSPERE*.—Hamlet, Act iii., scene 2.  
(To his mother.)

*METEOR*.— Unfurl'd  
The imperial ensign; which, full high advanced,  
Shone like a meteor, streaming to the wind.

*MILTON*.—Paradise Lost, Book i., line 535.

Loose his beard and hoary hair,  
Stream'd like a meteor to the troubled air.

*GRAY*.—The Bard I-II., line 5.

This hairy meteor did denounce,  
The fall of sceptres and of crowns.

*BUTLER*.—Hudibras, Part i., Canto i., line 247.

*METTLE*.—Why, now I see there's mettle in thee; and even, from  
this instant, do build on thee a better opinion than before.

*SHAKSPERE*.—Othello, Act iv., scene 2.

By this good light, a wench of matchless mettle!

*SCOTT*.—Fortunes of Nigel, chapter xix.

*METHINKS*.—Methinks I scent the morning's air.

*SHAKSPERE*.—Hamlet, Act i., scene 5.

*MILDLY*.—Well, mildly be it then, mildly.

*SHAKSPERE*.—Coriolanus, Act iii., scene 2.

*MILK*.—A land flowing with milk and honey.

*NUMBERS*, chapter xiv., verse 13.

May the Himera flow with milk instead of water! May the fountain of  
Sybaris flow with honey!

*BANKS' Theocritus*.—Idyll v., page 32.

1. Let Sporus tremble—

2. What! that thing of silk!  
Sporus, that mere white curd of ass's milk!

*POPE*.—Epi. to Arbuthnot, line 305.

The crust removed, her cheeks as smooth as silk,  
Are polish'd with a wash of ass's milk.

*JUVENAL*.—Sat. vi. (Dryden.)

*MILLINER*.—He was perfumed like a milliner.

*SHAKSPERE*.—1 Henry IV., Act i., scene 3. (Hotspur.)

*MIND*.—What gain'st thou, brutal man, if I confess

Thy strength superior, when thy wit is less?

Mind is the man; I claim my whole desert

From the mind's vigour, and the immortal part.

*OVID*.—Meta. xiii., Dryden. (Reply of Ulysses to Ajax.)

The aristocracy of the mind was to supplant that of the sword.

*ALISON*.—History of Europe, chapter iii., Part 34.

Were I so tall to reach the pole,

Or grasp the ocean with my span,

I must be measur'd by my soul;

The mind's the standard of the man.

*WATTS*.—False Greatness, verse 3.

The mind is the proper judge of the man.

*SENECA*.—Happy Life, chapter i.

John Gilpin kiss'd his loving wife;

O'erjoy'd was he to find

That, though on pleasure she was bent,

She had a frugal mind.

*COWPER*.—John Gilpin, verse 8.

The mind, relaxing into needful sport,

Should turn to writers of an abler sort,

Whose wit well managed, and whose classic style,

Give truth a lustre, and make wisdom smile.

*COWPER*.—Retirement, line 715.

It is the mind that maketh good or ill,

That maketh wretch or happy, rich or poor.

*SPENSER*.—Fairy Queen, Book vi., Canto 9.

'Tis the mind that makes the body rich.

*SHAKSPERE*.—Taming of the Shrew, Act iv., scene 3.

*SENECA*.—Happy Life, chapter xv.

Strength of mind is exercise, not rest.

*POPE*.—Essay on Man, Epi. ii., line 104.

A good mind possesses a kingdom.

*PROVERB*.—Motto of the Emperor Nerva; *RILEY's Dictionary of Classical Quotations*, 227.

The first sure symptom of a mind in health,

Is rest of heart, and pleasure felt at home.

*DR. YOUNG*.—Night viii., line 923.

The mind is in fault which never escapes from itself.

*SMART's Horace*.—Book i., Epi. xiv.

*MIND*.—How fleet is the glance of the mind

Compared with the speed of its flight!

The tempest itself lags behind,

And the swift-winged arrows of light.

COWPER.—*Alex. Selkirk*, verse 6.

A monarch clothed with majesty and awe,

His mind his kingdom, and his will his law.

COWPER.—*Truth*, line 405.

A mind content both crown and kingdom is.

GREENE.—*Song*, "Sweet are the Thoughts," last line.

My mind to me a kindom is :

Such perfect joys therein I find,

As far exceeds all earthly bliss

That God or nature hath assign'd :

Though much I want that most would have,

Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

SIR EDWARD DYER.

[See "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry," by Thomas Percy, Lord Bishop of Dromore, Vol. i., page 307; and Byrd's *Psalms, Sonnets*, etc. The thought is said to be from Seneca; see the verse in the *Thyestes*: *Mens regnum bona possidet*. Gifford's Ed. of Ben Jonson's *Plays*, page 28.]

My mind to me an empire is.

SOUTHWELL.—*Look Home*.

Man's mind a mirror is.

SOUTHWELL.—*Ibid*.

*Queen*. Thou talk'st as if thou wert a king.

*K. Henry*. Why, so I am in mind.

SHAKSPERE.—3 *Henry VI.*, Act iii, scene 1.

The mind is its own place, and in itself

Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.

MILTON.—*Paradise Lost*, Book i., line 254.

Behold yon pair in strict embraces join'd ;

How like in manners, and how like in mind !

POPE.—*The Dunciad*, Book iii., line 179.

A mind diseased no remedy can physic—

Here the ship gave a lurch, and he grew sea-sick.

BYRON.—*Don Juan*, Canto ii., verse 19.

He that has treasures of his own

May leave the cottage or the throne,

May quit the globe, and dwell alone

Within his spacious mind.

Locke hath a soul as wide as the sea,

Calm as the night, bright as the day,

There may his vast ideas play,

Nor feel a thought confined.

DR. WATTS.—*Lyric Poems*, To John Locke, Esq., verse 2.

*MIND*.—When I view my spacious soul,  
And survey myself a whole,  
And enjoy myself alone,  
I'm a kingdom of my own.

DR. WATTS.—Lyric Poems, True Riches.

The voyage of the mind.

COWLEY.—To Colonel Tuke.

The garden of the mind.—TENNYSON.—Ode to Memory, verse 3.

Upon the threshold of the mind.

TENNYSON.—In Memoriam, iii., verse 4.

There is so little to redeem the dry mass of follies and errors from which the materials of life are composed, and anything to love or reverence becomes, as it were, the sabbath for the mind.

E. BULWER LYTTON.—Devereux, Book i., chapter vi.

In my mind's eye, Horatio.

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act i., scene 2.

*MINISTER*.—Nature too unkind,  
That made no medicine for a troubled mind!

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.—Philaster, Act iii., scene 1.

1. Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd?  
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;  
Raze out the written troubles of the brain;  
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,  
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff,  
Which weighs upon the heart?

2. Therein the patient  
Must minister to himself.

1. Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it.

SHAKSPERE.—Macbeth, Act v., scene 3.

*MINSTREL*.—The way was long, the wind was cold,  
The minstrel was infirm and old;  
His wither'd cheek, and tresses grey,  
Seem'd to have known a better day.

WALTER SCOTT.—Introduction to the Last Minstrel.

The last of all the bards was he  
Who sung of border chivalry.—WALTER SCOTT.—Ibid., line 7.

*MIRROR*.—Who teach the mind its proper force to scan,  
And hold the faithful mirror up to man.

LLOYD.—The Actor.

To hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to shew virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure.

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act iii., scene 2.

*MIRTH*.—From the crown of his head to the sole of his feet he is 'all mirth.

SHAKSPERE.—*Much Ado About Nothing*, Act iii., sc. 2.

I have of late (but, wherefore, I know not) lost all my mirth, foregone all custom of exercises.

SHAKSPERE.—*Hamlet*, Act ii., scene 2.

Prepare for 'mirth, for mirth becomes a feast.

SHAKSPERE.—*Pericles*, Act ii., scene 3.

A merrier man,

Within the limit of becoming mirth,

I never spent an hour's talk withal.

SHAKSPERE.—*Love's Labor's Lost*, Act ii., scene 1.

*MISCHIEF*.—To mourn a mischief that is past and gone,  
Is the next way to draw new mischief on.

SHAKSPERE.—*Othello*, Act i., scene 3.

*MISER*.—At length some pity warmed the master's breast,  
('Twas then his threshold first received a guest,)  
Slow creaking turns the door with jealous care,  
And half he welcomes in the shivering pair.

PARNELL.—*The Hermit*, line 97.

*MISERY*.—Misery makes sport to mock itself.

SHAKSPERE.—*Richard II.*, Act ii., scene 1.

In misery's darkest cavern known,

His useful care was ever nigh ;

Where hopeless anguish pour'd his groan,

And lonely want retired to die.

DR. JOHNSON.—On the death of Mr. Robert Levett, v. 5.

Misery still delights to trace

Its semblance in another's case.

COWPER.—*The Castaway*, verse 10.

'Tis misery enough to be reduc'd

To the low level of the common herd,

Who, born to beggary, envy all above them.

LILLO.—*Fatal Curiosity*, Act i., scene 2.

Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows.

SHAKSPERE.—*The Tempest*, Act ii., scene 2.

When a few words will rescue misery out of her distress, I hate the man  
who can be a churl of them.

STERNE.—*Sentimental Journey*, Calais, line 22.



*MISERY.*— Misery doth part  
 The flux of company ; anon, a careless herd,  
 Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,  
 And never stays to greet him : “ Ay,” quoth Jaques,  
 “ Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens ;  
 ’Tis just the fashion : wherefore do you look  
 Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there ? ”  
 SHAKSPERE.—As you Like It, Act ii., scene 1.

*MISFORTUNE.*—Ill fortune seldom comes alone.  
 DRYDEN.—Cymon and Iphigenia.

One woe doth tread upon another’s heel,  
 So fast they follow.  
 SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act iv., scene 7.

When one is past, another care we have ;  
 Thus woe succeeds a woe, as wave a wave.  
 HERRICK.—Hesp. Aphorisms, No. 287.

One sorrow never comes but brings an heir,  
 That may succeed as his inheritor.  
 SHAKSPERE.—Pericles, Act i., scene 4.

When sorrows come, they come not single spies,  
 But in battalions.  
 SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act iv., scene 5.

Experience teaches another lesson, that earthly losses are remedies for  
 covetousness, while increase in worldly goods rouses and provokes it.  
 DR. TRENCH.—The Rich Fool, 322 ; Notes on the Para-  
 bles, Ed. ix.

A wretch’s life—broken on misfortune’s wheel.  
 CAMPBELL.—Theodric.

One writ with me in sour misfortune’s book.  
 SHAKSPERE.—Romeo and Juliet, Act v., scene 3.  
 (Romeo at the tomb, having just slain Paris.)

*MIX.*—Mix a short folly, that unbends the mind.  
 FRANCIS’ Horace, Book iv., Ode 12, line 27.

Mix with your gray designs a little pleasure ;  
 Each day of business has its hour of leisure.  
 WEST.—Letter v. in MASON’S Life of Gray.

*MOCK—MOCKING.*—Ruin seize thee, ruthless king !  
 Confusion on thy banners wait,  
 Though fann’d by conquest’s crimson wing,  
 They mock the air with idle state.  
 GRAY.—The Bard, line 1.

Mocking the air with colours idly spread.  
 SHAKSPERE.—King John, Act v., scene 1.

*MOCKERY, DELUSION, AND A SNARE.*—If it is possible that such a practice as that which has taken place in the present instance should be allowed to pass without a remedy, trial by jury itself, instead of being a security to persons who are accused, will be a delusion, a mockery, and a snare.

LORD DENMAN, C.J.—xi. Clarke and Finnely, 351.  
O'Connell v. The Queen.

*MOCKERY.*—And bear about the mockery of woe,  
To midnight dances, and the public show.

POPE.—To the Memory of a Lady, line 57.

*MODESTY.*—Come thou, whose thoughts as limpid spring are clear.  
To lead the train, sweet Modesty appear ;—  
With thee be Chastity, of all afraid,  
Disturbing all, a wise suspicious maid ;  
Cold is her breast, like flowers that drink the dew,  
A silken veil conceals her from the view.

COLLINS.—Eclogue i., line 53.

Remember that with her clothes a woman puts off her modesty.

HERODOTUS.—See Ramage's Thoughts from Greek Authors.  
CHAUCER.—The Wife of Bath, Prol. line 6364.

Thy modesty's a flambeau to thy merit.

FIELDING.—Tom Thumb, Act i., scene 2.

*MODULATION.*—'Tis not enough the voice be sound and clear,  
'Tis modulation that must charm the ear.

LLOYD.—The Actor.

*MOLLIFY.*— Now mince the sin,  
And mollify damnation with a phrase.

DRYDEN.—The Spanish Friar, Act v., scene 1.

*MONA.*—Once hid from those who search the main.

COLLINS.—Ode to Liberty, line 82.

*MONARCH.*—Who would not brave the battle-fire—the wreck,  
To move the monarch of her peopled deck ?

BYRON.—The Corsair, Canto i., stanza 3.

Monarchs seldom sigh in vain.

SCOTT.—Marmion, Canto v., stanza 9.

I am monarch of all I survey,  
My right there is none to dispute ;  
From the centre all round to the sea,  
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.

COWPER.—Verses on Alexander Selkirk.

*MONEY*.—If at great things thou would'st arrive,  
Get riches first, get health, and treasure heap,  
Not difficult, if thou hearken to me :  
Riches are mine, fortune is in my hand,  
They whom I favour thrive in wealth amain,  
While virtue, valour, wisdom, sit in want.

MILTON.—*Paradise Regained*, Book ii.

O, what a world of vile ill-favour'd faults,  
Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a-year !

SHAKSPERE.—*Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act iii., scene 4.

He that wants money, means, and content, is without three good friends.

SHAKSPERE.—*As You Like It*, Act iii., scene 2.

My friend, get money : get a large estate  
By honest means ; but get—at any rate.

FRANCIS' Horace.—Book i., Epi. i., line 93.

Get place and wealth, if possible, with grace,  
If not, by any means get wealth and place.

POPE.—*To Bolingbroke*, Book i., Epi. i., line 103.

*MONSIEUR TONSON*.—Away he went, and ne'er was heard of more.

COLMAN.—*Monsieur Tonson*.

*MONSTER*.—A faultless monster, which the world ne'er saw.

BUCKINGHAM.—*Essay on Poetry*.

*MONUMENT*.—I have completed a monument more lasting than brass,  
and more sublime than the regal elevation of pyramids, which neither  
the wasting shower, the unavailing north-wind, nor an innumerable  
succession of years, and the flight of seasons, shall be able to  
demolish.

HORACE.—Book ii., Ode 30., lines 1-5.

I have now completed a work which neither the anger of Jove, nor fire,  
nor steel, nor consuming time, will be able to destroy !

OVID.—*Meta.*, Book xv., line 873.

It deserves with characters of brass  
A fortified residence, 'gainst the tooth of time,  
And rasure of oblivion.

SHAKSPERE.—*Measure for Measure*, Act v., scene 1.  
(The Duke of Angelo.)

I made my life my monument.

BEN JONSON.—On Sir Charles Cavendish.

Like the Monument.

DR. JOHNSON.—His answer on being asked how he felt  
upon the ill success of his tragedy "*Irene*." (Croker's  
Boswell, page 61.)

*MONUMENT.*—When old Time shall lead him to his end,  
Goodness and he fill up one monument.

SHAKSPERE.—1 Henry VIII., Act ii., scene 1.

If you seek for his monument, look around, *Si monumentum requiris circumspice.*

ROBERT MYLNE.—Epitaph on Sir Christopher Wren, in  
St. Paul's Cathedral.

Wouldst thou behold his monument? look around!

ROGERS.—Italy (Florence,) page 103, ed. 1830.

*MONUMENTS.*—Monuments, like men, submit to fate.

POPE.—Rape of the Lock, Canto iii., line 172.

A famous history, to be enroll'd  
In everlasting monuments of brass.

SPENSER.—Fairy Queen, Book iii., Canto ix., verse 50.

Monuments themselves memorials need.

CRABBE.—The Borough, Letter ii.; and JUVENAL, Sat. x.,  
line 146.

*MOON.*—Good even, fair moon, good even to thee;

I prithee, dear moon, now show to me

The form and the features, the speech and degree,

Of the man that true lover of mine shall be.

SCOTT.—Heart of Mid-Lothian, chapter xvii.

The full-orb'd moon with her nocturnal ray

Shed o'er the scene a lovely flood of day.

WHEELWRIGHT'S Pindar, Olympe. Ode x., line 102.

The sacred Queen of Night,

Who pours a lovely, gentle light,

Wide o'er the dark, by wanderers blest,

Conducting them to peace and rest.

THOMSON.—Ode to Seraphina.

Unmuffle, ye faint stars; and thou fair moon,

That won'tst to love the traveller's benison,

Stoop thy pale visage through an amber cloud

And disinherit Chaos.

MILTON.—Comus. Comus and the Lady.

The moon is in her summer glow.

SCOTT.—Rokeby, Canto i.

My lord, they say, five moons were seen to-night:

Four fixed; and the fifth did whirl about

The other four, in wond'rous motion.

SHAKSPERE.—King John, Act iv., scene 2.

*MOON.*—The dews of summer night did fall,

The moon, sweet regent of the sky,

Silver'd the walls of Cumnor Hall,

And many an oak that grew thereby.

*MICKLE.*—See Scott's Introduction to Kenilworth.

1. By yonder blessed moon I swear.

2. O, swear not by the moon, the unconstant moon,

That monthly changes in her circled orb,

Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

*SHAKSPERE.*—Romeo and Juliet, Act ii., scene 2.

The moon pull'd off her veil of light,

That hides her face by day from sight,

(Mysterious veil, of brightness made,

That's both her lustre and her shade,)

And in the lantern of the night,

With shining horns hung out her light.

*BUTLER.*—Hudibras, Part ii., Canto i., line 905.

*MOONLIGHT.*—How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!

Here will we sit—Sit, Jessica.

*SHAKSPERE.*—Merchant of Venice, Act v., scene 1.

*MOOR.*—Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,

And batten on this moor?

*SHAKSPERE.*—Hamlet, Act iii., scene 4.

*MORAL.*—He left the name at which the world grew pale,

To point a moral or adorn a tale.

*DR. JOHNSON.*—Vanity of Human Wishes, line 221.

Our stage-play has a moral—and, no doubt,

You all have sense enough to find it out.

*GAY.*—What do Ye Call it? Epilogue.

*MORN.*—

From morn

To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve.

*MILTON.*—Paradise Lost, Book i., line 742.

From morn till night, from night till startled morn.

*BYRON.*—Childe Harold, Canto i., stanza 54.

The sun had long since in the lap

Of Thetis taken out his nap,

And, like a lobster boil'd, the morn

From black to red began to turn.

*BUTLER.*—Hudibras, Part ii., Canto ii., line 29.

The morn that lights you to your love.

*COLLINS.*—Eclogue i., line 23. (Selim.)



*MORNING*.—The day begins to break, and night is fled,  
Whose pitchy mantle over-veil'd the earth.

SHAKSPERE.—1 Henry VI., Act ii., scene 2.

The grey-ey'd morn smiles on the frowning night,  
Checkering the eastern clouds with streaks of light.

SHAKSPERE.—Romeo and Juliet, Act ii., scene 3.

Night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,  
And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger;  
At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here and there,  
Troop home to churchyards.

SHAKSPERE.—Midsummer Night's Dream, Act iii., scene 2.  
(Puck to Oberon.)

The silent hours steal on,  
And flaky darkness breaks within the east.

SHAKSPERE.—Richard III., Act v., scene 3.

Morn,  
Wak'd by the circling hours, with rosy hand  
Unbarr'd the gates of light.

MILTON.—Paradise Lost, Book vi., line 2.

Till down the eastern cliffs afar  
Hyperion's march they spy, and glittering shafts of war.

GRAY.—The Progress of Poesy, stanza ii., line 11.

Or seen her well-appointed star  
Come marching up the eastern hill afar.

COWLEY.—Brutus.

Parent of day! whose beauteous beams of light  
Spring from the darksome womb of night.

YALDEN.—Hymn to Morning.

Brown night  
Retires: young day pours in apace.

THOMSON.—Summer, line 51.

Where the morning sun first warmly smote  
The open field, and where the unpierced shade  
Imbrown'd the noontide bowers.

MILTON.—Paradise Lost, Book iv., line 245. Book ix.,  
line 1086.

The eye of day looks out  
Dim through the haze.

BOWLES.—The Spirit of Discovery, Book i., line 53.

Gild the brown horror, and dispel the night.

DRYDEN.—The Hind and Panther, Part ii., line 659.

Breaking the melancholy shades of night.

PRIOR.—Love and Friendship.

*MORNING*.—The meek-ey'd morn appears, mother of dews.  
 THOMSON.—*Summer*, line 47.

When day arises, in that sweet hour of prime.  
 MILTON.—*Paradise Lost*, Book v.

See how the morning opens her golden gates,  
 And takes her farewell of the glorious sun.  
 SHAKSPERE.—3 *Henry VI.*, Act ii., scene 1.

Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day  
 Stands tiptoe on the misty mountains' tops.  
 SHAKSPERE.—*Romeo and Juliet*, Act iii., scene 5.

*MORTAL*.—He raised a mortal to the skies,  
 She drew an angel down.  
 DRYDEN.—*Alexander's Feast*, last two lines.  
 (Timotheus and Cecilia.)

*MORTAR*.—If he take you in hand, sir, with an argument,  
 He'll bray you in a mortar.  
 BEN JONSON.—*The Alchemist*, Act ii., scene 1.

*MOSES*.—So Moses the servant of the Lord died there in the land of  
 Moab, according to the word of the Lord. And he buried him in a  
 valley in the land of Moab, over against Bethpeor; but no man know-  
 eth of his sepulchre unto this day.  
 DEUTERONOMY, chapter xxxiv., verses 5 and 6.

All [the Jews] know of him is that his body was not left to the birds of  
 the air and the beasts of the field. *For the Lord buried him.*  
 KINGSLEY.—*Parish Sermons*, No. 18.

*MOTES*.—The gay motes that people the sunbeams.  
 MILTON.—II *Penseroso*, line 8.

Like motes dependent on the sunny beam.  
 HOOD.—*Midsummer Fairies*, verse 23.

And dance, as motes in his meridian ray.  
 DR. YOUNG.—*Night viii.*, line 1545.

The whirling motes are seen uprising o'er  
 The burning sand that glitters on the shore,  
 Twisting round, across, below, above,  
 As drawn by some resistless, hidden love :  
 A fiery column forming in their flight,  
 And dancing in the beam of broad sun-light.

LAMARTINE.—*The Revds. Evans and Swift's translation*  
 of *Lamartine's Poem of Jocelyn*.

*MOTHER*.—There is a sight all hearts beguiling—  
 A youthful mother to her infant smiling,  
 Who with spread arms and dancing feet,  
 A cooing voice, returns its answer sweet.  
 BAILLIE.—*Legend of Lady Griseld*, verse 32.

*MOTHER*.—Happy be with such a mother.

*TENNYSON*.—The Princess.

Where yet was ever found a mother

Who'd give her booby for another?

*GAY*.—Fable iii., line 33.

O wonderful son, that can so astonish a mother!

*SHAKSPERE*.—Hamlet, Act iii., sc. 2. (To Rosencrantz.)

That would hang us every mother's son.

*SHAKSPERE*.—Midsummer Night's Dream, Act i., sc. 2.

*MOTTO*.—Thou shalt write them upon the posts of thy house, and on thy gates.

*MOSES*.—Deuteronomy, chapter vi., verse 9.

*MOULD*.—No autumn, nor no age, ever approach

This heavenly piece, which, Nature having wrought,

She lost her needle.

*MASSINGER and FIELD*.—Fatal Dowry, Act ii., scene 2.

I think Nature hath lost the mould

Where she her shape did take;

Or else I doubt if Nature could

So fair a creature make.

*ANONYMOUS*.—Gillfillan's Specimens of the less known British Poets, Vol. i., page 132.

There camps his son : of all his following

Is none so beauteous : Nature broke the mould

In which she cast him.

*ARIOSTO*.—The Orlando Furioso, Canto x., stanza 84.  
(Rose's Translation.)

Nature, despairing e'er to make the like,

Brake suddenly the mould in which 'twas fashion'd.

*MASSINGER*.—The Parliament of Love, Act v., scene last.

Sighing that Nature formed but one such man,

And broke the die—in moulding Sheridan.

*BYRON*.—Monody on the Death of R. B. Sheridan.

*MOUNTAINS*.—The mountains and the hills shall break forth before  
you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands.

*ISAIAH*, chapter lv., verse 12.

For joy, even the unshorn mountains raise their voices to the stars :  
now the very rocks, the very groves, resound these notes.

*BUCKLEY's Virgil*, Ecl. v., page 15.

And wave your tops, ye pines,

With every plant, in sign of worship wave!

*MILTON*.—Paradise Lost, Book v.

*MOUSE*.—The country mouse stole out from his hiding-place, and bidding his friend good-bye, whispered in his ear. "Oh, my good sir, this fine mode of living may do for those who like it; but give me my barley bread in peace and security, before the daintiest feast where fear and care are in waiting.

*ÆSOP*.—Fable 30.

The bumpkin then concludes, Adieu!  
This life perhaps agrees with you:  
My grove and cave, secure from snares,  
Shall comfort me with chaff and tares.

*FRANCIS*' *Horace*, Book ii., Sat. vi., line 231.

Give me again my hollow tree,  
A crust of bread, and liberty!

*POPE*.—Sat. vi., last lines.

*MOUTH*.—I love the sex, and sometimes would reverse  
The tyrant's wish, "That mankind only had  
One neck, which he with one fell stroke might pierce;"

My wish is quite as wide, but not so bad,  
And much more tender on the whole than fierce;

It being (not now, but only while a lad)  
That womankind had but one rosy mouth,  
To kiss them all at once from north to south.

*BYRON*.—*Don Juan*, Canto vi., stanza 27.

*MOUTHS*.—He mouths a sentence as curs mouth a bone.

*CHURCHILL*.—*The Rosciad*, line 322.

*MULTITUDE*.—We too are a multitude.

*OVID*.—*Meta.*, Book i., verse 355.

It is the practice of the multitude to bark at eminent men, as little dogs do at strangers.

*SENECA*.—*Of a Happy Life*, chapter xv.

*MURDER*.—'Twas not enough  
By subtle fraud to snatch a single life;  
Puny impiety! whole kingdoms fell  
To sate the lust of power: more horrid still,  
The foulest stain and scandal of our nature,  
Became its boast. *One* murder made a villain;  
*Millions* a hero.

*DR. PORTEUS*.—*Poem on Death*.

*One* to destroy is murder by the law,  
And gibbets keep the lifted hand in awe;  
To murder thousands takes a specious name,  
War's glorious art, and gives immortal fame.

*DR. YOUNG*.—*Love of Fame*, Satire vii., line 55.

*MURDER*.—Laid schemes for death, to slaughter turn'd his heart,  
And fitted murder to the rules of Art.

TICKELL.—On the Prospect of Peace.

Murder may pass unpunish'd for a time,  
But tardy justice will o'ertake the crime.

DRYDEN.—The Cock and Fox.

Foul deeds will rise,  
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes.

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act i., scene 2.  
(After hearing of his Father's ghost.)

For murther, though it have no tongue, will speak  
With most miraculous organ.

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act ii., scene 2.  
(Chiding himself for his apathy.)

Murder will out—*that* see we day by day.

CHAUCER.—The Nun's Priests Tale, line 15,058.

Murther most foul, as in the best it is.

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act i., scene 5.  
(His Father's ghost to him.)

'Tis of all vices the most contrary  
To every virtue, and humanity;  
For *they* intend the pleasure and delight,  
But *this* the dissolution of nature.

SHACKERLY.—Marmion: Antiquary, Act iii.

*MURMURS*.—With murmurs of soft rills and whispering trees.

GARTH.—The Dispensary, Canto i., line 84.

As for murmurs, mother, we grumble a little now and then, to be sure.  
But there's no love lost between us.

GOLDSMITH.—She Stoops to Conquer, Act iv.  
(Tony Lumpkin to Mrs. Hardcastle.)

*MUSE*.—O, for a muse of fire, that would ascend  
The brightest heaven of invention.

SHAKSPERE.—Henry V., Chorus.

*MUSIC*.—Music has charms to soothe a savage breast,  
To soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak.

CONGREVE.—Mourning Bride, Act i., scene 1.

The man that hath no music in himself,  
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,  
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;  
The motions of his spirits are dull as night,  
And his affections dark as Erebus:  
Let no such man be trusted.

SHAKSPERE.—Merchant of Venice, Act v., scene 1.  
(Lorenzo to Jessica.)



*MUSIC*.—Of a sweet nature, goat-herd is the murmuring of yon pine, which tunelessly rustles by the fountains: and sweetly too do you play on the pipe.

BANKS' Theocritus, Idyll i., verse 8.

In some still evening, when the whispering breeze  
Pants on the leaves, and dies upon the trees.

POPE.—Pastoral iv., lines 79, 80.

Thyrsis, the music of that mourning spring  
Is not so mournful as the strains you sing.

POPE.—Pastoral iv., lines 1, 2; BANKS *supra*.

Sweeter, good shepherd, is thy melody, than yon resounding water  
pours down from the rock above.

BANKS' Theocritus, Idyll i., verse 8.

Nor rivers winding through the vales below,  
So sweetly warble, or so sweetly flow.

POPE.—Pastoral iv., lines 3, 4.

If music be the food of love, play on;  
Give me excess of it, that surfeiting,  
The appetite may sicken, and so die.  
That strain again;—it had a dying fall:  
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound  
That breathes upon a bank of violets,  
Stealing and giving odour.

SHAKSPERE.—Twelfth Night, Act i., scene 1.

Hanging upon her notes like a bee upon a Jessamine flower.

DE QUINCEY.—"Walking Stewart" listening to Madam Mara singing; Vol. viii., page 1.

The murmur that springs  
From the growing of grass.

POE.—Al Aaraaf.

[Poe says he met with this idea in an old English tale which he was unable to obtain, and quoted from memory:—"The verie essence, and, as it were, springheade and origine of all music, is the very pleasaunte sounde which the trees of the forest do make when they growe."]

The streams with softest sound are flowing,  
The grass you almost hear it growing,  
You hear it now, if e'er you can.

WORDSWORTH.—The Idiot Boy, Vol. i., 214.

The breath of flowers is farre sweeter in the aire (where it comes and goes like the warbling of musick) than in the hand.

LORD BACON.—Essay on Gardening.

There's music in the sighing of a reed;  
There's music in the gushing of a rill;  
There's music in all things, if men had ears.

BYRON.—Don Juan, Canto xv., stanza 5.

*MUSIC*.—O, pleasant is the welcome kiss

When day's dull round is o'er;  
And sweet the music of the step  
That meets us at the door.

J. R. DRAKE.

There's music in the dawning morn,  
There's music on the twilight cloud,  
There's music in the depth of night,

When the world is still and dim,  
And the stars flame out in the pomp of light,  
Like thrones of the cherubim!

HONE.—Everyday Book, Vol. i., page 1142, verse 9.

Music of the spheres.

SHAKSPERE.—Pericles, Act v., scene 1.

The stormy music of the drum.

CAMPBELL.—Pleasures of Hope.

Harmony in uproar.

ARBUTHNOT.—A Short Piece of Humor.

I hate that drum's discordant sound,  
Parading round, and round, and round.

JOHN SCOTT.—Ode on hearing the Drum.

I was all ear,  
And took in strains that might create a soul  
Under the ribs of death.

MILTON.—Comus, scene 1., line 560.

In notes by distance made more sweet.

COLLINS.—Ode on the Passions, line 60.

Sweetest melodies,  
Are those that are by distance made more sweet.

WORDSWORTH.

Where gripinge grefes the hart would wounde,  
And dolefulle dumps the mynd oppresse,  
There musicke with her silver-sound  
With spede is wont to send redress:

Of troubled mynds, in every sore,  
Swete musicke hath a salve in store.

RICHARD EDWARDS.—1 Percy Reliques, Book ii., page 199.

When Music, heavenly maid, was young,  
While yet in early Greece she sung,  
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,  
Throng'd round her magic cell.

COLLINS.—Ode on the Passions.

*MYRTLE*.—The myrtle (ensign of supreme command,  
Consign'd to Venus by Melissa's hand ;)  
In myrtle shades oft sings the happy swain,  
In myrtle shades despairing ghosts complain ;  
The myrtle crowns the happy lovers' heads,  
The unhappy lovers' graves the myrtle spreads.—  
Soon must this sprig, as you shall fix its doom,  
Adorn Philander's head, or grace his tomb.

DR. JOHNSON.—Written at the request of a gentleman to  
whom a lady had given a sprig of myrtle.

[*Punch* in his principal illustration, wherein Lord Palmerston stands prominent, usually places a sprig of myrtle in his mouth, as the "ensign," it is presumed, of "supreme command."]

*NAME*.—Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,  
Is the immediate jewel of their souls ;  
Who steals my purse steals trash : 'tis something, nothing ;  
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands ;  
But he that filches from me my good name,  
Robs me of that which not enriches him,  
And makes me poor indeed.—SHAKSPERE.—*Othello*, Act iii., scene 3.

My name is Norval ; on the Grampian hills  
My father feeds his flocks ; a frugal swain,  
Whose constant cares were to increase his store,  
And keep his only son, myself, at home.  
For I had heard of battles, and I long'd  
To follow to the field some warlike lord ;  
And Heav'n soon granted what my sire denied.

HOME.—*Douglas*, Act ii., scene 1.

*Auf.* What is thy name ?

*Cor.* A name unmusical to Volscian's ears,  
And harsh in sound to thine.—SHAKSPERE.—*Coriolanus*, Act iv., scene 5.  
A Junius Brutus, a Pomponius, or a Julius, or any other rusty name  
unwashed by baptism.

DISRAELI.—On Ridiculous Titles. (*Curiosities of Lit.*,  
Vol. ii., page 485.)

One crowded hour of glorious life  
Is worth an age without a name.

ANONYMOUS.—Quoted by Sir Walter Scott in *Old Mortality*, chapter xxxiii.

*NATIONS*.—When nations are to perish in their sins,  
'Tis in the church the leprosy begins ;  
The priest, whose office is, with zeal sincere,  
To watch the fountain, and preserve it clear,  
Carelessly nods and sleeps upon the brink,  
While others poison what the flock must drink.

COWPER.—*Expostulation*, line 95.

*NATURE*.—And God said, let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed, and the fruit-tree yielding fruit after his kind, whose seed is in itself upon the earth, and it was so.

GENESIS, chapter i., verse 11.

Nature the vicar of the Almighty Lord.

CHAUCER.—*Assembly of Fools*, line 379.

Knowing that nature never did betray  
The heart that loved her.

WORDSWORTH.—*Tintern Abbey*.

All of these, and all I see,  
Should be sung, and sung by me :  
They speak their Maker as they can,  
But want, and ask, the tongue of man.

PARNELL.—*Hymn to Contentment*, line 71.

Nothing in nature, much less conscious being,  
Was e'er created solely for itself.

DR. YOUNG.—*Night ix.*, line 706.

For whatsoever she produces (I am not speaking only of animals, but even of those things which have sprung from the earth in such a manner as to rest on their own roots,) she designed it to be perfect in its respective kind.

YOUNG'S Cicero.—*Tusculan Disp.*, Book v., div. 13.

Wise nature by variety does please,  
Clothes differing passions in a differing dress.

DRYDEN.—*Translation of Boileau's Poetry*, Canto iii.  
Tragedy.

Where order in variety we see,  
And where, though all things differ, all agree.

POPE.—*Windsor Forest*, line 15.

Heaven to mankind impartial we confess,  
If all are equal in their happiness ;  
But mutual wants this happiness increase,  
All nature's difference keeps all nature's peace.

POPE.—*Essay on Man*, Epi. iv., line 53.

Extremes in nature equal ends produce.

POPE.—*Epi. ii.*, line 205.

Extremes in nature equal good produce,  
Extremes in man concur to general use.

POPE.—*Moral Essays*, Epi. iii., line 161.

Eye nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,  
And catch the manners living as they rise.

POPE.—*Essay on Man*, Epi. i., line 13.

NATURE.—Look nature through 'tis neat gradation all.

DR. YOUNG.—Night vi., Part i., line 714.

Nature and Wisdom never are at strife.

JUVENAL.—Sat. xiv., line 321. (Gifford.)

No blank, no trifle, nature made, or meant.

DR. YOUNG.—Night ii., line 81.

Read nature; nature is a friend to truth.

DR. YOUNG.—Night iv., line 702.

Who can paint

Like Nature? can imagination boast,

Amid its gay creation, hues like hers?

Or can it mix them with that matchless skill,

And lose them in each other, as appears

In every bud that blows?

THOMSON'S Seasons.—Spring.

Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time.

SHAKSPERE.—Merchant of Venice, Act i., scene 1.

To read and write comes by nature.

SHAKSPERE.—Much Ado About Nothing, Act iii., sc. 3.

(Dogberry to second Watchman.)

Garters and stockings come by nature.

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.—Cupid's Revenge, Act i., scene 4.

Nature, through all her works, in great degree,

Borrows a blessing from variety.

CHURCHILL.—Apology.

Not without art, but yet to nature true.

CHURCHILL.—The Rosciad, line 699.

Breathing nature lives in every line:

Chaste and subdued.

COLLINS.—Epi. to Sir Thomas Hammer, line 112.

All things are artificial, for

Nature is the art of God.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE.—Religio Medici.

The course of nature is the art of God.

DR. YOUNG.—Night ix., line 1269.

I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act iii., scene 2.



*NAVY*.—The Royal Navy of England has ever been its greatest defence and ornament; it is its ancient and natural strength; the floating bulwark of the island; an arm moreover from which however strong and powerful, no danger can ever be apprehended to liberty, and accordingly it has been assiduously cultivated even from the earliest ages.

*BLACKSTONE*.—Commentaries by Broom and Hadley, Volume i., page 500.

*NECESSITY*.—Necessity—thou best of peacemakers,  
As well as surest prompter of invention.

*SCOTT*.—Peveril of the Peak, chapter xxvi.

Necessity invented stools,  
Convenience next suggested elbow-chairs,  
And luxury the accomplish'd sofa last.

*COWPER*.—The Task, Book i., line 86.

1. She must lie here on mere necessity.

2. Necessity will make us all forsworn.

*SHAKSPERE*.—Love's Labor's Lost, Act i., scene 1.

Necessity's sharp pinch.

*SHAKSPERE*.—King Lear, Act ii., scene 4.

I'd rather dwell in my necessity.

*SHAKSPERE*.—Merchant of Venice, Act i., scene 3.

Orpheus, who found no remedy,  
Made virtue of necessity.

*KING*.—Orpheus and Eurydice, line 193.

To maken virtue of necessity.

*CHAUCER*.—The Knight's Tale, line 3044.

Are you content to be our general?  
To make a virtue of necessity,  
And live, as we do, in this wilderness?

*SHAKSPERE*.—Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act iv., sc. 1.

*NECK*.—A lover forsaken.

A new love may get;

But a neck that's once broken

Can never be set.

*WALSH*.—The Despairing Lover.

*NEEDLE*.—Nor peace nor ease the heart can know,  
Which, like the needle, true,  
Turns at the touch of joy or woe,  
But, turning, trembles too.

*MRS. GREVILLE*.—A Prayer for Indifference, verses 5, 6.

And the touch'd needle trembles to the pole.

*POPE*.—Temple of Fame, line 431.

*NEEDLE*.—True as the needle to the pole,  
Or as the dial to the sun.

BARTON BOOTH.—Song.

True as the dial to the sun,  
Although it be not shined upon.

BUTLER.—Hudibras, Canto ii., Part iii., line 175.

*NEGROES*.—We've scrubb'd the negroes till we've nearly kill'd 'em,  
And finding that we cannot wash them white,  
We mean to gild 'em.

THOS. HOOD.—A Black Job, last verse.

*NEITHER*.—Neither the praise nor the blame is our own.

COWPER.—From a letter to Mr. Newton, verse 6.

Neither here nor there.

SHAKSPERE.—Othello, Act iv., scene 3.

But with some folks, 'tis labour lost to strive,  
A reasoning mule will neither lead nor drive.

MALLET.—Epilogue to "The Brothers."

*NETTLE*.—Tender-handed, stroke a nettle,  
And it stings you for your pains;  
Grasp it like a man of mettle,  
And it soft as silk remains.

'Tis the same with common natures;  
Use 'em kindly, they rebel;  
But be rough as nutmeg-graters,  
And the rogues obey you well.

AARON HILL.—On Window in Scotland.

I have touch'd a nettle, and stung myself.

TUKE.—Adventures of Five Hours, Act i., scene 1.

The earth produces wholesome and unwholesome plants; the rose is  
found often next to the nettle.

OVID.—Remedy of Love, line 45.

*NEVER*.—Never wedding, ever wooing,  
Still a lovelorn heart pursuing,  
Read you not the wrong you're doing  
In my cheek's pale hue?

All my life with sorrow strewing;

Wed, or cease to woo.—CAMPBELL.—Maid's Remonstrance.

And still be doing, never done.

BUTLER.—Hudibras, Part i., Canto i., line 204.

Never ending, still beginning.

DRYDEN.—Alexander's Feast, verse 5.

Always filling, never full.

COWPER.—To Rev. W. BULL, line 73.

*NEVER*.—Ever reading, never to be read !

POPE.—The Dunciad, Book iii., line 194.

Ever learning, and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth.

2 TIMOTHY, chapter iii., verse 7.

Still ending, and beginning still.

COWPER.—The Task, Book iii., line 627.

*NEVER MET*.—Never met, or never parted,

We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

BURNS.—Ae fond Kiss, verse 2.

Ne'er to meet, or ne'er to part, is peace.

DR. YOUNG.—Night v., line 1058.

*NEW*.—Nothing is new ; we walk where others went ;  
There's no vice now but has its precedent.

HERRICK.—Hesperides, Aphorism 213.

For out of the old fields as men saith,  
Cometh all this new corn from year to year,  
And out of old books, in good faith,  
Cometh all this new science that we lere.

CHAUCER.—Assembly of Fooles, line 22.

Be not the first by whom the new are tried,  
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.

POPE.—On Criticism, line 335.

New subjects are not easily explain'd,  
And you had better choose a well-known theme  
Than trust to an invention of your own.

ROSCOMMON.—Horace's Art of Poetry.

*NEW-YEAR'S DAY*.—This is a day, in days of yore,  
Our father's never saw before :

This is a day, 'tis one to ten,

Our sons will never see again.

FIELDING.—The Historical Register for 1736, Act i.,  
scene 1.

*NEWS*.—The first bringer of unwelcome news  
Hath but a losing office.

SHAKSPEARE.—2 Henry IV., Act i., scene 1.

Evil news rides post, while good news bates.

MILTON.—Samson Agonistes.

Here comes Monsieur Le Beau, with his mouth full of news.

SHAKSPEARE.—As You Like It, Act i., scene 2.

News, the manna of a day.

GREEN.—The Spleen, line 169.

*NEWS*.—But are you sure the news is true ?

And are you sure he's weel ?

Is this a time to think o' wark ?

Ye jauds fling by your wheel.

For there's nae luck about the house,

There's nae luck at a',

There's nae luck about the house,

When our gudeman's awa.

MICKLE.—The Mariner's Wife, verse 1.

*NEWSMAN*.—He comes, the herald of a noisy world,

With spatter'd boots, strapp'd waist, and frozen lock ;

News from all nations lumbering at his back.

COWPER.—The Task, Book iv., line 5.

He whistles as he goes, light-hearted wretch,

Cold and yet cheerful : messenger of grief

Perhaps to thousands, and of joy to some.

COWPER.—The Task, Book iv., line 12.

*NEWSPAPER*.—Every editor of newspapers pays tribute to the Devil.

LA FONTAINE.—Ramage's Thoughts from the French,  
page 111.

*NEWTON, SIR ISAAC*.—Nature and nature's laws lay hid in night :

God said, Let Newton be ! and all was light.

POPE.—Epitaph for Sir Isaac.

Nature herself

Stood all subdued by him, and open laid

Her every latent glory to his view.—THOMSON.

He also fix'd our wand'ring queen of night,

Whether she wanes into a scanty orb,

Or, waxing broad, with her pale shadowy light

In a soft deluge overflows the sky.

THOMSON.

*NICE*.—Dismiss poor Harry ! he replies :

Some people are more nice than wise.

COWPER.—Mutual Forbearance.

*NIGHT*.—The bright light of the sun fell into the ocean, drawing dark  
night over the fruitful earth.

BUCKLEY'S Homer.—The Iliad, Book viii., page 148.

RILEY'S Ovid.—The Metamorphoses, Book xv., page  
518.

Night, sable goddess ! from her ebon throne

In rayless majesty, now stretches forth

Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumbering world.

DR. YOUNG.—Night i., line 18 ; Night ix., line 551 ;

Night ix., line 563.

*NIGHT*.—Night, whose sable hand  
Hangs on the purple skirts of flying day.  
DYER.—The Fleece, Book ii.

Night hangs heavy on the lids of day.  
CRASHAW.—Sospetto D'Herode, verse 64.

When the sun sets, who doth not look for night ?  
SHAKSPERE.—Richard III., Act ii., scene 3.  
(Third Citizen.)

Earth, turning from the sun, brings night to man.  
DR. YOUNG.—Night ix., line 2011.

Now began  
Night with her sullen wings to double-shade  
The desert ; fowls in their clay nests were couch'd,  
And now wild beasts came forth, the woods to roam.  
MILTON.—Par. Reg., Book i., last line but four.

When night bids sleep,  
Sweet nurse of nature, o'er the senses creep.  
CHURCHILL.—Gotham, Book iii.

What hath night to do with sleep ?  
MILTON.—Comus, line 122.

Most glorious night ! Thou wert not sent for slumber !  
BYRON.—Childe Harold, Canto iii., stanza 93.

There's husbandry in heaven,  
Their candles are all out.  
SHAKSPERE.—Macbeth, Act ii., scene 1.  
(Banquo to Fleance.)

Making night hideous.  
SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act i., scene 4. (Soliloquy.)  
POPE.—The Dunciad, Book iii., line 166.

Man turning from his God, brings endless night.  
DR. YOUNG.—Night ix., line 2012.

The night is long that never finds the day.  
SHAKSPERE.—Macbeth, Act iv., scene 3. (Malcolm.)

This sacred shade and solitude, what is it ?  
'Tis the felt presence of the Deity.  
Few are the faults we flatter when alone :  
By night an atheist half believes a God.  
DR. YOUNG.—Night v., line 171.

For in the darkest of the black abode  
There's not a devil but believes a God.  
DE FOE.—The Storm.



*NIGHT*.—The night, to me, of shrieking sorrow !  
The night, to him, that had no morrow.

CAMPBELL.—O'Connor's Child, stanza 9.

The night comes on that knows not morn.

TENNYSON.—Mariana in the South, last verse.

Was I deceived, or did a sable cloud  
Turn forth her silver lining on the night ?

MILTON.—Comus, line 221.

So pass'd the anxious night away,  
And welcome was the peep of day.

SCOTT.—Last Minstrel, Canto iii., verse 31.

*NIGHTINGALE*.—Sweet bird, that shun'st the noise of folly  
Most musical, most melancholy.

MILTON.—Il Penseroso. ROGERS.—Human Life.

I prefer the nightingale herself.

PHILIP OF MACEDON.—Article on Imitations, Disraeli's  
Cur. of Lit. Vol i., page 69.

*NO*.—No more of that, Hal, an' thou lovest me.

SHAKSPERE.—1 Henry IV., Act ii., scene 4.

*NOBILITY*.—Let wealth and commerce, laws and learning, die,  
But leave us still our old nobility.

LORD JOHN MANNERS.—England's Trust, Part iii.,  
line 227.

As the soldiers bore dead bodies by,  
He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,  
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse  
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.

SHAKSPERE.—1 Henry IV., Act i., scene 3.

*NOBLE*.—Oh, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown !  
The glass of fashion and the mould of form,  
The observ'd of all observers ! quite, quite, down !

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act iii., scene 1.

Oh ! what a noble heart was here undone,  
When science self destroy'd her favourite son.

BYRON.—English Bards ; on Kirke White.

A noble soul is like a ship at sea,  
That sleeps at anchor when the ocean's calm.

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.—Honest Man's Fortune.

Better not be at all,  
Than not be noble.

TENNYSON.—The Princess.

*NOBLE*.—Howe'er it be, it seems to me,  
'Tis only noble to be good.

TENNYSON.—Lady Clara de Vere, verse 7.

And to be noble we'll be good.

J. G. COOPER.—Winifreda.

*NONSENSE*.—A little nonsense now and then,  
Is relish'd by the best of men.

ANONYMOUS.

Nonsense and noise will oft prevail,  
When honour and affection fail.

LLOYD.—Letter on Rhymes, near the end.

To varnish nonsense with the charms of sound.

CHURCHILL.—The Apology, line 219.

To make nonsense more pompous, and furbelow bad poetry with good  
printing.

PRIOR.—To Swift, May 1, 1718.

And blushes on her injured stage to see  
Nonsense well tuned, and sweet stupidity.

TICKELL.—To Mr. Addison.

*NOON*.—The insect youth are on the wing,  
Eager to taste the honied spring,  
And float amid the liquid noon.

GRAY.—Ode on the Spring, stanza iii., line 5.

Swim through the serene summer sky.

BUCKLEY'S Virgil.—Georgics, Book iv., line 60.

O lovely babe ! what lustre shall adorn  
Thy noon of beauty, when so bright thy morn !

BROOME.—Birthday of Trefusis.

But ere the noon of day, in fiery gleams,  
He darts the glory of his blazing beams.

BROOME.—Chapter xliii. of Ecclesiasticus.

When to the noon of life we rise,  
The man grows elegant in vice.

BROOME.—Melancholy.

Borrow Cynthia's silver white,  
When she shines at noon of night,  
Free from clouds to veil her light.

HUGHES.—The Picture.

He chased the hornet in his mid-day flight,  
And brought her glow-worms in the noon of night.

TICKELL.—Kensington Garden.

*NOON*.—About the noon of night.

BEN JONSON.—*Sejanus*, Act v., scene 6.

It was evening here,

But upon earth the very noon of night.

DANTE.—*Purgatorio*, Canto xv., line 5. (Wright's Translation.)

*NOR*.—Nor wife, nor children, more shall he behold;  
Nor friends, nor sacred home.

THOMSON.—*Winter*.

*NORTH*.—Ask where's the north? at York 'tis on the Tweed;  
In Scotland, at the Orcades; and there  
At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where.

POPE.—*Essay on Man*, Ep. ii., line 222.

*NOT*.—Not unto us, O Lord! not unto us, but unto thy name, give glory.

PSALM cxv., verse 1, "Give the praise," Prayer-Book version.

O God! thy arm was here,  
And not unto us but to thy arm alone,  
Ascribe we all.

SHAKSPERE.—*Henry V.*, Act iv., scene 8.  
(After the Battle.)

*NOTE*.—I'll note you in my book of memory.

SHAKSPERE.—*1 Henry VI.*, Act ii., scene 4.  
(Plantagenet to Somerset.)

When found make a note of.

DICKENS.—*Captain Cuttle*, in "*Dombey and Son*," chapter 15.

Note this before my notes.

There's not a note of mine that's worth the noting.

SHAKSPERE.—*Much Ado About Nothing*, Act ii., scene 3.  
(Balthazar to Don Pedro.)

I will make a prief of it in my note-book.

SHAKSPERE.—*Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act i., scene 1.  
(Sir Hugh Evans.)

*NOTES*.—In notes with many a winding bout  
Of linked sweetness, long drawn out.

MILTON.—*L'Allegro*, line 139.

Such notes as, warbled to the string,  
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,  
And made hell grant what love did seek!

MILTON.—*Il Penseroso*, line 106.

*NOTHING*.—When I told you  
My state was nothing, I should then have told you  
That I was worse than nothing.

SHAKSPERE.—Merchant of Venice, Act iii., scene 2.  
(Bassanio to Portia.)

Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing.

SHAKSPERE.—Merchant of Venice, Act i., scene 1.  
(Bassanio to Antonio.)

Narcissus is the glory of his race :  
For who does nothing with a better grace ?

DR. YOUNG.—Love of Fame, Sat. iv., line 85.

Nothing ! thou elder brother e'en to shade.

ROCHESTER.—Poem on Nothing.

He answered nothing.

ST. MATTHEW, chapter xxvii., verse 12.

O mighty nothing ! unto thee,  
Nothing, we owe all things that be ;  
God spake once when he all things made,  
He saved all when he nothing said,  
The world was made of nothing then ;  
'Tis made by nothing now again.

CRASHAW.—Steps to the Temple.

Nothing but a night not to be seen,  
Was seen by us.

HABINGTON.—The Queen of Arragon, Act v., scene 1.

The covering sky is nothing ; Bohemia nothing :  
My wife is nothing ; nor nothing have these nothings,  
If this be nothing.

SHAKSPERE.—Winter's Tale, Act i., scene 2.  
(Leontes to Camillo.)

Nothing in his life  
Became him like the leaving it.

SHAKSPERE.—Macbeth, Act i., scene 4.  
(Malcolm to Duncan.)

Thus synods oft concern for faith conceal,  
And for important nothings shew a zeal.

DR. GARTH.—Dispensary, Canto i., line 71.

Who nothing has to lose, the war bewails ;  
And he who nothing pays, at taxes rails.

CONGREVE.—Poem on Pleasing.

*NOUN*.—Noun substantives propped up by random epithets.

DISRAELI.—Curiosities of Literature, Volume iii., page 1.  
(On Local Descriptions.)

*NOVELS.*—The new novel is sought more eagerly, and devoured more greedily, than the New Testament.

GUTHRIE.—The Gospel in Ezekiel, chapter xv., page 307.

*NOW.*—Now is the winter of our discontent  
Made glorious summer by this sun of York;  
And all the clouds that lower'd upon our house  
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.

SHAKSPERE.—Richard III., Act i., scene 1.

(Gloster on his own deformities.)

All thoughts of her are in your goodness buried.

MASSINGER.—Duke of Florence, Act v., scene 3.

Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,  
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,  
And while the bubbling and loud-hissing urn  
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups,  
That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,  
So let us welcome peaceful evening in.

COWPER.—The Task, Book iv., line 36.

Now up, now down, as bucket in a well.

CHAUCE.—Vol. i., the Knight's Tale, line 1535.

Behold, now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation.

ST. PAUL.—2d Corinthians, chapter vi., verse 2.

*NUMBERS.*—As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,  
I lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came.

POPE.—Prol. to Sat., To Arbuthnot, line 127.

*NUNNERY.*—Get thee to a nunnery.

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act iii., scene 1.

(To Ophelia.)

*NURSED.*—Nursed in whirling storms,  
And cradled in the winds.—KIRKE WHITE.—Ode to a Primrose.

*NURSING.*—While we sit bousing at the nappy,  
And gettin' fu' and unco happy,  
We think na on the lang Scots miles,  
The mosses, waters, slaps, and stiles,  
That lie between us and our hame,  
Whar sits our sulky, sullen dame,  
Gath'ring her brows like gath'ring storm,  
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

BURNS.—Tam O'Shanter, line 5.

*NUT-BROWN MAID.*—HALL's British Ballads, A.D. 1847; and a poem by PRIOR.

Merry swains, who quaff the nut-brown ale,  
And sing, enamour'd, of the nut-brown maid.

BEATTIE.—The Minstrel, Book i., verse 44, line 1.



*OAK*.—Thou wast a bauble once, a cup and ball,  
Which babes might play with.

COWPER.—Yardley Oak, line 17.

The oak, when living, monarch of the wood ;  
The English oak which, dead, commands the flood.

CHURCHILL.—Gotham, Book i., line 303.

A sturdy oak, which nature forms  
To brave a hundred winters' storms,  
While round its head the whirlwinds blow,  
Remains with root infix'd below :  
When fell'd to earth, a ship it sails  
Through dashing waves and driving gales ;  
And now at sea, again defies  
The threat'ning clouds and howling skies.

HOOLE'S *Metastasio*, *Adrian in Syria*, Act i., scene 3.

The monarch oak, the patriarch of the trees,  
Shoots rising up, and spreads by slow degrees :  
Three centuries he grows, and three he stays  
Supreme in state ; and in three more decays.

DRYDEN.—*Palamon and Arcite*, line 1058.

*OATH*.—He that imposes an oath makes it,  
Not he that for convenience takes it.

BUTLER.—*Hudibras*, Part ii., Canto ii., line 377.

You would seek to unsphere the stars with oaths.

SHAKSPERE.—*Winter's Tale*, Act i., scene 2.  
(*Hermione to Polixenes*.)

Another, with a bloody flux of oaths,  
Vows deep revenge.

QUARLES.—Book i., No. 8, line 9.

They fix attention, heedless of your pain,  
With oaths like rivets forced into your brain ;  
And even when sober truth prevails throughout,  
They swear it till affirmance breeds a doubt.

COWPER.—*Conversation*, line 63.

1. You make no scruple of an oath then ?
2. Fie, Sir ! 'tis out of my indentures.

MASSINGER.—*The Renegado*, Act i., scene 1.  
(*Vitelli and Gazet*.)

*OBEDIENCE*.—I shall in all my best obey you, madam.

SHAKSPERE.—*Hamlet*, Act i., scene 2. (To his Mother.)

I needs must yield to your goddess' commands,  
Indignant though I be—for so 'tis best ;  
Who hears the gods, of them his prayers are heard.

HOMER.—*The Iliad*, Book i., line 256. (Lord Derby.)

*OBEDIENCE*.—My vow'd obedience, what it can, shall bear,  
But oh! my heart's a woman, and I fear.

ROWE.—Lucan's *Pharsalia*, Book v., line 1122.  
(Cornelia to Pompey.)

*OBJECTION*.—Objection!—Let him object if he dare!

SHERIDAN.—*The Rivals*, Act i., scene 2.

*OBSCURE*.—And through the palpable obscure find out  
His uncouth way.

MILTON.—*Paradise Lost*, Book ii., line 406.

Such as I oft have chanced to espy  
Lost in the dreary shades of dull obscurity.

SHENSTONE.—*The Schoolmistress*, verse 1.

*OBSERVATION*.—Let Observation, with extensive view,  
Survey mankind from China to Peru;  
Remark each anxious toil, each eager strife,  
And watch the busy scenes of crowded life.

DR. JOHNSON.—*Vanity of Human Wishes*, line 1.

For he is but a bastard to the time,  
That doth not smack of observation.

SHAKSPERE.—*King John*, Act i., scene 1.  
(The Bastard's soliloquy.)

*OBSERVE*.—I do observe you now of late:  
I have not from your eyes that gentleness,  
And show of love, as I was wont to have:  
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand  
Over your friend that loves you.

SHAKSPERE.—*Julius Cæsar*, Act i., scene 2.  
(Cassius to Brutus.)

The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness,  
And time to speak it in; you rub the sore  
When you should bring the plaster.

SHAKSPERE.—*The Tempest*, Act ii., scene 1.  
(Gonzalo to Sebastian.)

The glass of fashion and the mould of form,  
The observ'd of all observers!

SHAKSPERE.—*Hamlet*, Act iii., scene 1.  
(Ophelia, after her interview with him.)

*OCCASION*.—Let me not let pass  
Occasion, which now smiles.

MILTON.—*Paradise Lost*, Book ix., line 479.

*OCEAN*.—Hear old ocean roar!

DR. YOUNG.—*Last Day*, Book i., line 34.

*OCEAN*.—The storm is up ; the anchor spring,  
And man the sails, my merry men ;  
I must not lose the carolling  
Of ocean in a hurricane.

GEORGE GRAY.—(Quoted by the Rev. G. Gilfillan in the  
Life of Falconer, in his edition of the British Poets.)

And I have loved thee, ocean ! and my joy  
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be  
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward : from a boy  
I wanton'd with thy breakers—they to me  
Were a delight ; and if the fresh'ning sea  
Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear,  
For I was as it were a child of thee,  
And trusted to thy billows far and near,  
And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.

BYRON.—Childe Harold, Canto iv., stanza 184.

[From the above source I have culled the following remarkable coincidences between  
this Gray and the preceding quotation from Byron :—]

G. GRAY.

*My soul mates with the mountain  
storm ;*

*I'll bid him welcome, clap his mane,  
And hug his breakers to my breast.*

BYRON.

*I have loved thee, ocean, and was as  
a child of thee,*

*And laid my hand upon thy mane.  
My joy was on thy breast to be borne.  
I wanton'd with thy breakers.*

*ODOUR*.—Square built, hearty, and strong, with an odour of ocean  
about him.

LONGFELLOW.—Miles Standish. (The sailing of the  
May Flower.)

And ocean with the brine on his grey locks.

SHELLY.—The Witch of Atlas, stanza 10.

Breathing of the sea.—TENNYSON.—Audley Court, line 8.

*OFF*.—Off goes his bonnet to an oyster wench.

SHAKSPERE.—Richard II., Act i., scene 4.

(The King to Aumerle with reference to Bolingbroke.)

Off with his head ! so much for Buckingham.

COLLEY CIBBER.—Altered by him from Shakspeare.

For Somerset, off with his guilty head !

SHAKSPERE.—3 Henry VI., Act v., scene 5.

(King Edward.)

1. If they have done this deed, my noble lord.

2. If !—thou protector of this damned strumpet,  
Talk'st thou to me of ifs ?—Thou art a traitor :—  
Off with his head !

SHAKSPERE.—Richard III., Act iii., scene 4.  
(Gloster to Hastings.)

*OFFENCE*.—All's not offence that indiscretion finds.

SHAKSPERE.—King Lear, Act ii., scene 4.

(Goneril to her Father.)

At every trifle scorn to take offence,  
That always shews great pride or little sense.

POPE.—On Criticism, line 386.

Every offence is not a hate at first.

SHAKSPERE.—Merchant of Venice, Act iv., scene 1.

Oh, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven!

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act iii., scene 3.

(The King's soliloquy.)

What dire offence from amorous causes springs;

What mighty contests rise from trivial things!

POPE.—Rape of the Lock, line 1.

Evil events from evil causes spring.

ARISTOPHANES. — Ramage's Thoughts from Greek Authors.

*OFFEND*.—Forgive me, sir, if I in this offend.

CONGREVE.—Mourning Bride, Act i., scene 2.

Harsh words, though pertinent, uncouth appear;

None please the fancy who offend the ear.

GARTH.—The Dispensary, Canto iv., line 204.

Who fears t' offend takes the first step to please.

CIBBER.—Love in a Riddle, Act i.

*OFFICE*.—I do not like the office.

SHAKSPERE.—Othello, Act iii., sc. 3. (Iago to the Moor.)

*OFT*.—Oft has it been my lot to mark

A proud, conceited, talking spark,

With eyes that hardly served at most

To guard their master 'gainst a post;

Yet round the world the blade has been,

To see whatever could be seen.—MERRICK.—The Chameleon.

*OIL*.—Whence is thy learning? hath thy toil

O'er books consumed the midnight oil?

GAY.—Shepherd and Philosopher, line 15; GAY's Trivia,  
Book ii., line 558; SHENSTONE, Elegy xi., verse 7;

COWPER, Retirement; LLOYD, On Rhyme, and Au-  
thor and Friend.

*OLD*.—I saw that time of life begin

When every man, the port approaching, ought

To coil the ropes, and take the canvas in.

DANTE.—Inferno, Canto xxvii., line 79.

(Wright's translation.)

*OLD*.—The good mariner, when he draws near the port, furls his sails, and enters it softly; so ought we to lower the sails of our worldly operations, and turn to God with all our heart and understanding.

DANTE.—Convito, Trat. 4, 28. (Note by Mr. Wright.)

Old age came creeping in the peaceful gown,  
And civil functions weigh'd the soldier down.

ROWE'S *Lucan*, Book i., line 245.

Still seem'd he to possess and fill his place,  
But stood the shadow of what once he was.

IBID.—Line 256.

Old age, a second child, by nature curs'd,  
With more and greater evils than the first,  
Weak, sickly, full of pains; in every breath  
Railing at life, and yet afraid of death.

CHURCHILL.—*Gotham*, Book i.

An old age serene and bright,  
And lovely as a Lapland night,  
Shall lead thee to thy grave.

WORDSWORTH.—(To a Young Lady.)

Old as I am, for ladies' love unfit,  
The power of beauty I remember yet,  
Which once inflam'd my soul, and still inspires my wit.

DRYDEN.—*Cymon and Iphigenia*, line 1.

What though his hair be gray, he is not old in mind.

PLAUTUS.—*Miles Gloriosus*, Act iii., scene 1.

An old man, broken with the storms of state,  
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;  
Give him a little earth for charity!

SHAKSPERE.—*Henry VIII.*, Act iv., scene 2.  
(Griffith on Wolsey's death.)

In wretchedness grown old.

CONGREVE.—*Priam's Lamentation*.

Old John of Gaunt, time-honour'd Lancaster.

SHAKSPERE.—*Richard II.*, Act i., scene 1.  
(The King to his Uncle.)

An old man is twice a child.

SHAKSPERE.—*Hamlet*, Act ii., scene 2.  
(Hamlet speaking of Polonius.)

Old ladies who have flirted with our fathers, always seem to claim a sort of property in the sons.

BULWER LYTTON.—*Devereaux*, Book v., chapter iv.

*OLYMPUS*.—And all Olympus to the centre shook.

POPE.—*The Iliad*, Book i., line 687.



*ONE*.—One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin.

SHAKSPERE.—Troilus and Cressida, Act iii., scene 3.  
(Ulysses to Achilles.)

Some touch of nature's genial glow.

SCOTT.—Lord of the Isles, Canto iii., verse 14.

I have been reasoning all my life, and find that all argument will vanish before one touch of nature.

COLMAN.—The Poor Gentleman, Act v., scene 1.

One hand the pen, and one the sword employ'd.

CAMOENS.—The Lusiad, Book vii., near the end.

Whilst his sword is in his hand, his pen must be in his cockade ; he must be as expert at fractions as at assaults.

MRS. COWLEY.—Who is the Dupe ? Act i., scene 1.

One after one, the lords of time advance,

Here Stanley meets,—how Stanley scorns the glance !

The brilliant chief, irregularly great,

Frank, haughty, rash, the Rupert of debate.

BULWER LYTTON.—The New Timon, Part i., stanza 6.

*ONSET*.—Good onset bodes good end.

SPENSER.—Faery Queen, Canto vi., verse 23. (On Mutability.)

*OPINION*.—Pray, sir, what's your opinion of affairs in general ?

KENNEY.—Raising the Wind, Act i., scene 1.

Opinion ! which on crutches walks,  
And sounds the words another talks.

LLOYD.—The Poet, line 55.

Fish not with this melancholy bait

For this fool gudgeon, this opinion.

SHAKSPERE.—The Merchant of Venice, Act i., scene 1.

Opinion, that great fool, makes fools of all.

FIELD.—To Mr. John Fletcher.

A plague of opinion ! a man may wear it on both sides, like a leathern jerkin.

SHAKSPERE.—Troilus and Cressida, Act iii., scene 3.  
(Thersites to Achilles.)

We will proceed no further in this business :—

He hath honour'd me of late ; and I have bought

Golden opinions from all sorts of people,

Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,

Not cast aside so soon.

SHAKSPERE.—Macbeth, Act i., scene 7.

*OPPOSED*.—Equally to God and truth opposed ;  
Opposed as darkness to the light of heaven.

POLLOK.—The Course of Time, Book iii.

*ORACLE*.—I am Sir Oracle,  
And when I ope my lips let no dog bark !

SHAKSPERE.—Merchant of Venice, Act i., scene 1.

*ORATOR*.—I am no orator, as Brutus is ;  
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,  
That loves my friend.

SHAKSPERE.—Julius Cæsar, Act iii., scene 2.  
(Antony to the Citizens.)

*ORDER*.—Order is heaven's first law ; and this confest,  
Some are, and must be, greater than the rest,  
More rich, more wise ; but who infers from hence  
That such are happier, shocks all common sense.

POPE.—Essay on Man, Epi. iv., line 49.

Take but degree away, untune that string,  
And, hark, what discord follows !

SHAKSPERE.—Troilus and Cressida, Act i., scene 3.

The heavens themselves, the planets, and this centre,  
Observe degree, priority, and place,  
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,  
Office, and custom, in all line of order.

SHAKSPERE.—Troilus and Cressida, Act i., scene 3.

*ORISONS*.—In thy orisons be all my sins remember'd.

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act iii., scene 1.

*ORTHODOX*.—And prove their doctrine orthodox  
By apostolic blows and knocks.

BUTLER.—Hudibras, Part i., Canto i., line 199.

*ORTHOGRAPHY*.—But above all, Sir Anthony, she should be mistress  
of *orthodoxy*, that she might not mis-spell, and mis-pronounce words  
so shamefully, as girls usually do ; and likewise that she might *repre-*  
*hend* the true meaning of what she is saying. This, Sir Anthony, is  
what I would have a woman know ;—and I don't think there is a  
*superstitious* article in it.

SHERIDAN.—The Rivals, Act i., scene 2.

[Sheridan seems to have been stealing a trifle from the Dean of St. Patrick's "Tripos," where in Act iii., Sir Michael Creagh and another Alderman enter, and the latter says, "but take me along with you; you *reprehend* me not; they say he carried books on his back."]

Away with punctilios and orthography, I serve the good Duke of Norfolk.

ANONYMOUS.—The Merry Devil of Edmonton.

*OUT.*—Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.

ST. MATTHEW, chapter xii., verse 34.

ST. LUKE, chapter vi., verse 45.

As the disposition of a man's mind is, so is the man : such as the man is, such will be his discourse : his actions will correspond with his discourse, and his life with his actions.

YONGE'S Cicero.—Tusculan Disp., Book v., div. 16.

Out, damned spot ! out I say.

SHAKSPERE.—Macbeth, Act v., scene 1.

Out, out, brief candle !

SHAKSPERE.—Macbeth, Act v., scene 5.

Out of my door, you witch !

SHAKSPERE.—Merry Wives of Windsor, Act iv., scene 2.

FORD.—The Witch of Edmonton, Act ii., scene 1.

Out of my mind when out of view.

GAY.—The Quindunki's, line 45.

Out of sight out of mind.

THOMAS A KEMPIS.—Imit. of Christ, Book i., chap. xxiii.

I cannot set thee at liberty,—“No,” said the starling—“I can't get out—I can't get out !”

STERNE.—The Starling.

*OVERCOMES.*—Who overcomes

By force, hath overcome but half his foe.

MILTON.—Paradise Lost, Book i., line 648.

*OVERLAND.*—And how do you think it will be compassed ?—

Why by procuring a machine to carry ships by land about a hundred miles ; and so prosecute the East India trade through the Mediterranean.

FIELDING—Rape upon Rape, Act i., scene 2.

*OVER SHOE TOPS.*—He was more than over shoes in love.

SHAKSPERE.—Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act i., scene 1.

*OWN.*—Is it not lawful for me to do what I will with mine own ?

ST. MATHEW, chapter xx., verse 15.

The king shall enjoy his own again.

ANONYMOUS.—Chorus to a Cavalier song. SCOTT'S Woodstock, chapter xvi.

*OWE.*—Owe no man any thing, but to love one another.

ROMANS, chapter xiii., verse 8.

Come that's very well—very well indeed !

Thank you, good sir—I owe you one.

COLMAN.—The Poor Gentleman, Act iv., scene 1.

Thou owest me thy love.—SHAKSPERE.—1 Henry IV., Act iii., scene 3.

*OYSTER*.—We strive as did the hounds for the bone :  
 They fought all day, and yet their part was none :  
 There came a kite, while that they were so wroth,  
 And bare away the bone betwixt them both.

SAUNDERS' Chaucer, Volume i., page 21.

[The eating of the oyster, and giving a shell to each of the clowns who found it, is usually laid at the door of the attorney. Somerville lays it at the door of the parson. (Fable 8.) Both are wrong; for the clowns agree to leave their dispute to the first person they meet, and he became the *judge* between them. Pope says—

Dame *justice*, weighing long the doubtful right,  
 Takes, opens, swallows it, before their sight.

See his *Miscellanies*—*Verbatim* from Boileau. And Dryden—A *judge* erected from a country clown.] (Cymon to Iphigenia.)

I will not be sworn but love may transform me to an oyster; but I'll  
 take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me he shall never  
 make me such a fool.

SHAKSPERE.—*Much Ado About Nothing*, Act ii., scene 3.

An oyster may be cross'd in love.

SHERIDAN.—*The Critic*, Act iii., scene 1.

Ceres presents a plate of vermicelli,—

For love must be sustain'd like flesh and blood,  
 While Bacchus pours out wine, or hands a jelly ;  
 Eggs, oysters, too, are amatory food.

BYRON.—*Don Juan*, Canto ii., stanza 170.

*PACING*.— Pacing forth  
 With solemn steps and slow.

GRAY.—*Ode for Music*, stanza iv., line 1.

*PADDLING*.—Paddling in your neck with his damn'd fingers.

SHAKSPERE.—*Hamlet*, Act iii., scene 4.

Did'st thou see her paddle with the palm  
 Of his hand ? did'st not mark that ?

SHAKSPERE.—*Othello*, Act ii., scene 1.

But to be paddling palms, and pinching fingers,  
 As now they are ; and making practis'd smiles,  
 As in a looking-glass, and then to sigh—  
 O, that is entertainment  
 My bosom likes not, nor my brows !

SHAKSPERE.—*Winter's Tale*, Act i., scene 2.

*PAID*.—He is well paid that is well satisfied :  
 And I, delivering you, am satisfied,  
 And therein do account myself well paid.

SHAKSPERE.—*Merchant of Venice*, Act iv., scene 1.

*PAIN*.—Pain was mix'd  
In all which was served up to him, until,  
Like to the Pontic monarch of old days,  
He fed on poisons.

*BYRON*.—The Dream, stanza 8.

'Tis our weakness;  
Blind to events, we reason in the dark,  
And fondly apprehend, what none e'er found  
Or ever shall, pleasure and pain unmix'd.

*LILLO*.—Fatal Curiosity, Act ii., scene 3.

*PAINT*.—Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her  
paint an inch thick, to this favor she must come.

*SHAKSPERE*.—Hamlet, Act v., scene 1.

Who gild our scenes,  
Poison the British stage, and paint damnation gay.

*DR. WATTS*.—On Burning several Poems, etc., verse 2.

A doubtful task  
To paint the finest features of the mind,  
And to most subtle and mysterious things  
Give color, strength, and motion.

*AKENSIDE*.—Pleasures of Imagination, Book i., line 45.

*PAINTERS*.—Coarse manglers of the human face divine.

*TICKELL*.—To Sir Godfrey Kneller.

*PALACE*.—A palace  
For the crown'd truth to dwell in.

*SHAKSPERE*.—Pericles, Act v., scene 1.

*PALM*.—Ye gods it doth amaze me,  
A man of such a feeble temper should  
So get the start of the majestic world,  
And bear the palm alone.

*SHAKSPERE*.—Julius Cæsar, Act i., scene 2.  
(Cassius to Brutus.)

*PALMAM QUI MERUIT FERAT*.—The palm belongs to him who  
deserves it.

The Motto on the Funeral Car of LORD NELSON, the Hero  
of the Nile and of Trafalgar.

*PANTALOON*.—The sixth age shifts  
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon;  
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side;  
His youthful hose well saved, a world too wide  
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,  
Turning again towards childish treble, pipes  
And whistles in his sound.

*SHAKSPERE*.—As You Like It, Act ii., scene 7.



*PAPER*.—Good-bye—my paper's out so nearly,  
I've only room for—your's sincerely.

TOM MOORE.—The Fudge Family in Paris, end of Letter 6.

I forgot to leave a gap in the last line but one for the seal; but I should have allowed for Night, Good Night: but when I am taking leave I cannot leave a bit.

SWIFT.—8th Letter to Stella.

My paper puts me in mind that I have but just room to tell you I am with great sincerity yours.

M. ORMOND.—The Duchess to Swift, Sept. 14, 1716.  
(Roscoe's Life of Swift.)

*PARADISE*.—The paradise of fools, to few unknown.

MILTON.—Paradise Lost, Book iii., line 496.

*PARAGON*.—1. He is a very *paramour* for a sweet voice.

2. You must say paragon: a paramour is, God bless us, a thing of naught.

SHAKSPERE.—Midsummer Night's Dream, Act iv., sc. 2.

Paragon'd o' the world.

SHAKSPERE.—Henry VIII., Act ii., scene 4.

*PARALLEL*.—He was his only neighbour.

BUCKLEY's Translation of Sophocles' Tragedy of Philoctetes, page 310.

None but himself can be his parallel.

THEOBALD.—Play of "The Double Falsehood."

And, but herself, admits no parallel.

MASSINGER.—The Duke of Milan, Act iv., scene 3.

She is herself, compared with herself:

For, but herself, she hath no companion.

MACHIN.—The Dumb Knight, Act i., scene 1.

And may they know no rivals but themselves.

BEN JONSON.—Sejanus, Act iii., scene 1.

Take this from me,

None but thyself could write a verse for thee.

R. BRIDEOAKE.—On Ben Jonson's Death.

No Like. We'll be ourselves similitude.

SUCKLING.—Brennoralt, Act iv.

To me, there is none like you but yourself.

From the Address of a grateful Hindoo to Sir William Jones; LORD TEIGNMOUTH's Memoir of Sir William's Life.

*PARALYSED*.—Oh, Mercy! I'm quite *analysed* for my part.

SHERIDAN.—The Rivals, Act iv., scene 2.

*PARDON*.—Pardon it : the phrase is to the matter.

*SHAKSPERE*.—Measure for Measure, Act v., scene 1.

The offender never pardons.

*HERBERT*.—*Jacula Prudentum*.

When by a pardon'd murd'rer blood is spilt,  
The judge that pardon'd hath the greatest guilt.

*DENHAM*.—On Justice, line 81.

*PARENT*.—Honour thy parents to prolong thine end ;  
With them, though for a truth, do not contend :  
Though all should truth defend, do thou lose rather  
The truth awhile, than lose their love for ever :  
Whoever makes his father's heart to bleed,  
Shall have a child that will revenge the deed.

*RANDOLPH*.

With joy the parent loves to trace  
Resemblance in his children's face :  
And, as he forms their docile youth  
To walk the steady paths of truth,  
Observes them shooting into men,  
And lives in them life o'er again.

*LLOYD*.—Arcadia, scene 2.

While active sons, with eager flame,  
Catch virtue at their father's name ;  
When full of glory, full of age,  
The parent quits this busy stage,  
What in the sons we most admire,  
Calls to new life the honour'd sire.

*Ibid*.

Vulgar parents cannot stamp their race  
With signatures of such majestic grace.

*POPE*.—The Odyssey, Book iv., line 75.

*PARSON*.—A little round, fat, oily man of God.

*THOMSON*.—The Castle of Indolence, Canto i., stanza 69.

A man he was to all the country dear,  
And passing rich with forty pounds a-year.

*GOLDSMITH*.—The Deserted Village, line 141.

At church with meek and unaffected grace,  
His looks adorn'd the venerable place ;  
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,  
And fools who came to scoff remain'd to pray.

*GOLDSMITH*.—Deserted Village, line 177.

In duty prompt at every call,  
He watch'd and wept, and pray'd and felt for all.

*GOLDSMITH*.—Deserted Village, line 165,

*PARSON*.—And (strange to tell) he practised what he preached.

*ARMSTRONG*.—Art of Preserving Health, Book iv., line 305.

Refin'd himself to soul to curb the sense,  
And make almost a sin of abstinence.

Yet had his aspect nothing of severe,  
But such a face as promis'd him sincere;  
Nothing reserv'd or sullen was to see,  
But sweet regards and pleasing sanctity.

*DRYDEN*.—Character of a good Parson.

Daniel will tell you, it is not the shepherd, but the sheep with the bell,  
which the flock follows.

*SWIFT*.—The Tatler, No. 66. (Referring to Daniel Burges, a preacher celebrated for his vehemence.)

With four parochial children, full of catechism and bread and butter.

*SIDNEY SMITH*.—Wit and Wisdom, 3rd edition, page 162. (Longmans.)

*PART*.—I am a part of all that I have met.

*TENNYSON*.—Ulysses.

*PARTHIANS*.—The Parthian, presuming on his flight and arrows, shot backward.

*DAVIDSON'S* Virgil, by Buckley, Georgics, Book iii., page 69; *GAY'S* Trivia, Book ii., line 295.

Like the Parthian, I shall flying fight.

*SHAKSPERE*.—Cymbeline, Act i., scene 7.

How quick they wheel'd, and, flying, behind them shot  
Sharp sleet of arrowy shower.

*MILTON*.—Paradise Regained, Book iii., line 323; *GRAY*, "The Fatal Sisters," verse 1.

Death like a Parthian flies, and flying kills.

*JASPER FISHER*.—The True Trojans, Act iii., scene 5.

*PARTING*.—I humbly take my leave.

*SHAKSPERE*.—Richard III., Act iv., scene 3.

We only part to meet again.

*GAY*.—Black-eyed Susan, verse 4.

And often took leave, but was loth to depart.

*PRIOR*.—Thief and Cordelier, verse 5.

There was shaking of hands and sorrow of heart,  
The hour was approaching when merry folks must part;  
So we call'd for our horses, and ask'd for our way,  
While the jolly old landlord said "Nothing's to pay."

*SCOTT*.—The Pirate, chapter xxiii.

*PARTING*.—'Tis the pang alone to part  
From those we love, that rends the heart ;

That agony to save,  
Some nameless power in nature strives,  
Our fading hope in death revives,  
And blossoms in the grave.

MRS. JOHN HUNTER.—To a Primrose. (Baillie's Coll.)

This parting heart strikes poor lovers dumb.

SHAKSPERE.—Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act ii., scene 2.

Nay, 'twill be this hour ere I have done weeping ;—here's my mother's  
breath up and down ; now come I to my sister ; mark the moan she  
makes ; now the dog all this while sheds not a tear, nor speaks a  
word ; but see how I lay the dust with my tears.

SHAKSPERE.—Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act ii., scene 3.

Excuse me, then, you know my heart ;  
But dearest friends, alas ! must part.

GAY.—Fable 50, line 61.

Good-night, good-night ! parting is such sweet sorrow,  
That I shall say good-night till it be to-morrow.

SHAKSPERE.—Romeo and Juliet, Act ii., scene 2.

Abruptness is an eloquence in parting, when spinning out the time is  
but the weaving of new sorrow.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.—A letter to his dear Princess.

*PARTNERSHIP*.—A Partnership with men in power  
We cannot build upon an hour.

PHÆDRUS.—Book i., Fable 5. (Smart.)

*PARTY*.—Party is the madness of many for the gain of a few.

POPE.—Thoughts on various subjects in the 6th Vol.,  
page 405, of Bowle's Ed. of the Life of Pope. (Notes  
and Queries, 3rd Series, Vol. vi., page 464. ROSCOE'S  
Life of Swift, page 835.)

*PASSION*.—One master passion in the breast,  
Like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest.

POPE.—Essay on Man, Epi. ii., line 131. EXODUS, c. 7,  
verse 12, et ante, 206.

All thoughts, all passions, all delights ;

Whatever stirs this mortal frame,  
Are all but ministers of love,  
And feed his sacred flame.

COLERIDGE.—Love.

*PASSIVE OBEDIENCE*.—Passive obedience was a jest ;  
And pshaw ! was non-resistance.

SCOTT.—Waverly, chapter ii., Old Song.

*PAST*.—Past corporal toil.

SHAKSPERE.—Henry V., Act i., scene 1.

If o'er their lives a refluant glance they cast,  
Theirs is the present who can praise the past ;  
Life has its bliss for these when past its bloom,  
As wither'd roses yield a late perfume.

SHENSTONE.—The Judgment of Hercules, line 424.

*PASTIME*.—Somewhat to pass away the time.

BISHOP BUTLER.—Sermon xiv.

*PASTY*.—Do you hear, Master Cook,

Send but a corner of that immortal pasty,  
And I in thankfulness will, by your boy,  
Send you a brace of three-pences.

MASSINGER.—A New Way to Pay Old Debts, Act i.,  
scene 3. (GREEDY and SIR GILES OVER-REACH.)

*PATCHES*.—Patches set upon a little breach,  
Discredit more in hiding of the fault,  
Than did the fault before.

SHAKSPERE.—King John, Act ii., scene 2.  
(Pembroke to Salisbury.)

*PATIENCE*.—Patience is sorrow's salve.

CHURCHILL.—Progress of Famine, line 363.

Like Patience, gazing on king's graves, and smiling  
Extremity out of act.

SHAKSPERE.—Pericles, Act v., scene 1.

'Tis for me to be patient ; I am in adversity.

SHAKSPERE.—Comedy of Errors, Act iv., scene 4.

As patient as the female dove  
When that her golden couplets are disclosed.

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act v., scene 1.

Patience, and shuffle the cards.

CERVANTES.—Don Quixote.

On one hand ever gentle Patience sat,  
On whose calm bosom I reclined my head ;  
And on the other silent contemplation.

LILLO.—Fatal Curiosity, Act i., scene 2.

She pined in thought  
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,  
She sat, like Patience on a monument,  
Smiling at grief.

SHAKSPERE.—Twelfth Night, Act ii., scene 4.



*PATIENCE*.—'Tis hard : but patience must endure,  
And soothe the woes it cannot cure.

FRANCIS' Horace.—Ode xxiv., Book i., line 31.

How poor are they that have not patience !  
What wound did ever heal up but by degrees ?

SHAKSPERE.—Othello, Act ii., scene 3.

*PATRIOTS*.—True patriots we, for, be it understood,  
We left our country for our country's good.

BARRINGTON.—Prologue written by a celebrated Pick-pocket, to a play performed by Convicts at Sidney or Botany Bay.

[The germ of this quotation seems to have been borrowed from Fitzgeffray's Life of Sir Francis Drake, where we read :—

And bold and hard adventures t' undertake,  
Leaving his country for his country's sake.

FITZGEFFRAY.—Life of Drake, A.D. 1600.]

*PAUNCHES*.—Fat paunches have lean pates ; and dainty bits  
Make rich the ribs, but bankerout the wits.

SHAKSPERE.—Love's Labor's Lost, Act i., scene 1.

*PAUSE*.—I pause for a reply.

SHAKSPERE.—Julius Cæsar, Act iii., scene 2.

PRIOR.—The Conversation.

Snuff, or the fan, supply each pause of chat,  
With singing, laughing, ogling, and all that.

POPE.—Rape of the Lock, Canto iii., line 17.

*PAY*.—Pay ! 'tis against my profession.

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.—The Faithful Friends, Act i., scene 2.

Base is the slave that pays.

SHAKSPERE.—Henry V., Act ii., scene 1.

You must pay your music, sir,

Where'er you come.

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.—The Widow, Act iii., sc. 1.

This is a time when a man is accounted an ass, if he is not paid for  
every thing he does.—HOARE.—Lock and Key, Act i., scene 1.

*PEACE*.—I, in this weak piping time of peace,  
Have no delight to pass away the time,  
Unless to see my shadow in the sun.

SHAKSPERE.—Richard III., Act i., scene 1.

Peace sit you down,

And let me wring your heart : for so I shall,  
If it be made of penetrable stuff.

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act iii., scene 4.

*PEACE*.—Peace rules the day, where reason rules the mind.

COLLINS.—Eclogue ii., line 68. Hassan.

Ah! when shall all men's good  
Be each man's rule, and universal peace  
Lie like a shaft of light across the land?

TENNYSON.—The Golden Year.

And white-robed innocence from Heaven descend.

POPE.—Messiah, line 20.

Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in vain;  
"Think nothing gain'd," he cries, "till nought remain."

DR. JOHNSON.—Vanity of Human Wishes, line 201.

And, without breathing, man as well might hope  
For life, as, without piety, for peace.

DR. YOUNG.—Night viii., line 689.

Peace Chloris, peace! or singing die,  
That together you and I

To Heaven may go:

For all we know

Of what the blessed do above  
Is that they sing and that they love.

WALLER.—A Song, last verse.

Against the king, his crown, and peace,  
And all the statutes in that case.

EDWARD MOORE.—Trial of Selim.

When peace, though but a scanty pause for breath,  
A curtain-drop between the acts of death.

CAMPBELL.—Theodoric.

Peace hath her victories

No less renown'd than war.

MILTON.—Sonnet xvi., line 10.

And now gentlemen, "*Pax vobiscum!*"

As the Ass said to the cabbages.

LONGFELLOW.—The Spanish Student, Act i., scene 2.

*PEARL*.—A pearl may in a toad's head dwell,  
And may be found too in an oyster shell.

BUNYAN.—Apology for his Book.

*PEARLS*.—Like orient pearls at random strung.

SIR WILLIAM JONES.—Song of Hafiz, verse 9.

Strung together like a row of pearls.

BYRON.—Don Juan, Canto iii., stanza 330.

*PEERS*.—Brave peers of England, pillars of the state.

SHAKSPERE.—2 Henry VI., Act i., scene 1.

*PEGASUS*.—Never gallop Pegasus to death.

POPE.—To Bolinbroke, Book i., Epi. i., line 14.

*PEN*.—1. A pen that can write, I hope?

2. It can write and spell baith, in right hands.

SCOTT.—Redgauntlet, chapter xii.

With one good pen I wrote this book,

Made of a grey-goose quill;

A pen it was when it I took,

And a pen I leave it still.

GILL.

[This man wrote a Biblical Commentary, which Sir Walter Scott thinks occupies between five and six hundred printed quarto pages, and has this quatrain at the end of the volume. See note D to the *Fortunes of Nigel*.]

Oh! Nature's noblest gift—my grey-goose quill:

Slave of my thoughts, obedient to my will,

Torn from thy parent bird to form a pen,

That mighty instrument of little men.

BYRON.—English Bards, line 6.

I'll make thee famous by my pen.

And glorious by my sword.

MONTROSE.—A Song, My dear and only Love.

Take away the sword;

States can be saved without it; bring the pen.

BULWER LYTTON.—Richelieu, Act ii., scene 2.

The pen is mightier than the sword.

BULWER LYTTON.—Ibid.

Those oafs should be restrain'd during their lives

From pen and ink, as madmen are from knives.

DRYDEN's *Troilus and Cress*, Epi., line 8 from bottom.

No other use of paper thou should'st make

Than carrying loads and reams upon thy back:

Carry vast burdens till thy shoulders shrink,

But curst be he that gives thee pen and ink:

Such dangerous weapons should be kept from fools,

As nurses from their children keep edg'd tools.

DORSET.—To Ed. Howard on his Plays.

Let him be kept from paper, pen and ink;

So may he cease to write, and learn to think.

PRIOR.—To a Person who wrote ill.

*PENCIL*.—Of whom it may be justly said,

He's a gold pencil tipp'd with lead.

SWIFT.—A Lady's Ivory Table Book.

Beshrew the sombre pencil! I envy not its powers.

STERNE.—The Starling.

*PENMANSHIP*.—A damn'd cramp piece of penmanship as ever I saw in my life.

GOLDSMITH.—*She Stoops to Conquer*, Act iv.

Pray, madam, read it : This written hand is such a damn'd pedantic thing, I could never away with it.

DRYDEN.—*The Wild Gallant*, Act iii., scene 1.

*PENURY*.—Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,  
And froze the genial current of the soul.

GRAY.—*Elegy in a Churchyard*, verse 13.

*PEOPLE*.—And what the people but a herd confused,  
A miscellaneous rabble, who extol  
Things vulgar, and, well weigh'd, scarce worth the praise.  
They praise and they admire they know not what,  
And know not whom, but as one leads the other ;  
And what delight to be by such extoll'd,  
To live upon their tongues, and be their talk,  
Of whom to be dispraised were no small praise !

MILTON.—*Paradise Regained*, Book iii.

Was ever feather so lightly blown to and fro as this multitude ?

SHAKSPERE.—*2 Henry VI.*, Act iv., scene 8.

The people are a many-headed beast.

POPE.—*Horace*, Epi. i., Book i., line 121.

BEN JONSON, *Discoveries*, *The Rascal Many*.

SPENSER.—*The Fairy Queen*, Book i., Canto xii., stanza 9.

God's pamper'd people, whom, debauch'd with ease,  
No king could govern, nor no God could please.

DRYDEN.—*Absalom and Achithophel*.

*PERFECT*.—I am the Almighty God ; walk before me, and be thou perfect.

GENESIS, chapter xvi., verse 1. (God to Abram.)

I have seen an end of all perfection.

DAVID.—*Psalms* cxix., verse 96.

Fantastically bedizened with inconsistent perfections.

SCOTT.—*Woodstock*, chapter i.

And reach'd perfection in your first essay.

SIR HENRY BLOUNT.—To Dr. Garth, on the "Dispensary."

*PERILS*.—Ah me ! how many perils do enfold

The righteous man, to make him daily fall,

Were not that heavenly grace doth him uphold,

And steadfast truth acquit him out of all.

SPENSER.—*Fairy Queen*, Book i., Canto viii., verse 1.

*PERILS*.—Ah me ! what perils do environ  
The man that meddles with cold iron.

BUTLER.—Hudibras, Part i., Canto iii., line 1

Ah me ! what mighty perils wait  
The man who meddles with a state.

CHURCHILL.—The Duelist, Book iii., line 1.

*PERISH*.—Perish the lore that deadens young desire.

BEATTIE.—The Minstrel, Book i., stanza 31.

*PERJURY*.—Shall I lay perjury upon my soul ?  
No, not for Venice.

SHAKSPERE.—Merchant of Venice, Act iv., scene 1.

At lover's perjuries,  
They say, Jove laughs.

SHAKSPERE.—Romeo and Juliet, Act ii., scene 2.

Sworn on every slight pretence,  
Till perjuries are common as bad pence ;  
While thousands, careless of the damning sin,  
Kiss the book's outside who ne'er look within.

COWPER.—Expostulation, line 386.

*PERSPECTIVE*.—Like perspectives, which, rightly gazed upon,  
Shew nothing but confusion—eyed awry,  
Distinguish form.

SHAKSPERE.—Richard II., Act ii., scene 2.

*PERSUASION*.—Persuasion hung upon thy lip,  
And sly insinuation's softer arts  
In ambush lay about thy flowing tongue.

BLAIR.—The Grave, line 302.

*PERUSAL*.—He falls to such perusal of my face  
As he would draw it.

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act ii., scene 1.

*PETTICOAT*.—Young, raw, and ignorant scholars believe every silk  
petticoat includes an angel.

SWIFT. — Correspondence. To the Rev. J. Kendall.  
(Roscoe's Ed., Vol. ii., page 432.)

Angels in petticoats.

PETER PINDAR.—(Wolcot.) The Remonstrance, Vol. iii.  
An Ode.

*PHARMACY*.—All that is required is to bleed the patients, and make  
them drink warm water. This is the secret of curing all the dis-  
tempers incident to man.

LE SAGE.—Gil Blas, Volume i., chapter iii.

*PHILIPPI*.—I will see thee at Philippi then.

SHAKSPERE.—Julius Caesar, Act iv., scene 3.



*PHILLIS*.—Of herbs and other country messes,  
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses.

MILTON.—*L'Allegro*, line 85.

*PHILOSOPHY*.—Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?  
SHAKSPERE.—*As You Like It*, Act iii., scene 2.

Philosophy is the health of the mind.

SENECA.—*Of a Happy Life*, chapter 4.

Philosophy may make a crowd,  
Christianity alone makes a people.

CUMMING.—Lecture in Exeter Hall, Nov. 14, 1854.

*PHYSIC*.—Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it.  
SHAKSPERE.—*Macbeth*, Act v., scene 3.

*PHYSICAN*.—A wise physician, skill'd our wounds to heal,  
Is more than armies to the public weal.

POPE.—*The Iliad*, Book xi., line 636.

Where there are three physicians, there are two atheists.

RILEY's Dict. Class. Quot. 472. A mediæval proverb.

Physician heal thyself.

ST. LUKE, chapter iv., verse 23.

*PICTURES*.—The sleeping and the dead  
Are but as pictures.

SHAKSPERE.—*Macbeth*, Act ii., scene 2.

Dost thou love pictures?

SHAKSPERE.—*Taming of the Shrew*, Induction, scene 2.

As silent as the pictures on the walls.

LONGFELLOW.—*The Phantom Ship*.

And if thy *picture* I am forc'd to blame,  
I'll say most handsome things about the *frame*.

PETER PINDAR.—(Wolcot.) Ode ii., line 3, A.D. 1783.

*PIGMIES*.—Let us not put pigmies on pedestals.

BARERE.—To the French Assembly, in 1792.

Pigmies are pigmies still, though perch'd on Alps;  
And pyramids are pyramids in vales.

DR. YOUNG.—*Night vi.*, line 309.

*PILL*.—The man could better gild a pill  
Or make a bill,

Or mix a draught,

Or bleed or blister.

GEO. COLMAN, JUN.—*The Newcastle Apothecary*.

*PILLORY*.—Each window like a pill'ry appears,  
With heads thrust through, nail'd by the ears.

BUTLER.—*Hudibras*, Part ii., Canto iii., line 391.

*PIN*.—I do not set my life at a pin's fee.

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act i., scene 4.

Himself I hold at a hair's worth.

HOMER.—The Iliad, Book 9, line 446. (Lord Derby.)

Achilles scorning the offer of Agamemnon.

See, a pin is there,

A pin a-day will fetch a groat a-year.

KING.—Art of Cookery, line 404.

Pin a dishclout to his tail.

SWIFT.—Mary's Letter to Dr. Sheridan.

*PINCH*.— Along with them

They brought one Pinch, a hungry, lean-faced villain,

A mere anatomy, a mountebank.

SHAKSPERE.—Comedy of Errors, Act v., scene 1.

*PIOUS*.—When pious frauds and holy shifts,

Are dispensations and gifts.

BUTLER.—Hudibras, Part i., Canto iii., line 1145. SMITH.

—Phædra and Hyppolitus, Act ii. POPE.—Eloisa and

Abelard. THOMSON.—Spring, line 697. CHURCHILL.

—The Ghost. Book viii. DRYDEN.—Baucis and

Philemon. ROWE.—Lucan, Book iii., line 1141.

DRYDEN.—Iphis and Ianthe, Book ix., and SOMERVILLE.

—Mahomet Ali Beg.

*PIRATE*.—Thou notable pirate! thou salt-water thief!

SHAKSPERE.—Twelfth Night, Act v., scene 1.

*PITCH*.—He that toucheth pitch shall be defiled therewith.

ECCLESIASTICUS, chapter xiii., verse 1.

*Timon*. All the lands thou hast

Lie in a pitch'd field.

*Alcib*. Ay, defil'd land, my lord.

SHAKSPERE.—Timon of Athens, Act i., scene 2; 1 Henry

IV., Act ii., scene 4; Much Ado About Nothing, Act

iii., scene 3.

*PITY*.—Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,

Whose trembling limbs have brought him to your door.

The Rev. THOS. MOSS.—Gentleman's Magazine, lxx., p. 41.

(The Beggar's Petition.)

What comfort can a wretch like me bestow?

He best can pity who has felt the woe.

GAY.—Dione, Act ii., scene 2.

Pity melts the mind to love.

DRYDEN.—Alexander's Feast.

*PITY*.—1. I pity you.

2. That's a degree to love.

SHAKSPERE.—*Twelfth Night*, Act iii., scene 1.  
(Viola to Olivia.)

Do pity me ;

Pity's akin to love ; and every thought  
Of that soft kind is welcome to my soul.

SOUTHERN.—*Oroonoka*, Act ii., scene 1.

Pity, some say, is the parent

Of future love.

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.—*The Spanish Curate*, Act v.,  
scene 1.

And some say pity is the child of love.

COTTON.—*Love's Triumph*, verse 5.

Pity swells the tide of love.

DR. YOUNG.—*Night iii.*, line 106.

They would your virgin soul to pity move,  
And pity may at last be changed to love.

POMFRET.—*Fortunate Complaint*.

If pity move

Your generous bosom, pity those who love.

GAY.—*Dione*, Act i., scene 1.

Careless their merits or their faults to scan,  
His pity gave ere charity began.

GOLDSMITH.—*The Deserted Village*, line 161.

Those that can pity—may—let fall a tear.

SHAKSPERE.—*Henry VIII.*, Prol. line 5.

He hath a tear for pity, and a hand  
Open as day for melting charity.

SHAKSPERE.—2 *Henry IV.*, Act iv., scene 4. (The King  
to Clarence, speaking of his son Prince Henry.)

And mourn'd till pity's self be dead.

COLLINS.—*Dirge in Cymbeline*, verse 6.

*PLAGUE*.—A plague upon you all !

SHAKSPERE.—*Richard III.*, Act i., scene 3.  
(To Lord Grey.)

A plague o' both your houses !

SHAKSPERE.—*Romeo and Juliet*, Act iii., scene 1.  
(Mercutio after being hurt by Tybalt.)

A plague o' these pickle herrings !

SHAKSPERE.—*Twelfth Night*, Act i., scene 1.  
(Sir Toby to Olivia.)

PLATO.—It must be so—Plato, thou reasonest well—  
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,  
This longing after immortality?  
Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,  
Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the soul  
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?  
'Tis the Divinity that stirs within us;  
'Tis Heaven itself that points out an hereafter,  
And intimates Eternity to man.

ADDISON.—Cato, Act v., scene 1.

[Plato derived much religious and moral truth from the inspired sources, hence it was said by Numenius the Pythagorean, "What is Plato but Moses in Attic Greek?"—*Encyclopedia Britannica*, Article Plato.]

Oh yet we trust that somehow good  
Will be the final goal of ill.

TENNYSON.—In Memoriam, 53, verse 1.

That nothing walks with aimless feet;  
That not one life shall be destroy'd,  
Or cast as rubbish to the void,  
When God hath made the pile complete.

TENNYSON.—Ibid., verse 2.

I can but trust that good shall fall  
At last—far off—at last, to all.

TENNYSON.—Ibid., verse 4.

PLAY.—Five acts are just the measure of a play.

ROSCOMMON.—Horace's Art of Poetry.

The play's the thing,  
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king.

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act ii., scene 2.

(His reflections on the players and himself.)

Plays are the mirrors of life.

BULWER LYTTON.—Devereux, Book i., chapter x.

With his romances, and his d—'d plays, and his *Odyssey*, Popes, and  
a parcel of fellows not worth a groat.

MURPHY.—The Apprentice, Act i.

PLAYERS.—O, there be players that I have seen play, and heard  
others praise, and that highly, not to speak it profanely, that, neither  
having the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor  
man, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of  
Nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they  
imitated humanity so abominably.

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act iii., sc. 2. (To the Players.)

PLEASE.—At once to please and to confound the sight.

COWLEY.—The Davideis, Book iii., line 192.

*PEACE*.—We that live to please, must please to live.

DR. JOHNSON.—Prologue 1747, line 54.

They who are pleased themselves must always please.

THOMSON.—The Castle of Indolence, Canto i., stanza 15.

Behold the child, by nature's kindly law,  
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw.

POPE.—Essay on Man, Epistle ii., line 275.

*PLEASURE*.—'Tis all my pleasure thy past toil to know,  
For pleased remembrance builds delight on woe.

GAY.—Epi. viii.

The pleasure your letter gave me surpassed all the anxiety your silence  
had occasioned me.

MISS KELLY.—To Swift on his silence. (Roscoe's Life of Swift.)

Sweet is pleasure after pain.

DRYDEN.—Alexander's Feast, verse 3.

And pleasing others, learn'd herself to please.

CHURCHILL.—Epi. to Hogarth, line 104.

And if you mean to profit, learn to please.

CHURCHILL.—Gotham, Book ii., line 88. (A Quotation.)

Yours be the care to profit, and to please.

DRYDEN.—The Wife of Bath, line 517.

No person spoke without being pleased himself, and pleasing his companions.

SWIFT.—Voyage to the Houyhnhnms.

The pleasures of the vulgar are ungrounded, thin, and superficial, but  
the other are solid and eternal.

SENECA.—Of a Happy Life, chapter i., near the end.

Approach love's awful throne by just degrees,  
And, if thou would'st be happy, learn to please.

PRIOR.—Solomon, Book ii., line 266.

And painful pleasure turns to pleasing pain.

SPENSER.—Fairy Queen, Book ii., Canto x., verse 60.

May you be all as old as I,

And see your sons to manhood grow;

And, many a time before you die,

Be just as pleased as I am now.

BLOOMFIELD.—Richard and Kate.

Pleasures are ever in our hands or eyes;

And when in act they cease, in prospect rise.

POPE.—Essay on Man, Epi. ii., line 123.



*PLEASURE*.—If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,  
 One cordial in this melancholy vale,  
 'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,  
 In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,  
 Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale!

BURNS.—Cotter's Saturday Night, verse 9.

But pleasures are like poppies spread,  
 You seize the flower, its bloom is shed!

BURNS.—Tam O'Shanter, line 59.

Or like the snow-fall in the river,  
 A moment white—then melts forever.

BURNS.—Tam O'Shanter, line 61.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods;  
 There is a rapture on the lonely shore,  
 There is society, where none intrudes,  
 By the deep sea, and music in its roar.

BYRON.—Childe Harold, Canto, iv., stanza 178.

*PLEDGE*.—Pledges for debt are of the highest antiquity.

JONES.—On Bailments, page 83.

The life of a man is a pledge in the hands of destiny.

JONES.—Ibid.

*PLENTY*.—Plenty has made me poor. I could wish that what I am  
 in love with was away.

OVID.—Meta., Book iii., Fable vii. (Riley's Transl.)

But Livy appears to be the originator of the phrase.  
 (*Fecit statim ut fit fastidium copia*, iii., 1, Dr. Ramage.)

Whose plenty made him poor.

SPENSER.—Fairy Queen, Book i., canto iv., stanza 29.

Scatter plenty o'er a smiling land.

GRAY.—Elegy in a Churchyard, verse 16.

So plenty makes me poor.

SPENSER.—Sonnet 35. (Drayton has the same idea.)

And plenty makes us poor.

DRYDEN.—The Medal, line 126.

*PLUMP*.—As plump as stall'd theology.

DR. YOUNG.—The Christian Triumph, Night iv., line 73.

*POCKET*.—Kill a man's family, and he may brook it,  
 But keep your hands out of his breeches' pocket.

BYRON.—Don Juan, Canto x., stanza 79.

How melancholy are my poor breeches; not one chink!

FARQUHAR.—The Twin Rivals, Act i.

*POCKET*.—And yet you will stand to it, you will not pocket up wrong.  
 SHAKSPERE.—1 Henry IV., Act iii., scene 3.  
 (The Prince to Falstaff.)

Dry up thy tears, and pocket up th' abuse,  
 Nor put thy friend to make a bad excuse.  
 DRYDEN'S Juvenal, Sat. xvi.

*POETS*.—Painters and poets have been still allow'd  
 Their pencils, and their fancies unconfined.  
 ROSCOMMON.—Horace's Art of Poetry, line 10.

Painters and poets our indulgence claim,  
 Their daring equal, and their art the same.  
 FRANCIS' Horace.—Art of Poetry, line 11.

Painters and poets never should be fat,  
 Sons of Apollo listen well to that.  
 WOLCOT.—Ode 5.

No man can be 'a poet  
 That is not a good cook, to know the palates,  
 And several tastes of the time.  
 BEN JONSON.—The Staple of News, Act iii., scene 1.

They both are born artificers, not made.  
 BEN JONSON.—Discoveries. *Poeta nascitur non fit.*

They are not born every year as an alderman.  
 BEN JONSON.—Every Man in His Humor, Act v., sc. last.

[Taylor, the Water Poet, seems to have found a correct copy of some old Latin verses which he thus gives:—

*Consules fiunt quotannis, et novi proconsules,  
 Solus aut rex aut poeta non quotannis nascitur.*

which are usually attributed to one Florus:—Consuls are made every year, and new proconsuls, only a king or a poet is not born every year. See Mr. W. Gifford's edition of Jonson.]

A poet no industry can make if his *genius* be not carried into it; and therefore it is an old proverb, *orator fit; Poeta nascitur.*  
 SIDNEY.—An Apology for Poetry. (Arber's reprint, 62.)

Widely extensive is the poet's aim,  
 And in each verse he draws a bill on fame.  
 LADY WINCHELSEA.—To Pope.

Though 'tis a fate that's pretty sure,  
 If born a poet to be poor;  
 I'd rather be a bard by birth,  
 Than live the richest dunce on earth.

ANONYMOUS.—Collet's Relics of Lit., 234.

Poets of the air.  
 LONGFELLOW.—Walter Von Der Vogelweld, verse 5.

*POETS*.—Who live on fancy, and can feed on air.

GAY.—Epi. vii., line 20.

With wild variety

Draw boars in waves, and dolphins in a wood.

ROSCOMMON.—Art of Poetry.

Spare the poet for his subject's sake.

COWPER.—Charity, last line.

There is a pleasure in poetic pains,

Which only poets know.

COWPER.—The Task, Book ii., line 285.

They best can judge a poet's worth,

Who oft themselves have known

The pangs of a poetie birth

By labours of their own.

COWPER.—To Dr. Darwin.

Three poets, in three distant ages born,

Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.

The first in loftiness of thought surpass'd;

The next, in majesty; in both, the last.

The force of nature could no further go;

To make a third, she join'd the former two.

DRYDEN.—Lines under Milton's Picture.

Ages elapsed ere Homer's lamp appear'd,

And ages ere the Mantuan swan was heard;

To carry nature lengths unknown before,

To give a Milton birth, ask'd ages more.

COWPER.—Table Talk, line 557.

*POETICAL*.—I would the gods had made thee poetical.

SHAKSPERE.—As You Like It, Act iii., scene 3.

(Touchstone to Aubrey.)

The emulative flame,

That rose o'er Dante's song, rivall'd Maro's fame.

SEWARD.—Lines on Milton sleeping.

*POETRY*.—There is in poesy a decent pride,

Which well becomes her when she speaks to prose,

Her youngest sister.

DR. YOUNG.—Night v., line 64.

It is the poetry of portrait, and the portrait of poetry.

BYRON.—On the portrait of Ariosto by Titian.

Poetry is meat, drink, clothes, washing and lodging, and I know it.

SWIFT.—Two letters to the Dublin weekly Journal.

It is uninspired inspiration.

HENRY REED.—Lecture on the British Poets.

*POINTS*.—This fellow doth not stand upon points.

SHAKSPERE.—*Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act v., sc. 1.  
(Theseus to Lysander.)

*POLITENESS*.—There is no policy like politeness; and a good manner is the best thing in the world, either to get one a good name or to supply the want of it.

BULWER LYTTON.—*Devereux*, Book i., chapter 5.

*POLITICAL ECONOMY*.—And he gave it for his opinion, That whoever could make two ears of corn, or two blades of grass to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind and do more essential service to his country, than the whole race of politicians put together.

SWIFT.—*The Voyage to Brobdingnag*, chapter vii., Vol i., page 36. (*Roscoe's Life of Swift*.)

*POMP*.—Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye;  
I feel my heart new opened. O, how wretched  
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours!  
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,  
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,  
More pangs and fears than wars or women have;  
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,  
Never to hope again.

SHAKSPERE.—*Henry VIII.*, Act iii., scene 2.  
(Wolsey on the Vicissitudes of Life.)

Take physic, pomp;  
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel.

SHAKSPERE.—*King Lear*, Act iii., scene 4.  
(Reflections in the Tempest.)

Plain without pomp, and rich without a show.

DRYDEN.—*The Flower and the Leaf*, line 187.

*POOR*.—Poor and content, is rich, and rich enough;  
But riches, fineless, is as poor as winter,  
To him that ever fears he shall be poor.

SHAKSPERE.—*Othello*, Act iii., scene 3.  
(Iago to Othello, hinting at jealousy.)

They thank't their Maker for a pittance sent,  
Supped on a turnip, slept upon content.

DR. WALTER HARTE.—*Eulogius*.

To be poor, and to seem poor, is a certain method never to rise.

GOLDSMITH.—*On Concealing our Wants*.

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,  
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm!

SHAKSPERE.—*King Lear*, Act iii., scene 4.  
(His exclamation in the Tempest.)

*POOR*.—Poor in abundance, famish'd at a feast.

*DR. YOUNG*.—Night vii., Part ii., line 44.

*POPE*.—Nor do I know what is become  
Of him more than the Pope of Rome.

*BUTLER*.—*Hudibras*, Part i., Canto iii., line 263.

*POPULOUS*.—Populous in cattle, fish, and fowl.

*BATHURST*.—To Swift, 30th June, 1730.

*PORTENTS*.—In the most high and palmy state of Rome,  
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,  
The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead  
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman street:  
Stars with strains of fire, and dews of blood;  
Disasters in the sun.

*SHAKSPERE*.—*Hamlet*, Act i., scene 1. (Prodigies.)

The night has been unruly : where we lay,  
Our chimneys were blown down : and, as they say,  
Lamentings heard i' the air.—  
Some say the earth was feverous, and did shake.

*SHAKSPERE*.—*Macbeth*, Act ii., scene 3.

(*Lenox to Macbeth*.)

The bay-trees in our country are all wither'd,  
And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven :  
The pale-faced moon looks bloody on the earth,  
And lean-looked prophets whisper fearful change.

*SHAKSPERE*.—*Richard II.*, Act ii., scene 4.

(*A Captain to Salisbury*.)

*PORTRAIT*.—Who can take  
Death's portrait true? The tyrant never sat.

*DR. YOUNG*.—Night vi., Part i., line 52.

*POTENT*.—Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,  
My very noble and approved good masters,  
That I have taken away this old man's daughter,  
It is most true; true, I have married her;  
The very head and front of my offending  
Hath this extent, no more.

*SHAKSPERE*.—*Othello*, Act i., scene 3.

(*To the Senate*.)

*POVERTY*.—My poverty, but not my will, consents.

*SHAKSPERE*.—*Romeo and Juliet*, Act v., scene 1.

(*Apothecary to Romeo*.)

Our poverty, and not our wills, consent.

*STERNE*.—*Shandy's Opinions*.

*POWER*.—The desire of power in excess caused the angels to fall.

*BACON*.—*Essay 13, on Goodness*.



*PRAISE*.—Let everything that hath breath, praise the Lord.  
PSALM cl., verse 6.

The plants look up to heaven, from whence  
They have their nourishment.

SHAKSPERE.—*Pericles*, Act i., scene 2.  
(*Helicanus* to *Pericles*.)

Praise is the tribute of men, but felicity the gift of God.  
BACON.—On *Queen Elizabeth*.

Praise was originally a pension, paid by the world.  
SWIFT.—*A Tale of a Tub*, (*The Author's Preface*.)

Our praises are our wages.  
SHAKSPERE.—*Winter's Tale*, Act i., scene 2.  
(*Hermione* to *Leontes*.)

Praising what is lost,  
Makes the remembrance dear.  
SHAKSPERE.—*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act v., scene 3;  
or, as some unknown hand has written, "Though lost  
to sight, to memory dear."

Praise cannot praise him with hyperbole :  
He is one whom older look upon as on a book,  
Wherein are printed noble sentences  
For them to rule their lives by.  
WILKINS.—*Enforced Marriage*, Act i.

The man is vain who writes for praise ;  
Praise no man e'er deserved who sought no more.  
DR. YOUNG.—*Night vi.*, line 3.

Long open panegyric drags at best,  
And praise is only praise when well address'd.—GAY.—*Epi. i.*  
Methinks she is too low for a high praise, too brown for a fair praise,  
and too little for a great praise.  
SHAKSPERE.—*Much Ado About Nothing*, Act i., scene 1.  
(*Benedick* to *Claudio*.)

Idly do we waste the breath of praise.  
COWPER.—*The Task*, Book vi., line 711.

I have some wounds upon me, and they smart  
To hear themselves remember'd.  
SHAKSPERE.—*Coriolanus*, Act i., scene 9.  
(*Marcus* to *Cominius*.)

*PRAISE*.—Praise undeserved is satire in disguise.

BROADHURST. — British Beauties. Notes from "The Garland," a Collection of Poems, 1723; See 1, Notes and Queries, 233.

[Pope in his translations of Horace, *Epi. i.*, Book ii., last line but seven, gives this passage as a quotation, but uses the word "scandal" instead of "satire."]

If thou would'st all his generous deeds explore,  
As soon the sandy grains thy tongue shall number o'er.

WHEELWRIGHT'S Pindar, *Olym. Ode ii.*, line 174. *Olym. Ode xiii.*, line 69. *Nemean Ode ii.*, line 31.

For sooner could I reckon o'er  
The sands upon the ocean shore.

PSALM cxxxix., verse 18. Tate and Brady.

Experience proves the man, and will his worth display.

WHEELWRIGHT'S Pindar, *Olym. Ode iv.*, line 26. *Olym. Ode vi.*, line 142.

Praise from a friend, or censure from a foe,  
Are lost on hearers that our merits know.

POPE.—Homer's *Iliad*, Book x., line 293.

Greatly his foes he dreads, but most his friends,  
He hurts me most who lavishly commends.

CHURCHILL.—The *Apology*, line 19.

The love of praise, howe'er conceal'd by art,  
Reigns more or less, and glows, in every heart.

DR. YOUNG.—*Satire i.*, line 51.

1. Speak you this in my praise, master?

2. In thy condign praise.

SHAKSPERE.—*Love's Labor's Lost*, Act i., scene 2.  
(Moth and Armado.)

'Tis something to be willing to commend;  
But my best praise is, that I am your friend.

SOUTHERNE.—To Congreve.—The *Old Bachelor*.

Solid pudding against empty praise.

POPE.—The *Dunciad*, Book i., line 52.

*PRANCING*.—When a brisk Frenchman's wife is given to prancing,  
It never spoils his singing or his dancing.

GARRICK.—Epilogue to Home's *Alonzo*.

*PRAY*.—Good wholesome thoughts may nourish thee;  
Go home and pray.

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.—The *Mad Lover*, Act ii., sc. 3.

*PRAYER*.—Prayer moves the hand that moves the Universe.

ANONYMOUS.—Supposed to be from GURNALL's Christian Armour, which I have not seen.

It may be found in DR. GUTHRIE's "Gospel in Ezekiel," Discourse xxii., page 461.

[In a kind note which the Doctor has favoured me with he says, "The passage you mention expresses a sentiment with which I have been familiar for many years. Where I saw it I cannot say. It has been produced by many writers as well as speakers. I could not have produced it as a quotation, as I do not know the exact words of its author."

Since writing to Dr. Guthrie, I have met with the following lines which are part of a poem on

#### THE POWER OF PRAYER.

Exodus xxxiii., verse 10.—REV. THOS. WASHBOURNE, D.D.

What a commanding power  
There is in prayer ! which can tower  
As high as heaven, and tie the hands  
Of God himself in bands,  
That he unable is to loose the reins  
To Justice, till released from these chains !

Samson could break his cords  
As tow, and yet the Lord of Lords,  
Who gave that strength to Samson, can  
Not break the cords of man.

Since then such virtue lives  
In prayer as will exorcise  
The Almighty, and fast bind His arms  
In spiritual magic charms ;

\* \* \* \* \*

That power is prayer : which soars on high  
Through Jesus to the Throne,  
And "moves the hand that moves the world,"  
To bring salvation down.

ANONYMOUS.—Part of some lines sent to the Publisher.

In all thou dost, first let thy prayers ascend,  
And to the gods thy labours first commend :  
From them implore success, and hope a prosperous end.

PYTHAGORAS.—Golden Rules. (Rowe's Transl.)

That work which is begun well is half done,  
And without prayer no work is well begun.

FANSHAWE.

Hast thou not learn'd what thou art often told,  
A truth still sacred, and believed of old,  
That no success attends on spears and swords  
Unblest, and that the battle is the Lord's ?

COWPER.—Expostulation, line 350 ; and see his "Table Talk," line 373.

Against the will of heaven

The work was done, and thence not long endured.

HOMER.—Iliad, Book xii., line 9. (Derby.)

*PRAYER.*—Holy beginning of a holy cause,  
When heroes, girt for Freedom's combat, pause  
Before high Heaven, and, humble in their might,  
Call down its blessing on that coming fight.

TOM MOORE.—*Rhymes on the Road*, Vol. vii., page 326.

Prayer is the voice of faith.

HORNE.—On the 143rd Psalm, verse 6.

Sum up at night what thou hast done by day,  
And in the morning, what thou hast to do.  
Dress and undress thy soul: mark the decay  
And growth of it: if with thy watch, that too  
Be down, then wind up both; since we shall be  
Most surely judged, make thy accounts agree.

GEORGE HERBERT.—*The Temple*, stanza 76.

Daily prayers atone for daily sins.

POPE.—Homer's *Iliad*, Book ix., line 623.

More things are wrought by prayer  
Than this world dreams of.

TENNYSON.—*Morte d'Arthur*, near the end.

If I am right, thy grace impart,  
Still in the right to stay:

If I am wrong, oh teach my heart

To find that better way!—POPE.—*The Universal Prayer*, verse 8.

Behold, he prayeth.—THE ACTS, chapter ix., verse 11.

Nature with folded hands seemed there,  
Kneeling at her evening prayer.

LONGFELLOW.—Prelude to "Voices of the Night," stanza 11.

Who their ill-tasted home-brew'd prayer  
To the State's mellow forms prefer.

GREEN.—*The Spleen*, line 336.

Battering the gates of heaven with storms of prayer.

TENNYSON.—*St. Simon Stylites*.

Like one in prayer I stood.

LONGFELLOW.—Prelude to "Voices of the Night," xi.

*PRAYER-BOOK.*—Get a prayer-book in your hand,  
And stand between two churchmen.

SHAKSPERE.—*Richard III.*, Act iii., scene 7.  
(Buckingham to Richard.)

1. See, where his grace stands 'tween two clergymen!

2. And, see, a book of prayer in his hand!

True ornaments to know a holy man.

SHAKSPERE.—*Ibid.* (The Mayor and Buckingham.)

*PREACHER*.—Judge not the preacher ; for he is thy Judge,  
 If thou mislike him, thou conceivest him not.  
 God calleth preaching folly. Do not grudge  
 To pick out treasures from an earthen pot.  
 The worst speak something good.

HERBERT.—The Temple, Church Porch, verse 72.

Jest not the preacher's language or expression :  
 How know'st thou but thy sins made him miscarry ?

HERBERT.—Ibid. Verse 74.

*PRECEDENCE*.—The notion of the insignificancy of place, has been of infinite prejudice to many worthy men, and of as great advantage to others who have juster thoughts of it.  
 While dignity sinks with its own weight, the scum of mankind will naturally rise above it.—SWIFT.—Right of Precedence.

*PRECIPITATE*.—1. Let us instantly endeavour to prevent mischief.  
 2. O fye ! it would be very inelegant in us :—we should only *participate* things.—SHERIDAN.—The Rivals, Act v., scene 1.

*PREDESTINATION*.—Predestination ! oh how distant lies  
 Thy root from those who do not wholly view.  
 The Primal Cause unfolded to their eyes !

And you, ye mortals, be your judgments slow ;  
 For we, by whom the Godhead is descried,  
 Nor yet the number of the elect do know :

And sweet it is in ignorance to be,  
 Because our bliss is doubly sanctified,  
 In that the will of God, and our's agree.

DANTE.—Paradise, Canto xx., line 130. (Wright.)

We grant, 'tis true, that Heaven from human sense  
 Has hid the secret paths of Providence :  
 But boundless wisdom, boundless mercy may  
 Find even for those bewilder'd souls a way.

DRYDEN.—*Religio Laici*, line 186.

*PRELUDE*.—A lively prelude, fashioning the way  
 In which her voice should wander.—KEATS.—Endymion, Book i., line 492.

*PRESS*.—How shall I speak thee, or thy power address,  
 Thou god of our idolatry, the Press ?  
 By thee religion, liberty, and laws,  
 Exert their influence, and advance their cause ;  
 By thee, worse plagues than Pharaoh's land befell,  
 Diffused, make earth the vestibule of hell ;  
 Thou fountain, at which drink the good and wise ;  
 Thou ever bubbling spring of endless lies :  
 Like Eden's dread probationary tree,  
 Knowledge of good and evil is from thee !

COWPER.—Progress of Error, line 460.



*PRELUDE*.—Lies have possess'd the press so, as their due,  
'Twill scarce, I fear, henceforth print Bibles true.

COWLEY.—The Puritan and Papist.

All, all but truth, drops dead-born from the press.

POPE.—Epilogue to Sat., Dialogue ii., line 226.

Did charity prevail, the press would prove  
A vehicle of virtue, truth and love.—COWPER.—Charity, line 624.

*PRESUMPTION*.—It is presumption in us, when  
The help of heaven we count the act of men.

SHAKSPERE.—All's Well that Ends Well, Act ii., scene 1.

*PREVENTION*.—Who would not give a trifle to prevent  
What he would give a thousand worlds to cure?

DR. YOUNG.—Night vii., Part ii., line 1131.

*PRIAM'S CURTAIN*.—Such a man, so faint, so spiritless,  
So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone,  
Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night.

SHAKSPERE.—2 Henry IV., Act i., scene 1.

*PRICE*.—The most by ready cash—but all have prices.  
From crowns to kicks, according to their vices.

BYRON.—Don Juan, Canto v., stanza 27.

Would he oblige me? let me only find  
He does not think me *what he thinks mankind*.

POPE.—Epil. to the Satires, Dialogue i., line 33.

[Here Pope alludes to Sir Robert Walpole, who was reported to have said that *all men have their price*, but Sir Robert's language has been perverted. He was denouncing the declarations of pretended patriots, of whom he said, "All *those* men have their price."—See his Life, by Coxe.]

*PRIDE*.—As in some Irish houses, where things are so-so,  
One gammon of bacon hangs up for a show;  
But, for eating a rasher of what they take pride in,  
They'd as soon think of eating the pan it is fried in.

GOLDSMITH.—The Hanch of Venison, line 9.

Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,  
To boast one splendid banquet once a-year.

GOLDSMITH.—The Traveller, line 277.

In pride, in reasoning pride, our errors lies;  
All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.  
Pride still is aiming at the best abodes,  
Men would be angels, angels would be gods.

POPE.—Essay on Man, Epi. i., line 123.

The sin of pride is the sin of sins; in which all subsequent sins are  
included, as in their germ; they are but the unfolding of this one.

ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.—The Prodigal Son, page 374.  
(Notes on the Parables. Ed. 9th.)

*PRIDE*.—Pride of all others the most dangerous fault,  
Proceeds from want of sense, or want of thought.

ROSCOMMON.—On Translated Verse.

Pride the first peer and president of Hell.  
DEFOE.—The True-born Englishman, Part i.

My pride fell with my fortunes.  
SHAKSPERE.—As You Like it, Act i., scene 2.

To lordlings proud I tune my lay,  
Who feast in bower or hall;  
Though dukes they be, to dukes I say,  
That pride will have a fall.—GAY.—Duke upon Duke, a Ballad.

Of all the causes that conspire to blind  
Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,  
What the weak-head with strongest bias rules,  
Is Pride, the never-failing vice of fools.  
POPE.—Essay on Criticism, Part ii., line 201.

'Tis pride, rank pride, and haughtiness of soul :  
I think the Romans call it stoicism.

ADDISON.—Cato, Act i., scene 1.

He saw a cottage with a double coach-house,  
A cottage of gentility !  
And the devil did grin, for his darling sin  
Is pride that apes humility.

COLERIDGE.—The Devil's Thoughts. This verse is  
Coleridge's, and not Southey's. See the note to the  
seventh verse in the edition of 1829.

*PRIESTS*.—Led so grossly by this meddling priest,  
Dreading the curse that money may buy out.  
SHAKSPERE.—King John, Act iii., scene 1.

A wealthy priest, but rich without a fault.  
POPE.—The Iliad, Book v., line 16.

First among the priests dissension springs,  
Men who attend the altar, and should most  
Endeavor peace.

MILTON.—Paradise Lost, Book xii.

'Tis thought that earth is more obliged to priests for bodies, than  
heaven for souls.  
LEE.—Œdipus, Act iii.

*PRINCES*.—Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade ;  
A breath can make them, as a breath has made ;  
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,  
When once destroy'd, can never be supplied.

GOLDSMITH.—Deserted Village, line 53.

*PRINCIPLES.*—And oftener changed their principles than their shirt.  
*DR. YOUNG.*—Epi. i. To Pope on the Authors of the Age.

*PRIOR.*—Nobles and heralds by your leave,  
 Here lies what once was Matthew Prior ;  
 The son of Adam and of Eve ;  
 Can Bourbon or Nassau claim higher ?  
*PRIOR.*—Epitaph.

To me 'twas given to die : to thee 'tis given  
 To live. Alas ! one moment sets us even.  
 Mark ! how impartial is the will of heaven !  
*PRIOR.*—For his Tombstone.

*PRISON.*—Stone walls do not a prison make,  
 Nor iron bars a cage ;  
 Minds innocent and quiet, take  
 That for an hermitage.

*LOVELACE.*—To Althea from Prison ; 2 Percy Rel., 343.

A prison is a house of care,  
 A place where none can thrive ;  
 A touchstone true to try a friend,  
 A grave for one alive ;  
 Sometimes a place of right,  
 Sometimes a place of wrong,  
 Sometimes a place of rogues and thieves,  
 And honest men among.

*ANONYMOUS.*—Inscription in Edinburgh Tolbooth.

If lovers, Cupid ! are thy care,  
 Exert thy vengeance on this fair,  
 To trial bring her stolen charms,  
 And let her prison be my arms.

*EARL OF EGREMONT.*—The Fair Thief ; from COLLETT.

You shall have no worse prison than my chamber,  
 Nor jailor than myself.

*THE CAPTAIN.*—Scott, *Peveril of the Peak*, chapter vi.

Such prisons are beyond all liberty.

*SUCKLING.*—*Brennoralt*, Act iv.

Prison'd in a parlour, snug and small,  
 Like bottled wasps upon a southern wall.

*COWPER.*—*Retirement*, line 493.

*PRIZE.*—We soonest lose what we most highly prize,  
 And with our youth our short-lived beauty dies.

*ROSCOMMON.*—Guarini's *Pastor Fido*.

*PRIZE.*— It so falls out,  
That what we have we prize not to the worth  
Whiles we enjoy it; but being lack'd and lost,  
Why then we rack the value; then we find  
The virtue that possession would not show us  
Whiles it was ours.

SHAKSPERE.—Much Ado About Nothing, Act ii., scene 1.  
(The Friar to Leonato.)

*PRIZED.*—I prized every hour that went by,  
Beyond all that had pleased me before;  
But now they are passed, and I sigh,  
And I grieve that I prized them no more.

When forced the fair nymph to forego,  
What anguish I felt at my heart!  
Yet I thought—but it might not be so,  
'Twas with pain that she saw me depart.

She gazed as I slowly withdrew,  
My path I could hardly discern;  
So sweetly she bade me adieu,  
I thought that she bade me return.

SHENSTONE.—Pastoral Ballad, Part i.

*PROCRASTINATION.*—Procrastination is the thief of time.

DR. YOUNG.—Night i., line 393.

*PRODIGAL.*—And he sent him into his fields to feed swine. And he  
would fain have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat:  
and no man gave unto him.

ST. LUKE, chapter xv., verses 15, 16.

Shall I keep your hogs, and eat husks with them? What prodigal  
portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury?

SHAKSPERE.—As You Like It, Act i., scene 1.

*PRODIGY.*—I would by no means wish a daughter of mine to be a  
*progeny* of learning.

SHERIDAN.—The Rivals, Act i., scene 2.

*PROGRESS.*—Let me wipe off this honourable dew,  
That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks.

SHAKSPERE.—King John, Act v., scene 2.

(Lewis to Salisbury.)

*PROLOGUE.*—Prologues precede the piece in mournful verse,  
As undertakers walk before the hearse.

GARRICK.—Prologue to the Apprentice, line 1.

*PROMISE.*—If the reader pleases to look back, he will find me engaged  
by a promissory note, to subjoin a Descant upon Creation.

HERVEY.—Descant upon Creation.

*PROMISE*.—An acre of Performance is worth the whole land of Promise.—HOWELL.—Familiar Letters, Book iv., No. 33.

*PROOF*.—About three weeks ago I was very seriously alarmed by intelligence which I received of an illness under which I then laboured. My informer was certain of his fact, but enjoined me not to mention it again; he had, it seems, been let into the secret by a friend of his, who had been told of it by an acquaintance of his, who had had it from a near relation of his, who had been informed of it by an intimate of hers, who had heard it from the best authority.

Microcosm, No. xviii., March 12, 1787.

She knew a man, who knew another,  
Who knew the very party's brother.

ED. MOORE.—Trial of Slim Sal.

How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

SHAKSPERE.—As You Like It, Act i., scene 2.

That which you hear you'll swear you see, there is such unity in the proofs.—SHAKSPERE.—Winter's Tale, Act v., scene 2.

We'll leave a proof, by that which we will do,  
Wives may be merry and yet honest too.

SHAKSPERE.—Merry Wives of Windsor, Act iv., scene 2.

Give me the ocular proof;—  
Make me see't; or, at the least, so prove it,  
That the probation bear no hinge, nor loop,  
To hang a doubt on.

SHAKSPERE.—Othello, Act iii., scene 3.

Prove it before these varlets here; thou honourable man, prove it!

SHAKSPERE.—Measure for Measure, Act ii., scene 1.

I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oaths of judgment and reason.

SHAKSPERE.—Twelfth Night, Act iii., scene 2.

Prove all things, hold fast that which is good.

ST. PAUL.—1 Thessalonians, chapter v., verse 21.

*PROPHECY*.—I will prophesy, he comes to tell me of the players.

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act ii., scene 2.

(To Guildenstern.)

Did I not tell thee that he would prophesy no good concerning me, but evil?

1 KINGS, chapter xxii., verse 18. (Ahab to Jehoshaphat.)

Prophet of ill! thou never speak'st to me

But words of evil omen; for thy soul

Delights to augur ill, but aught of good

Thou never yet hast promised, nor performed.

HOMER.—The Iliad, Book i., line 124.

(Agamemnon to Chalcas.)



*PROPHET*.—No prophet is accepted in his own country.  
ST. LUKE, chap. iv., ver 24; ST. MARK, chap. vi., ver. 4.

*PROPHETIC*.—O my prophetic soul ! mine uncle !  
SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act i., scene 5.  
(Seeing the Ghost.)

A gloom  
In her dark eye, prophetic of the doom  
Heaven gives its favourites—early death.  
BYRON.—Childe Harold, Canto iv., stanza 102.

*PROSE*.—Who all in raptures their own works rehearse,  
And drawl out measured prose, which they call verse.  
CHURCHILL.—Independence.

It is not poetry, but prose run mad.  
POPE.—To Arbuthnot, Prol. to Sat., line 187.

Both to be read and censured of by those  
Whose very reading makes verse senseless prose.  
BEAUMONT.—The Mermaid Tavern.

The stream of verse and many-linguaged prose.  
CANNING.—New Morality.

*PROTEST*.—*Queen*. The lady protests too much, methinks.  
*Hamlet*. O, but she'll keep her word !  
SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act iii., scene 2.  
(In the Players' Scene.)

[The first quarto, 1603, gives the first line as above, and Knight and Dyce follow it ;  
but the second quarto, 1609, has—  
"The lady doth protest too much, methinks."]

*PROUD*.—And was so proud, that should he meet  
The twelve apostles in the street,  
He'd turn his nose up at them all,  
And shove his Saviour from the wall.

CHURCHILL.—The Duellist, Book iii., line 129.  
On William Warburton.

Proud setter-up and puller-down of kings.  
SHAKSPERE.—3 Henry VI., Act iii., scene 3.

*PROVOCATION*.—1. What's the matter ?  
2. I can't tell you, the provocation's too great for words.  
CIBBER.—The Refusal, Act iii.

*PUDDING*.—One solid dish his week-day meal affords,  
An added pudding solemnized the Lord's.  
POPE.—Moral Essays, Epi. iii., To Bathurst, line 345.

"Live like yourself," was soon my lady's word,  
And lo ! two puddings smoked upon the board.  
POPE.—Ibid., line 359.

*PURITAN.*—But one Puritan amongst them, and he sings psalms to hornpipes.

*SHAKSPERE.*—*Winter's Tale*, Act i., scene 2.

*PURPOSE.*—Make thick my blood,  
Stop up the access and passage to remorse,  
That no compunctious visitings of nature  
Shake my fell purpose.

*SHAKSPERE.*—*Macbeth*, Act i., scene 5.

Yet I doubt not through the ages  
One increasing purpose runs,  
And the thoughts of men are widen'd  
With the process of the suns.

*TENNYSON.*—*Locksley Hall*, stanza 69.

The lights of knowledge and religion, of learning human and divine, of letters, science and the arts, have, as by a law of nature, followed the track of the sun.

*GUTHRIE.*—*The Gospel in Ezekiel*, chapter ii., page 39.

*PURSE.*—Put money in thy purse.—Fill thy purse with money.

*SHAKSPERE.*—*Othello*, Act i., scene 3.

*PURSES.*—Their love  
Lies in their purses ; and whoso empties them,  
By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate.

*SHAKSPERE.*—*Richard II.*, Act ii., scene 2.

He owns 'tis prudence, ever and anon,  
To smooth his careful brow, to let his purse  
Ope to a sixpence's diameter.—*SHENSTONE.*—*Economy*, line 24.

*QUARREL.*—Beware  
Of entrance to a quarrel ; but, being in,  
Bear 't that the opposed may beware of thee.

*SHAKSPERE.*—*Hamlet*, Act i., scene 3.

(*Polonius to Laertes.*)

How irksome is this music to my heart !  
When such strings jar, what hope of harmony ?

*SHAKSPERE.*—*2 Henry VI.*, Act ii., scene 1.

(*The King to his Lords.*)

What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted !  
Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just ;  
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,  
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

*SHAKSPERE.*—*2 Henry VI.*, Act iii., scene 2.

(*The King after Duke Humphrey's death.*)

Love-quarrels oft in pleasing concord end,  
Not wedlock-treachery endangering life.

*MILTON.*—*Samson Agonistes*.

QUARREL.—Thy head is as full of quarrels as an egg is full of meat.  
 SHAKSPERE.—Romeo and Juliet, Act iii., scene 1.  
 (Mercutio to Benvolio.)

Those who in quarrels interpose,  
 Must often wipe a bloody nose.  
 GAY.—Fable 34.

Put we our quarrel to the will of Heaven,  
 Who, when he sees the hours ripe on earth,  
 Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads.  
 SHAKSPERE.—Richard II., Act i., scene 2.  
 (Gaunt to the Duchess of Gloster.)

The quarrel is a very pretty quarrel as it stands; we should only spoil  
 it by trying to explain it.  
 SHERIDAN.—The Rivals, Act iv., scene 3.

QUEM DUES VULT PERDERE, PRIUS DEMENTAT.  
 BOSWELL'S Johnson, 1783.

TRANSLATED.—Whom the Lord wishes to ruin, he first deprives of  
 reason; or, "When God will punish, he will first take away the  
 understanding."  
 GEO. HERBERT.—*Jacula Prudentum*.

[After a long search (for this passage) for the purpose of deciding a bet, some gentlemen of Cambridge found it among the fragments of Euripides, where it is given as a translation of a Greek iambic.—*Malone's Note to Boswell's Johnson*.]

In quiet let him perish, for provident Jove hath deprived him of reason.  
 BUCKLEY'S Homer.—The Iliad, Book ix., page 161.

[The passage has reference to the condition of one who is advancing imperceptibly, though surely, to final ruin.—*Kennedy, cited by Mr. Buckley, supra*.]

For those whom God to ruin has design'd,  
 He fits for fate, and first destroys their mind.  
 DRYDEN.—Hind and Panther, Part iii., line 1094.

QUEEN MAB.—O then, I see, Queen Mab hath been with you.  
 She is the fairies' midwife; and she comes  
 In shape no bigger than an agate-stone  
 On the forefinger of an alderman,  
 Drawn with a team of little atomies  
 Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep.  
 SHAKSPERE.—Romeo and Juliet, Act i., scene 4.  
 (Mercutio to Romeo.)

QUEEN VICTORIA.—Broad based upon her people's will  
 And compass'd by the inviolate sea.  
 TENNYSON.—To the Queen. (Dedication to his Poems,  
 published by Moxon, 1865, ed. 17.)

*QUESTION.*—Her father loved me ; oft invited me ;  
Still question'd me the story of my life  
From year to year ; the battles, sieges, fortunes,  
That I have pass'd.

SHAKSPERE.—Othello, Act i., scene 3.  
(The Moor to the Senate.)

Ask me no questions, and I'll tell you no fibs.

GOLDSMITH.—She Stoops to Conquer, Act iii.

*QUESTIONABLE.*—Thou com'st in such questionable shape  
That I will speak to thee.

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act i., sc. 4. (The Ghost Scene.)

*QUIPS.*—Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,  
Nods and becks, and wreathed smiles.

MILTON.—L'Allegro, line 27.

*QUOTING.*—With just enough of learning to misquote.

BYRON.—English Bards, line 66.

*RACE.*—Herself the solitary scion left  
Of a time-honored race.

BYRON.—The Dream.

*RACK.*—Stretch'd on the rack of a too easy chair.

POPE.—The Dunciad, Book iv., line 342.

*RAGE.*—They could neither of 'em speak for rage ; and so fell a sputtering at one another like two roasting apples.

CONGREVE.—The Way of the World, Act ii., scene 8.

Such lines as almost rack the stage,  
When Bajazet begins to rage.

COWLEY.—Of Wit, verse 7.

*RAIL.*—Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women  
Rail on the Lord's anointed.

SHAKSPERE.—Richard III., Act iv., scene 4.

(Richard calls for trumpets and drums to drown the upbraidings of his Mother and Queen Elizabeth.)

*RAIN.*—He shall come down like the rain into a fleece of wool : even as the drops that water the earth.

PSALM lxii., verse 6.

He maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust.

ST. MATTHEW, chapter v., verse 45.

*RAINBOW.*—Look upon the rainbow, and praise him that made it ; very beautiful it is in the brightness thereof ; it compasseth the heaven about with a glorious circle, and the hands of the Most High have bended it.

ECCLESIASTICUS, chapter xliii., verses 11, 12.

*RAINBOW*.—So shines the setting sun on adverse skies,  
And paints a rainbow on the storm.

DR. WATTS.—Lyric Poems, The Disappointment and Relief.

That gracious thing, made up of tears and light.

COLERIDGE.—The Two Founts, verse 5.

What skilful limner e'er would choose  
To paint the rainbow's various hues,  
Unless to mortal it were given  
To dip his brush in dyes of heaven?

SCOTT.—Marmion, verse 5.

Thou, my Zuleika, share and bless my bark;  
The dove of peace and promise to mine ark!  
Or, since that hope's denied in worlds of strife,  
Be thou the rainbow to the storms of life!  
The evening beam that smiles the clouds away,  
And tints to-morrow with prophetic ray!

BYRON.—The Bride of Abydos, Canto ii., stanza 20.

See in the rear of the warm sunny shower,  
The visionary boy from shelter fly;  
For now the storm of summer rain is o'er,  
And cool, and fresh, and fragrant is the sky.  
And lo! in the dark east, expanded high,  
The rainbow brightens to the setting sun!  
Fond fool, that deem'st the streaming glory nigh,  
How vain the chase thine ardour has begun!  
'Tis fled afar ere half thy purposed race be run.

BEATTIE.—The Minstrel, Book i., stanza 30.

So to the unthinking boy the distant sky  
Seems on some mountain's surface to rely;  
He with ambitious haste climbs the ascent,  
Curious to touch the firmament;  
But when with an unwearied pace,  
He is arrived at the long-wish'd for place,  
With sighs the sad defeat he does deplore,  
His heaven is still as distant as before!

JOHN NORRIS.—The Infidel.

*RAKE*.—Men, some to business, some to pleasure take;  
But every woman is at heart a rake;  
Men, some to quiet, some to public strife;  
But every lady would be queen for life.

POPE.—Moral Essays, Epi. ii., line 215; and see his *Silvia*, a Fragment.

*RANK*.—The rank is but the guinea stamp,  
The man's the gowd for a' that.—BURNS.—Honest Poverty.



*RAPTURE*.—An infant when it gazes on the light,  
 A child the moment when it drains the breast,  
 A devotee when soars the Host in sight,  
 An Arab with a stranger for a guest,  
 A sailor when the prize has struck in fight,  
 A miser filling his most hoarded chest,  
 Feel rapture; but not such true joy are reaping  
 As they who watch o'er what they love while sleeping.  
 BYRON.—Don Juan, Canto iii., stanza 196.

Sweet the young muse with love intense,  
 Which smiles o'er sleeping innocence.  
 SMART.—Song to David, verse 73.

Not the poet in the moment  
 Fancy lightens on his e'e,  
 Kens the pleasure, feels the rapture,  
 That thy presence gies to me.  
 BURNS.—Fair Eliza, verse 3.

*RAT*.—Quoth Hudibras, I smell a rat,  
 Ralpho, thou dost prevaricate.  
 BUTLER.—Hudibras, Part i., Canto i., line 821.

*RAZORS*.—A fellow in a market town,  
 Most musical cried razors up and down,  
 And offer'd twelve for eighteenpence;  
 Which certainly seem'd wondrous cheap,  
 And for the money quite a heap,  
 As ev'ry man would buy with cash and sense.  
 PETER PINDAR.—Ode iii., verse 4. A.D. 1786.

Sirrah! I tell you, you're a knave,  
 To cry up razors that can't shave.  
 Friend! quoth the razor man, "I am not a knave;"  
 As for the razors you have bought  
 Upon my soul I never thought  
 That they would shave.  
 "What were they made for then, you Dog," he cries;  
 "Made," quoth the fellow with a smile, "to *sell*."  
 Ibid.

*READ*.—1. I'll walk a turn, and digest what I have read.  
 2. You'll grow devilish fat upon this paper diet.  
 CONGREVE.—Love for Love, Act i., scene 1.

Read, read, sirrah, and refine your appetite; learn to live upon instruction; feast your mind, and mortify your flesh: Read, and take your nourishment in at your eyes, shut up your mouth, and chew the cud of understanding.  
 CONGREVE.—Ibid.

*READ.*—Shall a rascal, because he has read books, talk pertly to me?  
*COLLEY CIBBER.*—The Double Gallant, Act i., scene 1.

Read Homer once, and you can read no more,  
 For all books else appear so mean, so poor,  
 Verse will seem prose; but still persist to read,  
 And Homer will be all the books you need.  
*BUCKINGHAM.*—Essay on Poetry.

*REASON.*—If there were reason for these miseries,  
 Then into limits could I bind my woes :—  
 Wilt thou have a reason for this coil ?

*SHAKSPERE.*—Titus Andronicus, Act iii., scene 1.  
 (On the mutilation of his daughter Lavinia by Demetrius and Chiron.)

While reason drew the plan, the heart inform'd  
 The moral page, and fancy lent it grace.  
*THOMSON.*—Liberty, Part iv.

I have no other but a woman's reason :  
 I think him so, because I think him so.

*SHAKSPERE.*—Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act i., scene 2.  
 (Lucetta to Julia.)

Give you a reason on compulsion ! If reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion.

*SHAKSPERE.*—1 Henry IV., Act ii., scene 4.  
 (Falstaff to Poins and Prince Henry.)

Reason raise o'er instinct as you can ;  
 In this 'tis God directs, in that 'tis man.

*POPE.*—Essay on Man, Epi. iii., line 97.

Who taught the nations of the field and wood  
 To shun their poison, and to choose their food ?  
*POPE.*—Ibid., line 99.

Learn from the beasts the physic of the field.  
*POPE.*—Ibid., line 174.

His reasons are two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff ; you shall seek all day ere you find them ; and when you have found them they are not worth the search.

*SHAKSPERE.*—Merchant of Venice, Act i., scene 1.  
 (Bassanio to Antonio.)

*REBELLION.*—My own flesh and blood to rebel !

*SHAKSPERE.*—Merchant of Venice, Act iii., scene 1.  
 (Shylock to Salarino.)

*RECKONING*.—I ne'er cost you a coach yet, nor put you to the dear repentance of a banquet.

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.—*Philaster*, Act ii., scene 2.

So comes a reck'ning when the banquet's o'er,  
The dreadful reck'ning, and men smile no more.

GAY.—*What d'ye Call It*, Act ii., scene 9.

No reckoning made, but sent to my account,  
With all my imperfections on my head.

SHAKSPERE.—*Hamlet*, Act i., scene 5.  
(The Ghost to Hamlet.)

And I, with all my sins about me, hurl'd  
To th' utter darkness of the lower world.

ROSCOMMON.—The Ghost, last line but two.

I am ill at reckoning : it fits the spirit of a tapster.

SHAKSPERE.—*Love's Labor's Lost*, Act i., scene 2.  
(Armado to Moth.)

Ruminates like an hostess that hath no arithmetic but her brain to set down her reckoning.

SHAKSPERE.—*Troilus and Cressida*, Act iii., scene 3.  
(Thersites to Achilles.)

*RECOILED*.—And back recoil'd, he knew not why,  
Even at the sound himself had made.

COLLINS.—*Ode on the Passions*, line 19.

*RECONCILEMENT*.—Never can true reconcilement grow,  
Where wounds of deadly hate have pierced so deep.

MILTON.—*Paradise Lost*, Book iv., line 98.

*RECORDER*.—And so God direct them in the choice of a Recorder,  
who may for many years supply that important office with skill,  
diligence, courage, and fidelity. And let all the people say, Amen.

SWIFT.—To the Mayor and Aldermen of Dublin.

*RECRUIT*.—Here, hand me down the statute—read the articles—swear  
—kiss the book—subscribe, and be a hero : sixpence a-day, subsistence  
and arrears.

FARQUHAR.—The Recruiting Officer

He stands erect ; his slouch becomes a walk ;  
He steps right onward, martial in his air,  
His form, and movement.

COWPER.—*The Task*, Book iv., line 639.

*RECTOR*.—And while in wealth he cuts and carves,  
The worthy curate prays and starves.

GEO. COMBE.—*Dr. Syntax*, Tour to the Lakes, chap. vii.

*REDOLENT*.—Ah, happy hills ! ah, pleasing shade !

Ah, fields beloved in vain !

Where once my careless childhood stray'd,

A stranger yet to pain.

I feel the gales that from ye blow

A momentary bliss bestow,

As, waving fresh their gladsome wing,

My weary soul they seem to smooth,

And, redolent of joy and youth,

To breathe a second spring.

GRAY.—Prospect of Eton College, stanza 2.

And bees their honey redolent of spring.

DRYDEN.—Fable on the Pythagorean System.

*REFLECTION*.—But with the morning cool reflection came.

SCOTT.—The Highland Widow, Introduction, chap. iv.

They only babble who practise not reflection.

I shall think—and thought is silence.

SHERIDAN.—Pizarro, Act i., scene 1.

*REFORM*.—'Tis the talent of our English nation,

Still to be plotting some new reformation.

DRYDEN.—Prol. to Sophonisba.

I'll have no more beggars. Fools shall have wealth, and the learned  
shall live by his wits. I'll have no more bankrupts.

GEO. CHAPMAN.—The Widow's Tears, Act i., scene 1.

*REFRESHMENT*.—"Before you begin," said Peter Peebles, "I'll  
thank you to order me a morsel of bread and cheese, or some cauld  
meat, or broth, or the like alimentary provision.

SCOTT.—Redgauntlet, Letter xiii.

Chafe the limb, and pour the fragrant oil.

SCOTT.—Waverley, chapter xx.

From room to room their eager view they bend :

Thence to the bath, a beauteous pile, descend ;

Where a bright damsel-train attend the guests

With liquid odours, and embroider'd vests.

POPE.—Odyssey, Book iv., line 57.

Your other task, ye menial train, forbear :

Now wash the stranger, and the bed prepare ;

With splendid palls the downy fleece adorn :

Uprising early with the purple morn,

His sinews shrunk with age, and stiff with toil,

In the warm bath foment with fragrant oil.

POPE.—Odyssey, Book xix., line 362.

*REFRESHMENT.*—The nymph dismiss'd him, (odorous garments given,)

And bathed in fragrant oils that breathed of heaven.

POPE.—*Odyssey*, Book v., line 335.

The train prepare a cruse of curious mold,  
A cruse of fragrance, form'd of burnish'd gold ;  
Odour divine ! whose soft refreshing streams  
Sleek the smooth skin, and scent the snowy limbs.

POPE.—*Odyssey*, Book vi., line 91.

*REGULAR.*—You are as regular in your irregularities, I find, as ever.  
O'BRIEN.—*Cross Purposes*, Act i., scene 1.

*REIGN.*—Better to reign in hell than serve in heaven !

MILTON.—*Paradise Lost*, Book i., line 263.

*REJOICE AND WEEP.*—Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep.

ROMANS, chapter xii., verse 15.

To weep with them that weep doth ease some deal,  
But sorrow flouted at is double death.

SHAKSPERE.—*Titus Andronicus*, Act iii., scene 1.

(Marcus to Titus and others.)

As the human countenance smiles on those that smile, so does it sympathize with those that weep.

SMART'S *Horace*, Art of Poetry.

*RELIEF.*—For this relief, much thanks.

SHAKSPERE.—*Hamlet*, Act i., scene 1.

(Francisco to Bernardo.)

*RELIGION.*—Religion, if in heavenly truths attired,  
Needs only to be seen to be admired.

COWPER.—*Expostulation*, line 492.

Religion does not censure or exclude  
Unnumber'd pleasures, harmlessly pursued.

COWPER.—*Retirement*, 783.

Religion crowns the statesman and the man,  
Sole source of public and of private peace.

DR. YOUNG.—*On the Public Situation of the Kingdom*, line 499.

Religion is the mortar that binds society together : the granite pedestal of liberty ; the strong backbone of the social system.

GUTHRIE.—*The Gospel in Ezekiel*, chap. xv., page 295.

The dispute about religion,  
And the practice of it, seldom go together.

DR. YOUNG.—*Preface to Night vi.*, line 1.



*RELIGION*.—For in religion as in friendship, they who profess most are ever the least sincere.

SHERIDAN.—The Duenna, Act iii., scene 3.

A fellow that makes religion his stalking-horse.

MARSTON.—The Malecontent, Act v., scene 3.

Religion, blushing, veils her sacred fires,  
And unawares morality expires.

POPE.—The Dunciad, Book iv., line 649.

He dropped his religion and took up no other in its stead.

SWIFT.—Four Last Years of Queen Anne. (On the Earl of Wharton.)

*REMEDY*.—The remedy is worse than the disease.

BACON.—Essay xv., on Seditions, last line.

Withdraw thy action, and depart in peace ;  
The remedy is worse than the disease.

DRYDEN'S Juvenal, Satire xvi.

Better that we awhile had borne  
E'en all those ills which most displease,  
Than sought a cure far worse than the disease.

BUCKINGHAM.—Chorus iii., in Marcus Brutus.

*REMEMBERED*.—I've been so long remember'd, I am forgot.

DR. YOUNG.—Night iv., line 57.

*REMEMBRANCE*.—Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,  
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

GOLDSMITH.—Deserted Village, line 81.

*REMOTE*.—Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow,  
Or by the lazy Scheld, or wandering Po.

GOLDSMITH.—The Traveller, line 1.

*REMUNERATION*.—Biron. What is a remuneration ?

Costard. Marry, sir, halfpenny farthing.

SHAKSPERE.—Love's Labor's Lost, Act iii., scene 1.

*RENEGADE*.—For renegadoes, who ne'er turn by halves,  
Are bound in conscience to be double knaves.

DRYDEN.—Absalom and Achithophel, Part ii., line 366.

*RENT*.—Fit dwelling for the feather'd throng,  
Who pay their quit-rents with a song.

GREEN.—The Wish.

The site was neither granted him nor given ;  
'Twas nature's, and the ground-rent due to Heaven.

DR. WALTER HARTE.—Eulogius.

*RENT*.—Virgil loved rural ease, and, far from harm,  
Mæcenas fixed him in a neat snug farm,  
Where he might, free from trouble, pass his days  
In his own way, and pay his rent in praise.

CHURCHILL.—Independence.

It is the due paying of God's quit-rents which he expecteth; I mean the realizing of our gratitude unto him for his many mercies, in leading the remainder of our lives according to his will and his word.

FULLER.—Mist Contemplations, No. 32.

His quit-rent ode, his peppercorn of praise.

COWPER.—Table Talk, line 111.

*REPENTANCE*.—A king who errs not never can repent.

HOOLE.—Mestastatio, Act ii., scene 3.

Repentance is a goddess and the preserver of those who have erred.

JULIAN.

*REPROACH*.—O lud! how wise he is! Well, his reproaches have that greatness of soul—the confusion they give one is insupportable!—*Betty*, is the tea ready?

COLLEY CIBBER.—The Nonjuror, Act i., scene 1.

*REPROOF*.—I have a touch of your condition,  
That cannot brook the accent of reproof.

SHAKSPERE.—Richard III., Act iv., scene 4.  
(Richard to his Mother.)

*REPUTATION*.—Thou liest in reputation sick.

SHAKSPERE.—Richard II., Act ii., scene 1.  
(Gaunt to the King.)

How difficult is it to save the bark of reputation from the rocks of ignorance.—PETRARCH.—His Life by Mrs. Dobson, Vol. i., page 303.

At an assembly at Bath there was a number of ladies of rank chiefly remarkable for the delicacy of their reputation.

LIFE OF SHERIDAN, G. G. S.

Bankrupt in fortune and reputation.

SHERIDAN.—The School for Scandal, Act i., scene 1.

*RESENTMENT*.—Please to remember in the midst of your resentments that you are to speak to a clergyman and not to a footman.

SWIFT.—To the Bishop of Meath. (22d May, 1719.)

*RESIGNATION*.—One eye on death, and one full fix'd on heaven.

DR. YOUNG.—Night v., line 838.

*RESOLUTION*.—Put on  
The dauntless spirit of resolution.

SHAKSPERE.—King John, Act v., scene 1.  
(The Bastard to the King.)

*RESOLUTION.*—For ebbing resolution ne'er returns,  
But falls still further from its former shore.

HOME.—Siege of Aquileia, Act iv. (Titus to his Mother.)

*REST.*—Rest thy unrest on England's lawful earth.

SHAKSPERE.—Richard III., Act iv., scene 4.  
(Duchess of York.)

So may he rest; his faults lie gently on him.

SHAKSPERE.—Henry VIII., Act iv., scene 2.  
(Katherine on hearing of Wolsey's death.)

Silken rest

Tie all thy cares up.

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.—Four Plays in One, scene 3.

Come, lay thy head upon my breast,  
And I will kiss thee into rest.

BYRON.—The Bride of Abydos, Canto i., stanza 11.

Rest is the sweet sauce of labour.

PLUTARCH.—Morals, Discourse 1.

Rest after labour.

POLLOK.—The Course of Time, Book v.

That they may rest from their labours; and their work do follow them.

REVELATION.—St. John, chapter xiv., verse 13.

Rest for the toiling hand,  
Rest for the thought-worn brow,  
Rest for the weary way-sore feet,  
Rest from all labour now!—HORATIUS BONAR.

Thousands of toiling hands  
Where theirs have ceased from their labours,

Thousands of aching brains

Where theirs are no longer busy,

Thousands of weary feet

Where theirs have completed their journey,

Thousands of throbbing hearts

Where theirs are at rest for ever.

LONGFELLOW.—At the Graves of Evangeline and Gabriel.

Absence of occupation is not rest.

COWPER.—Retirement, line 623.

Sleep well upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast!—

Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest.

SHAKSPERE.—Romeo and Juliet, Act ii., scene 2.

(Romeo, the night before his marriage.)

*RESTORATION.*—Once more the godlike David was restored,  
And willing nations knew their lawful lord.

DRYDEN.—Absalom and Achithophel, Part i., last line.

*RESTORATION.*—To Britain, Charles this glory had restored,  
And those revolted nations own'd their lord.

OTWAY.—Windsor Castle, line 379.

With joy and gratitude they saw restored,  
Crown'd with success, and safe, their much loved lord.

PYE.—Alfred, Book iv., line 576.

*RESURRECTION.*—Almighty God, who, through thine only-begotten  
Son, Jesus Christ, hast overcome death, and opened unto us the gate  
of everlasting life.

COLLECT for EASTER DAY.

It is sure and certain hope, and not belief. The passage does not mean the resurrection of the person interred, but the general resurrection; it is in sure and certain hope of *the* resurrection, not *his* resurrection. Where the deceased is really spoken of, the expression is very different—"as our hope is this our brother doth" [rest in Christ]; a mode of speech consistent with every thing but absolute certainty that the person departed doth *not* rest in Christ, which no one can be assured of without immediate revelation from heaven.

BOSWELL'S Johnson, April, 1783.

*Mors mortis, morti mortem nisi morte dedisses;  
Æternæ vitæ janua clausa foret.*

O death of death! unless thou hadst given up death to death by death,  
the gate of eternal life would have been closed.

[The Latin passage quoted above may be seen inscribed on the tomb of the Twemlow family, in Wotton churchyard, Northwich. I have been told that it is the composition of the late incumbent, the Rev. — Littler, A.M.]

Alas! alas!

Why, all the souls that were, were forfeit once;  
And He that might the vantage best have took,  
Found out the remedy.

SHAKSPEARE.—Measure for Measure, Act ii., scene 2.  
(Isabella to Angelo.)

And burst the marble slumbers of the tomb.

HEBER.—Palestine.

*RETIREMENT.*—Had I the choice of sublunary good,  
What could I wish that I possess not here?  
Health, leisure, means to improve it, friendship, peace.

COWPER.—The Task, Book iii., line 689.

O, blest retirement! friend to life's decline—  
How blest is he who crowns, in shades like these,  
A youth of labour with an age of ease!

GOLDSMITH.—The Deserted Village, line 97-99.

*RETORT*.—I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard; he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: this is called the "Retort Courteous."

SHAKSPERE.—As You Like It, Act v., scene 4.  
(Touchstone to Jaques.)

*RETREAT*.—'Tis pleasant through the loopholes of retreat  
To peep at such a world; to see the stir  
Of the Great Babel, and not feel the crowd.

COWPER.—The Task, Book iv., line 88.

In all the trade of war, no feat  
Is nobler than a brave retreat.

BUTLER.—Hudibras, Part i., Canto iii., line 607.

*RETROSPECT*.—And oft a retrospect delights the mind.

DANTE.—Purgatorio, Canto iv., line 54.  
(Wright's Transl.)

*REVEALS*.—The maid who modestly conceals  
Her beauties, while she hides, reveals;  
Give but a glimpse, and fancy draws  
Whate'er the Grecian Venus was.

ED. MOORE.—The Spider and Bee, line 19.

*REVELRY*.—There was a sound of revelry by night,  
And Belgium's capital had gather'd then  
Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright  
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men:  
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when  
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,  
Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,  
And all went merry as a marriage bell.

BYRON.—Childe Harold, Canto iii., stanza 21.

A bevy of fair women, richly gay  
In gems and wanton dress.—MILTON.—Paradise Lost, Book xi.

*REVELS*.—The king doth keep his revels here to-night.

SHAKSPERE.—Midsummer Night's Dream, Act ii., sc. 1.  
(Puck.)

Our revels now are ended: these our actors,  
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and  
Are melted into air, into thin air;  
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,  
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,  
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;  
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,  
Leave not a rack behind: We are such stuff  
As dreams are made on, and our little life  
Is rounded with a sleep.

SHAKSPERE.—Tempest, Act iv., scene 1. (Prospero.)



*REVENGE*.—Haste me to know it; that I, with wings as swift  
As meditation, or the thoughts of love,  
May sweep to my revenge.

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act i., scene 5.  
(Hamlet to the Ghost.)

*REVERSION*.—Is there no bright reversion in the sky,  
For those who greatly think, or bravely die?

POPE.—Memory of a Lady, line 9.

*REVOLUTIONS*.—What various revolutions in our art  
Since Thespis first sold ballads in a cart!

FOOTE.—Prol. to the Lyar.

*RHETORIC*.—For rhetoric he could not ope  
His mouth, but out there flew a trope.

BUTLER.—Hudibras, Part i., Canto i., line 81.

*RHYME AND REASON*.—D. In Reason nothing.

B. Something then in Rhyme.

SHAKSPERE.—Love's Labor's Lost, Act i., scene 1.  
(Dumain and Biron.)

I. How now, sir? what are you reasoning with yourself?

S. Nay, I was rhyming: 'tis you that have the reason.

SHAKSPERE.—Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act ii., scene 1.  
(Valentine to Speed.)

1. But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak?

2. Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

SHAKSPERE.—As You Like It, Act iii., scene 2.  
(Rosalind to Orlando.)

I was promised on a time  
To have reason for my rhyme;  
From that time until this season  
I received nor rhyme nor reason.

SPENSER.—Lines on his Promised Pension.

*RIALTO*.—Many a time and oft  
In the Rialto you have rated me.

SHAKSPERE.—Merchant of Venice, Act i., scene 3.  
(Shylock to Antonio.)

What news on the Rialto?

SHAKSPERE.—Ibid. (Shylock to Bassanio.)

*RICHARD*.—Hence, babbling dreams; you threaten here in vain;  
Conscience avaunt, *Richard's* himself again!

COLLEY CIBBER.—The Tragical History of King Richard  
III. Altered from Shakspeare, Act v., scene 1.

And *Constance* is herself again.

CAMPBELL.—Theodric.

*RICHARD*.—How much our golden wishes are in vain!  
When they are past, we are ourselves again.

*DRYDEN*.—*The Maiden Queen*, Act iii., scene 1.

*RIDE A COCK-HORSE*.—The playful jockey scours the room,  
Briskly, astride upon the parlour broom.

*COWPER*.—*Tirocinium*, line 366.

Bring m the bells, the rattle bring,  
And bring the hobby I bestrode,  
When pleased, in many a sportive ring,  
Around the room I jovial rode.

*SHENSTONE*.—*Ode to Memory*, verse 8.

We set them a cock-horse and made them play.

*BRIDAL SONG*.—Appendix to General Preface to *SCOTT'S* Novels, chapter v., end of No. 2; and see *BURTON'S* *Anat. of Melanc.* 271, ed. 1849, citing *Valerius Maximus*, chapter viii., Book viii.

Unthought-of frailties cheat us in the wise.

*POPE*.—*Moral Essays*, Epi. i., To Temple, line 69.

[*Dr. Samuel Clarke*, (ob. 1729) frequently amused himself in a private room of his house, in leaping over the tables and chairs.—*Dr. Wharton on the line in Pope*, *supra*.

To be capable of deriving amusement from trivial circumstances, indicates a heart at ease, and may generally be regarded as the concomitant of virtue.—*Encycl. Brit.*, Title "*Clarke*."] ]

*RIGHT*.—His faith perhaps, in some nice tenets might  
Be wrong; his life, I'm sure, was in the right.

*COWLEY*.—*Death of Mr. Crashaw*.

For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight;  
His can't be wrong, whose life is in the right.

*POPE*.—*Essay on Man*, Epi. iii., line 305.

I see the right, and I approve it too;  
Condemn the wrong, and yet the wrong pursue.

*TATE*.—*Ovid Met.*, Book vii., verse 20.

Whatever is, is right.

*POPE*.—*Essay on Man*, Epi. i., line 294.

Rest satisfied, that whatever is by the appointment of Heaven is right,  
is best.

*HERVEY*.—*Meditations in a Flower Garden*.

[If *Mr. Pope* understands the maxim according to the limitations suggested above, he speaks an undeniable and glorious truth. But if that great poet includes whatever comes to pass through the wild and extravagant passions of men, surely no thinking person, at least no Christian, can accede to his opinion.—*Note by Mr. Hervey*.

*RING*.—Oh! how many torments lie in the small circle of a wedding-ring.

*COLLEY CIBBER*.—*The Double Gallant*, Act i., last line.

*RING*.—Ring out wild bells to the wild sky,

The flying cloud, the frosty light ;

The year is dying in the night ;

Ring out wild bells and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,

Ring happy bells across the snow :

The year is going, let him go ;

Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring in the valiant man and free,

Ring in the CHRIST that is to be.

TENNYSON.—In Memoriam, *C. V.* verses 1, 2, and last.

*RIOT*.—And in his pained heart made purple riot.

KEATS.—The Eve of St. Agnes, St. 16.

*RIPEST*.—The ripest fruit first falls.

SHAKSPERE.—Richard II., Act ii., scene 1.

(The King on hearing of Gaunt's death.)

*RIVER*.—

She was his life,

The ocean to the river of his thoughts,

Which terminated all.

BYRON.—The Dream, line 56.

The river of his thoughts.

LONGFELLOW.—The Spanish Student, Act ii., scene 3.

[The idea is from Dante : God was the leading idea of his mind. On Him his thoughts were continually fixed. His love, His glory, were ever present to his mind.—*Wright's Translation*.]

*RIVETS*.—With busy hammers, closing rivets up,

Give dreadful note of preparation.

SHAKSPERE.—Henry V., Chorus to Act iv.

*RIVULETS*.—Myriads of rivulets hurrying through the lawn,

The moan of doves in immemorial elms,

And murmuring of innumerable bees.

TENNYSON.—The Princess, page 169.

*ROADS*.—Had you seen but these roads before they were made,

You'd have held up your hands and bless'd Gen'ral Wade.

SCOTT.—Tales of My Landlord, chapter xviii.

Yes, sir, I am old Will Boniface, pretty well known upon this road, as the saying is.

FARQUHAR.—Beaux Stratagem, Act i., scene 1.

*ROAM*.—Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,

My heart untravell'd fondly turns to thee ;

Still to my brother turns, with ceaseless pain,

And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.

GOLDSMITH.—The Traveller, line 7.

*ROAR*.—I will roar, that it will do any man's heart good to hear me.  
I will aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any  
sucking dove; I will roar you an 'twere any nightingale.

SHAKSPERE.—*Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act i., scene 2.  
(Bottom to Quince.)

*ROB*.—Rob me the Exchequer the first thing thou doest.

SHAKSPERE.—1 *Henry IV.*, Act iii., scene 3.  
(Falstaff to Prince Henry.)

*ROBBED*.—He that is robb'd not wanting what is stolen,  
Let him not know it, and he's not robb'd at all.

SHAKSPERE.—*Othello*, Act iii., scene 3.  
(The Moor to Iago.)

*ROBES*.—Our old robes sit easier than our new.

SHAKSPERE.—*Macbeth*, Act ii., scene 4.  
(Macduff to Rosse.)

Such virtue is there in a robe and gown!

DRYDEN.—*Prol. to Troilus and Cressida*.

*ROD*.—Take thy correction mildly. Kiss the rod.

SHAKSPERE.—*Richard II.*, Act v., scene 1.

Love is a boy by poets styl'd,

Then spare the rod, and spoil the child.

BUTLER.—*Hudibras*, Part ii., Canto i., line 843.

He that spareth his rod hateth his son.

PROVERBS, chapter xiii., verse 24; chap. xix., ver. 18.

*ROGUE*.—Rogue in spirit, and rogue in grain.

HEATH (*ROBT.*), 1650.

*ROLAND FOR AN OLIVER*.—

[This is an old saying, and not a quotation. For its supposed origin, see *Bailey's Dictionary*, title "Rowland" and "Oliver" and 9 Notes and Queries, 457.]

*ROMANS*.—Romans, countrymen, and lovers.

SHAKSPERE.—*Julius Cæsar*, Act iii., scene 2.

(Brutus' Address to the Citizens after Cæsar's death.)

The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!

SHAKSPERE.—*Julius Cæsar*, Act v., scene 3.

(Brutus on seeing Cassius dead.)

This was the noblest Roman of them all.

SHAKSPERE.—*Julius Cæsar*, Act v., scene 5.

(Antony on seeing Brutus dead.)

It is the finest piece that has been composed, as some pedant has said,  
since the Romans died.

HORACE WALPOLE.—Letter to Mason, 2nd March, 1773.  
(With reference to Sir Thomas Wyat's Oration.)

*ROME*.—See the wild waste of all-devouring years!  
How Rome her own sad sepulchre appears,  
With nodding arches, broken temples spread;  
The very tombs now vanished, like their dead!

POPE.—Moral Essays; to Mr. Addison, Epi. v., line 1.

The silver goose before the shining gate,  
There flew; and by her cackle saved the State.

DRYDEN'S Virgil.—The *Æneid*, Book viii., line 655.

And here a goose in silver, fluttering athwart the gilded galleries, gave  
warning that the Gauls were just at hand.

BUCKLEY'S Virgil.—The *Æneid*, Id. page 289.

Far as the sickening eye can sweep around,  
'Tis now one desert, desolate and grey.

THOMSON.—Liberty, Part i.

Thin wave the gifts  
Of yellow Ceres.

THOMSON.—Ibid.

Inglorious droops the laurel, dead to song,  
And long a stranger to the hero's brow.

THOMSON.—Ibid.

Breathing a kind oblivion o'er their woes.

THOMSON.—Ibid.

An almost total desolation sits,  
A dreary stillness, saddening o'er the coast.

THOMSON.—Ibid.

To ruffle in the commonwealth of Rome.

SHAKSPERE.—Titus Andronicus, Act i., scene 2.  
(Saturninus to Titus.)

Rome indeed, and room enough,  
When there is in it but one only man.

SHAKSPERE.—Julius Cæsar, Act i., scene 2.  
(Cassius to Brutus.)

*ROOM*.—Madam, here's a room in the very Homer and Iliads of a  
lodging.—ANONYMOUS.—The Merry Devil of Edmonton, Act i.

In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half-hung,  
The floors of plaster, and the walls of dung.

POPE.—Moral Essays, Epi. iii., line 299.

*ROSE*.—No flower embalm'd the air but one white rose,  
Which on the tenth of June by instinct blows.

CHURCHILL.—Prophecy of Famine, line 207.

You languish like a drooping flower,  
Crush'd by the weight of some relentless shower.

GARTH.—The Dispensary, Canto vi., line 266.



*ROSE*.—Like a white poppy sinking on the plain,  
Whose heavy head is overcharged with rain.  
*DRYDEN'S Virgil*.—*Æneid*, Book ix., line 436.

But now with head declined,  
Like a fair flower surcharged with dew, she weeps.  
*MILTON*.—*Samson Agonistes*. (*Dalila enters*.)

The rose had been wash'd, just wash'd in a shower,  
Which Mary to Anna convey'd,  
The plentiful moisture encumber'd the flower,  
And weigh'd down its beautiful head.  
*COWPER*.—*The Rose*, verse 1.

The rose is fairest when 'tis budding new,  
And hope is brightest when it dawns from fears;  
The rose is sweetest wash'd with morning dew,  
And love is loveliest when embalm'd in tears.  
*SCOTT*.—*Lady of the Lake*, Canto iv., verse 1.

*ROSES*.—The rills of pleasure never run sincere,  
(Earth has no unpolluted spring;)  
From the curs'd soil some dang'rous taint they bear;  
So roses grow on thorns, and honey wears a sting.  
*DR. WATTS*.—*Lyric Poems*, *Earth and Heaven*, line 9.

Life has its bliss for those when past its bloom,  
As wither'd roses yield a late perfume.  
*SHENSTONE*.—*The Judgment of Hercules*, line 426.  
*DR. WATTS*.—*The Rose*, verse 2.

*ROSS*.—But all our praises why should lords engross?  
Rise, honest Muse! and sing the Man of Ross.  
*POPE*.—*Moral Essays*, Epi. iii. To Bathurst, line 249.

*ROT*.—Sorry pre-eminence of high descent  
Above the vulgar born, to rot in state!  
*BLAIR*.—*The Grave*, line 154.

Proud e'en in death, here rot in state.  
*CHURCHILL*.—*The Ghost*, Book ii.

'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine;  
And, after one hour more, 'twill be eleven;  
And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,  
And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot.  
*SHAKSPEARE*.—*As You Like It*, Act ii., scene 7. (*Jaques*.)

So runs the round of life from hour to hour.—*TENNYSON*.—*Circumstance*.

*RUDE*.—Rude am I in my speech,  
And little bless'd with the soft phrase of peace.  
*SHAKSPEARE*.—*Othello*, Act i., scene 3.  
(*The Moor's speech before the Senate*.)

*RUIN*.—Some temple's mouldering tops between,  
With venerable grandeur mark the scene.

GOLDSMITH.—*The Traveller*, line 109.

We should have been ruin'd if we had not been ruin'd.

THEMISTOCLES.—*Rollin*, *Ancient History*, B'k vii., sect. 2.

*RULE*.—His fair large front, and eye sublime, declar'd  
Absolute rule : and hyacinthine locks,  
Round from his parted forelock, manly hung  
Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders broad.

MILTON.—*Paradise Lost*, Book iv., line 300.

And this was thought the highest post,  
For, rule the rump, you rule the roast.

SWIFT.—*Answer to Dr. Delany*.

He is unfit to manage public matters,  
Who knows not how to rule at home his household.

FORD.—*The Fancies*, Act v., scene 1.

*RULE BRITANNIA*.—A national song of England.

THOMSON.—*Masque of Alfred*.

[The poet wrote the *Masque* conjointly with Mallet, and it contains this song. Mr. Bolton Corney ascribes it to Mallet; but Turler and Taylor, in the *People's Music Book*, p. 253, and Dr. Johnson, think otherwise; and the generally received opinion is, that it is the production of Thomson.]

*RULING PASSION*.—In men we various ruling passions find;  
In women, two almost divide the mind;  
Those, only fix'd they first or last obey,  
The love of pleasure and the love of sway.

POPE.—*Moral Essays*; *To a Lady*, *Epi. ii.*, line 207.

Manners with fortunes, humours turn with climes,  
Tenets with books, and principles with times.  
Search then the ruling passion; there alone  
The wild are constant, and the cunning known.

POPE.—*Moral Essays*, *Epi. i.*, line 172.

The ruling passion, be it what it will,  
The ruling passion conquers reason still.

POPE.—*Moral Essays*, *Epi. iii.*, line 153; and see his  
*Epistle to Lord Cobham*, *Epi. i.*, Part iii.

*RUN*.—Write the vision, and make it plain upon the tables, that he may  
run that readeth it.

HABAKKUK, chapter ii., verse 2.

But truths on which depends our main concern,  
That 'tis our shame and misery not to learn,  
Shine by the side of every path we tread  
With such a lustre, he that runs may read.

COWPER.—*Tirocinium*, line 77.

*RUN*.— Satire's my weapon, but I'm too discreet  
To run a-muck and tilt at all I meet.  
POPE.—Imitations of Horace, Book ii., Sat. 1.

But yet I run before my horse to market,  
SHAKSPERE.—Richard III., Act i., scene 2. (Gloster.)

*RURAL*.—Nor rural sights alone, but rural sounds  
Exhilarate the spirit, and restore  
The tone of languid nature.  
COWPER.—The Task, Book i., line 181.

*RUSSELL, LORD JOHN*.—There is nothing he would not undertake;  
I believe he would perform the operation for the stone—build St.  
Peter's—or assume (with or without ten minutes' notice) the command  
of the Channel Fleet.  
It is impossible to sleep soundly while he has command of the watch.  
SIDNEY SMITH.—Wit and Wisdom, 3 Ed. 154. (Longmans.)

*SABBATH*.—Hail, Sabbath! thee I hail, the poor man's day.  
GRAHAME.—The Sabbath, line 40.

Sprung from a father who the Sabbath fears.  
JUVENAL.—Translated by Gifford, Sat. xiv., line 96. (Dr.  
Ramage, 3.)

The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath.  
ST. MARK, chapter ii., verse 27. (Our Lord to the  
Pharisees.)

How still the morning of the hallow'd day!  
Mute is the voice of rural labour, hush'd  
The ploughboy's whistle, and the milkmaid's song.  
GRAHAME.—The Sabbath, line 1.

No place is sacred, not the church is free,  
E'en Sunday shines no Sabbath-day to me.  
POPE.—Prol. to Sat., line 11.

O Italy!—thy Sabbaths will be soon  
Our Sabbaths, closed with muminery and buffoon;  
Preaching and pranks will share the motley scene,  
Ours parcell'd out, as thine have ever been,  
God's worship and the mountebank between.  
COWPER.—The Progress of Error, line 152.

Oh, servile Italy! abode of woe!  
Bark without pilot in a stormy sky!  
Queen once of fair domains—now fallen low!  
DANTE.—Purgatorio, Canto vi., line 76. (Wright's  
Translation.)

*SABBATH*.—Restore to God his due in tithe and time :

A tithe purloin'd cankers the whole estate.

Sundays observe : think, when the bells do chime,

'Tis angels' music ; therefore come not late.

HERBERT.—The Temple, verse 65.

Students of every age and kind, beware of secular study on the Lord's day.

PROFESSOR MILLER.—Of Edinburgh.

*SACK*.—O monstrous ! but one halfpenny-worth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack !

SHAKSPERE.—1 Henry IV., Act ii., scene 4.

(Prince Henry reading Falstaff's bill of charges at the Boar's Head.)

*SAD*.—'Tis impious in a good man to be sad.

DR. YOUNG.—Night iv., line 675.

*SADDER*.—He went like one that hath been stunn'd,

And is of sense forlorn ;

A sadder and a wiser man

He rose the morrow morn.

COLERIDGE.—The Ancient Mariner, last verse.

*SAGE*.—'Twas thus, by the cave of the mountain afar,

While his harp rung symphonious, a hermit began :

No more with himself, or with nature at war,

He thought as a sage, though he felt as a man.

BEATTIE.—The Hermit, verse i., line 5.

*SAINT*.—Saint abroad, and a devil at home.

BUNYAN.—Pilgrim's Progress, Part i.

The rigid saint, by whom no mercy's shewn

To saints whose lives are better than his own.

CHURCHILL.—Epi. to Hogarth, line 25.

'Tis from high life high characters are drawn,

A saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn.

POPE.—Moral Essays ; to Temple, Epi. i., line 136.

For virtue's self may too much zeal be had ;

The worst of madmen is a saint run mad.

POPE.—To Murray, Epi. vi. of Horace, line 26.

*SAINTS*.—And saints, who taught and led the way to heaven.

TICKELL.—On the Death of Addison.

*SAINT GEORGE*.—Saint George shall called be

Saint George of merry England, the sign of victory.

SPENSER.—Fairy Queen, Book i., Canto x.

Sits on his horse back, at mine hostess' door.

SHAKSPERE.—King John, Act ii., scene 1.

*SALLY*.—Of all the girls that are so smart,

There's none like pretty Sally ;

She is the darling of my heart,

And she lives in our alley.—*CAREY*.—Sally in Our Alley, a Song.

*SALT*.—Alas ! you know the cause too well ;

The salt is spilt, to me it fell.—*GAY*.—Fable xxxvii., line 5.

*SAP*.—The sap which at the root is bred

In trees, through all the boughs is spread ;

But virtues which in parents shine,

Make not like progress through the line.

*WALLER*.—To Zelinda, line 13.

*SATAN*.—Satan now is wiser than of yore,

And tempts by making rich, not making poor.

*POPE*.—Moral Essays, Epi. iii., To Bathurst, line 351.

Satan exalted sat, by merit raised

To that bad eminence.—*MILTON*.—Paradise Lost, Book ii., line 5.

*SATIRE*.—For pointed satire I would Buckhurst choose,

The best good man, with the worst-natured muse.

*ROCHESTER*.—From 10th Sat., 1st Book Horace.

*SAUL AND JONATHAN*.—Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided.

2 *SAMUEL*, chapter i., verse 23.

Happier for me, that all our hours assign'd

Together we had lived ; e'en not in death disjoin'd !

*DRYDEN*.—Ceyx and Alcione.

That death itself could not their friendship sever,

But as they lived in love, they died together.

*COWLEY*.—The Song, stanza 9.

*SPENSER*.—Astrophel, line 179.

Not doom'd in lingering woe to waste their breath,

One moment snatch'd them from the power of death :

They lived united, and united died ;

Happy the friends whom death cannot divide.

*BEATTIE*.—Epitaph on Two Young Men.

'Twas sung, how they were lovely in their lives,

And in their death had not divided been.

*CAMPBELL*.—Gertrude of Wyoming, Part iii., verse 33.

*SAVED*.—I know not what may become of a sincere *Turk* ; but, if this be your persuasion, I pronounce it impossible you should be saved. No, sir ; so far from a sincere *Turk's* being within the pale of salvation, neither will any sincere *Presbyterian*, *Anabaptist*, nor *Quaker* whatever, be saved.

*FIELDING*.—Life of Jonathan Wild, Book iv., chapter 1.



*SAW*.—I saw those that saw the Queen.

SWIFT.—On Himself.

He shews, on holidays, a sacred pin  
That touch'd the ruff that touch'd Queen Bess's chin.

DR. YOUNG.—Satire iv., line 121.

*SCANDAL*.—There is a lust in man no charm can tame,  
Of loudly publishing his neighbor's shame ;—  
On eagle's wings immortal scandals fly,  
While virtuous actions are but born and die.

ELLA LOUISA HERVEY.—(From Adams' Quotations.)

Love and scandal are the best sweeteners of tea.

FIELDING.—Love in Several Masques, Act iv., scene 11.

Her tea she sweetens, as she sips, with scandal.

ROGERS.—Epil. written for Mrs. Siddons.

You know  
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,  
And after scandal them.

SHAKSPERE.—Julius Cæsar, Act i., scene 2.

Ye prim adepts in scandal's school,  
Who rail by precept, and detract by rule.

SHERIDAN.—The School for Scandal ; a portrait addressed  
to Mrs. Crewe, with the play.

Flavia, most tender of her own good name,  
Is rather careless of a sister's fame :  
Her superfluity the poor supplies,  
But if she touch a character it dies.

COWPER.—Charity, line 453.

All scandal, take my word for it !

MURPHY.—The Way to Keep Him, Act ii.

Dead scandals form good subjects for dissection.

BYRON.—Don Juan, Canto i., stanza 31.

*SCAR*.—What deep wounds ever closed without a scar ?  
The heart's bleed longest, and but heal to wear  
That which disfigures it.

BYRON.—Childe Harold, Canto iii., stanza 84.

I'll not shed her blood ;  
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,  
And smooth as alabaster.

SHAKSPERE.—Othello, Act v., scene 2. (Othello in the  
bed-chamber of his wife, and meditating her death.)

*SCARS*.—He jests at scars that never felt a wound.

SHAKSPERE.—Romeo and Juliet, Act ii., scene 2.  
(Romeo in Capulet's garden.)

*SCATTER*.—To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land.

GRAY.—Elegy, verse 16.

*SCENE*.—Last scene of all,

That ends this strange eventful history.

Is second childishness and mere oblivion ;

Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

SHAKSPERE.—As You Like It, Act ii., scene 7.

(Jaques on the Seven Ages of Man.)

Some temple's mouldering tops between,

With venerable grandeur mark the scene.

GOLDSMITH.—Traveller, line 109.

View each well-known scene,

Think what is now, and what hath been.

SCOTT.—Lay of the Last Minstrel, Canto vi., stanza 2.

Though from truth I haply err,

The scene preserves its character.

WILLIAM COMBE.—Dr. Syntax, chapter ii.

*SCHEMES*.—The best-laid schemes o' mice an' men,

Gang aft a-gley,

And lea'e us nought but grief and pain,

For promised joy.—BURNS.—To a Mouse, verse 7.

*SCHOLAR*.—1. What, you're a scholar, friend ?

2. I was born so, measter. Feyther kept a grammar school.

SHERIDAN.—St. Patrick's Day, Act ii., scene 1.

He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one ;

Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading ;

Lofty and sour to them that loved him not ;

But, to those men that sought him, sweet as summer.

SHAKSPERE.—Henry VIII., Act iv., scene 2.

(Griffith to Queen Katharine respecting Wolsey.)

*SCHOOL-BOY*.—The school-boy still doth haunt the sacred ground,

And musing oft its pleasing influence shewn,

As starting at his footsteps echo'd round,

He feels himself alone.—BAILLIE.—Legend of Wallace, verse 104.

Oft in the lone churchyard at night I've seen,

By glimpse of moonshine, chequering through the trees,

The school-boy with his satchel in his hand,

Whistling aloud to bear his courage up ;

And lightly tripping o'er the long flat stones,

(With nettles skirted, and with moss o'ergrown,

That tell in homely phrase who lie below ;)

Sudden he starts ! and hears, or thinks he hears,

The sound of something purring at his heels.

BLAIR.—The Grave, line 56.

*SCHOOL-BOY*.—How often has the school-boy fetched a long circuit, and trudged many a needless step, in order to avoid the haunted churchyard ! or, if necessity, sad necessity, has obliged him to cross the spot where human skulls are lodged below, and the baneful yews shed supernumerary horrors above, a thousand hideous stories rush into his memory. Fear adds wings to his feet : he scarce touches the ground ; dares not once look behind him, and blesses his good fortune if no frightful sound purred at his heels, if no ghastly shape bolted upon his sight.—*HERVEY*.—*Meditations*. On the Night.

And having once turned round walks on,  
And turns no more his head,  
Because he knows a frightful fiend  
Doth close behind him tread.

*COLERIDGE*.—*The Ancient Mariner*, Part 5.

Then the whining school-boy, with his satchel,  
And shining morning face, creeping like snail  
Unwillingly to school.

*SHAKSPERE*.—*As You Like It*, Act ii., scene 7.  
(Jaques on the Seven Ages of Man.)

*SCHOOLMASTER*.—The innocent delight he took  
To see the virgin mind her book,  
Was but the master's secret joy  
In school to hear the finest boy.

*SWIFT*.—*Cadenus and Vanessa*, line 550.

And gladly would he learn and gladly teach.

*CHAUCER*.—*Prol. To the Clerk's Tale*, line 310.

*SCORN*.—But, alas ! to make me  
The fixed figure, for the time of Scorn  
To point his slow and moving finger at.

*SHAKSPERE*.—*Othello*, Act iv., scene 2.  
(The Moor to Desdemona.)

*SCOTLAND*.—Stands Scotland where it did ?

*SHAKSPERE*.—*Macbeth*, Act iv., scene 3.  
(Macduff to Rosse.)

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs.

*BURNS*.—*Cotter's Saturday Night*, verse 19.

O Scotia ! my dear, my native soil !

For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent !

Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil

Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content !

*BURNS*.—*Cotter's Saturday Night*, verse 20.

That garret of the earth—that knuckle end of England—that land of  
Calvin, oatcakes and sulphur.

*SIDNEY SMITH*.—*Wit and Wisdom*, (Longman.) 3rd Ed.  
page 6.

*SCOTS*.—Scots, wha' hae wi' Wallace bled,  
 Scots, wham Bruce has aften led ;  
 Welcome to your gory bed,  
 Or to victory !

BURNS.—Bruce to his Troops at Bannockburn.

*SCOURGE*.—Thou tamer of the human breast ;  
 Whose iron scourge and torturing hour  
 The bad affright, afflict the best !

GRAY.—Hymn to Adversity, line 2.

When the scourge,  
 Inexorably, and the torturing hour,  
 Calls us to penance.

MILTON.—Paradise Lost, Book ii., line 90.

*SCRAPS*.—The scraps  
 From other trenchers, twice or thrice translated.

BROME.—The Merry Beggars, Act i.

*SCRIBBLE*.—Ye Druids ! rich in native lead,  
 Who daily scribble for your daily bread.—BYRON.—English Bards.

Fond of the Muse, to her devote my days,  
 And scribble—not for pudding, but for praise.

BLACKLOCK.—The Author's Picture.

*SCRIPTURES*.—Stars are poor books, and oftentimes do miss  
 This book of stars lights to eternal bliss.

GEO. HERBERT.—The Temple : Holy Scriptures, Part ii.

And that the Scriptures, though not every where  
 Free from corruption, or entire, or clear,  
 Are uncorrupt, sufficient, clear, entire.  
 In all things which our needful faith require.

DRYDEN.—Religio Laici, line 297.

Writ in the climate of Heaven, and in the language spoken by angels.

LONGFELLOW.—From Bishop Tegner's Children of the  
 Lord's Supper.

*SCRIVENER*.—To this brave man the knight repairs  
 For counsel in his law affairs,  
 And found him mounted in his pew,  
 With books and money placed for shew.

BUTLER.—Hudibras, Part iii., Canto 3.

*SCYLLA AND CHARYBDIS*.—

Incidit in Scyllam cupiens vitare Charybdim.

PHILIP GUALTIER DE LILLE.—A poet of the 13th cen-  
 tury.

He falls into Scylla in endeavoring to escape Charybdis.

RILEY.—Dict. Classical Quot., 176.

*SCYLLA AND CHARYBDIS*.—When I shun Scylla, your father, I  
fall into Charybdis, your mother.

SHAKSPERE.—Merchant of Venice, Act iii., scene 5.  
(Launcelot to Jessica.)

*SEA*.—There is sorrow on the sea, it cannot be quiet.

JEREMIAH, xlix., verse 23.

What aileth thee, O thou sea, that thou fleddest? Tremble, thou earth,  
at the presence of the Lord: at the presence of the God of Jacob.

PSALM cxiv., verses 3, 5, 7.

He proceeded to drive over the billows, and the monsters of the deep  
sported beneath him on all sides from their recesses, nor were igno-  
rant of their king. For joy the sea separated.

BUCKLEY'S Homer.—The Iliad, Book xiii., page 229.

Surely oak and threefold brass surrounded his heart, who first trusted  
a frail vessel to the merciless ocean.

HORACE, by Buckley, Book i., Ode iii., line 6.

Hearts, sure, of brass they had, who tempted first  
Rude seas that spare not what themselves have nursed.

WALLER.—Battle of the Summer Islands, Canto ii.,  
line 102.

It was a brave attempt! advent'rous he,  
Who in the first ship broke the unknown sea;  
And, leaving his dear native shores behind,  
Trusted his life to the licentious wind.

DR. WATTS.—Lyric Poems, Launching into Eternity.

The adventurous man, who durst the deep explore,  
Oppose the winds and tempt the shelfy shore,  
Beneath his roof now tastes unbroken rest,  
Enough with native wealth and plenty blest.

CONGREVE.—The Birth of the Muses.

The sea! the sea! the open sea!  
The blue, the fresh, the ever free.

BARRY CORNWALL.—A Song.

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,  
A wind that follows fast,  
And fills the white and rustling sail,  
And bends the gallant mast.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.—A Song, (Vol. iv.)

Seas rough with black winds and storms.

MILTON.—Translation of Horace, Ode v., Book i.

I cannot, 'twixt the heaven and the main  
Descry a sail.

SHAKSPERE.—Othello, Act ii., scene 1.  
(A Gentleman to Montano.)



SEA.—Betwixt the firmament and it, you cannot thrust a bodkin's point.

SHAKSPERE.—*Winter's Tale*, Act iii., scene 3.

(Clown to a Shepherd.)

Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell—

Then shriek'd the timid, and stood still the brave,

Then some leap'd overboard with dreadful yell,

As eager to anticipate their grave;

And the sea yawn'd around her like a hell,

And down she suck'd with her the whirling wave,

Like one who grapples with his enemy,

And strives to strangle him before he die.

BYRON.—*Don Juan*, Canto ii., stanza 52.

Tumultuous waves embroil'd the bellowing flood,

All trembling, deafen'd, and aghast we stood!

No more the vessel plough'd the dreadful wave,

Fear seized the mighty, and unnerved the brave.

POPE.—*The Odyssey*, Book xii., line 241.

I saw a thousand fearful wracks:

A thousand men that fishes gnaw'd upon:

Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,

Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,

All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea.

Some lay in dead men's skulls; and in those holes

Where eyes did once inhabit there were crept,

As 'twere in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems,

That woo'd the slymy bottom of the deep,

And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.

SHAKSPERE.—*Richard III.*, Act i., scene 4.

(Clarence's Dream.)

O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea,

Our thoughts as boundless, and our souls as free,

Far as the breeze can bear, the billows foam,

Survey our empire, and behold our home!

BYRON.—*The Corsair*, Canto i., stanza 1.

Ours are the tears, though few, sincerely shed,

While ocean shrouds and sepulchres our dead.

BYRON.—*The Corsair*.

Oh! what can sanctify the joys of home,

Like Hope's gay glance from ocean's troubled foam.

BYRON.—*Ibid.*, Canto iii., stanza 18.

He that will learn to pray, let him go to sea.

GEORGE HERBERT.—*Jacula Prudentum*.

Praise the sea, but keep on land.

GEORGE HERBERT, *Ibid.*

SEA.—Unhappy youth! how art thou lost,  
In what a sea of troubles toss'd.

FRANCIS' Horace.—Ode xxvii., line 25.

The sea, that home of marvels.

W. E. GLADSTONE.—*Juventus Mundi*, p. 496. (Svo, 1869.)

SEAMAN.—I would have men of such constancy put to sea that their business might be everything, and their intent everywhere; for that's it that always makes a good voyage of nothing.

SHAKSPERE.—Twelfth Night, Act ii., scene 4.  
(Clown to the Duke.)

By strength of heart, the sailor fights with roaring seas.

WORDSWORTH.—The Excursion, Book iv., page 122.

Now, hoist the anchor, mates—and let the sails  
Give their broad bosom to the buxom wind,  
Like lass that woos a lover.

SCOTT.—Peveril of the Peak, chapter xix.

Well, then, our course is chosen—spread the sail—  
Heave oft the lead, and mark the soundings well;  
Look to the helm, good master—many a shoal  
Marks the stern coast, and rocks where sits the siren  
Who, like ambition, lures men to their ruin.

SCOTT.—Kenilworth, chapter xvii.

Chance will not do the work—chance sends the breeze,  
But if the pilot slumber at the helm,  
The very wind that wafts us towards the port  
May dash us on the shelves—the steerman's part  
Is vigilance, blow it rough or smooth.

SCOTT.—Fortunes of Nigel, chapter xxii.

On the lea-beam lies the land, boys,  
See all clear to reef each course;  
Let the foresheet go, don't mind, boys,  
Though the weather should be worse.

SCOTT.—St. Ronan's Well, chapter xxxiii.

So puts himself into the shipmate's toil,  
With whom each minute threatens life or death.

SHAKSPERE.—Pericles, Act i., scene 3.  
(Helicanus to Thaliard.)

A man whom both the waters and the wind,  
In that vast tennis-court, hath made the ball  
For them to play upon.

SHAKSPERE.—Pericles, Act ii., scene 1.  
(Pericles to the Fisherman.)

*SEAR AND YELLOW LEAF.*—I have lived long enough: my way of life

Is fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf  
And that which should accompany old age,  
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,  
I must not look to have; but, in their stead,  
Curses not loud but deep, mouth-honour, breath,  
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.

SHAKSPERE.—*Macbeth*, Act v., scene 3. (Tired of life,  
and contemplating old age without honour.)

My days are in the yellow leaf;  
The flowers and fruits of love are gone;  
The worm, the canker, and the grief  
Are mine alone.

BYRON.—On his attaining the age of thirty-six.

*SEASON.*—A word spoken in due season, how good is it!

PROVERBS, chapter xv., verse 23.

Weighty are thy words,  
And in good season spoken.

HOMER.—*The Iliad*, Book xv., line 241. (Neptune to Iris.)

DERBY Ed.

How many things by season seasoned are  
To their right praise and true perfection!

SHAKSPERE.—*Merchant of Venice*, Act v., scene 1.  
(Portia to Nerissa.)

Season your admiration for awhile  
With an attent ear.

SHAKSPERE.—*Hamlet*, Act i., scene 2.  
(Horatio to Hamlet.)

Thus with the year  
Seasons return, but not to me returns  
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,  
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,  
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine.

MILTON.—*Paradise Lost*, Book iii., line 40.

*SECRECY.*—You'll be secret, Thomas?  
As a coach-horse.

SHERIDAN.—*The Rivals*, Act i., scene 1.

When I am in danger of bursting, I will go and whisper among the  
reeds.—SWIFT.—*Letter of the Drapier*, No. 7.

[Alluding no doubt to Chaucer's *Wife of Bath*, line 6549, where she runs to the marsh  
and whispereth her secret to the water.]

Know not what you know, and see not what you see.

PLAUTUS.—*Miles Glor.*, Act ii., scene 6, line 89.

*SECRECY*.—A secret is seldom safe in more than one breast.

SWIFT.—Four Last Years of Queen Anne.

(On the Earl of Godolphin.)

*SECT*.—Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,  
But looks through nature up to nature's God.

POPE.—Essay on Man, *Epi.*, iv., line 331.

*SEE*.—For now we see through a glass darkly; but then face to face.

1 CORINTHIANS, chapter xiii., verse 12.

And thee, with fearful steps, shall a curse both from thy mother and  
thy father, one day, with double stroke chase from this land, thee  
seeing now indeed rightly, but then darkness.

BUCKLEY's Sophocles, *Œdipus Tyr.*, page 17.

See what a rent the envious Casca made!

SHAKSPERE.—Julius Cæsar, Act iii., scene 2.

(Antony to the Citizen.)

*SEEK*.—'Tis a truth well known to most,

That whatsoever thing is lost,

We seek it, ere it come to light,

In every cranny but the right.

COWPER.—The Retired Cat, line 95.

He that diligently seeketh good, procureth favor; but he that seeketh  
mischief, it shall come unto him.

PROVERBS, chapter xi., verse 27.

'Tis time enough to bear a misfortune when it comes, without antici-  
pating it. —SENECA.—Of a happy life, chapter 13.

That man's unwise will search for ill,

Who may prevent it sitting still.

HERRICK.—Hesp. to his Muse, No. ix.

When workmen strive to do better than well,

They do confound their skill into covetousness.

SHAKSPERE.—King John, Act iv., scene 2.

(Pembroke to Salisbury.)

How far your eyes may pierce I cannot tell,

Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.

SHAKSPERE.—King Lear, Act i., scene 4.

(Albany to Goneril.)

*SEEM*.—Thus 'tis with all; their chief and constant care  
Is to seem everything but what they are.

GOLDSMITH.—Epilogue to "The Sisters."

Men should be what they seem.

SHAKSPERE.—Othello, Act iii., scene 3.

(Iago to Othello.)

*SEEMING*.—All live by seeming;  
 The beggar begs with it, and the gay courtier  
 Gains land and title rank and rule by seeming;  
 The clergy scorn it not, and the bold soldier  
 Will eke with it his service.—All admit it,  
 All practice it; and he who is content  
 With showing what he is, shall have small credit  
 In church, or camp or state—so wags the world.

SCOTT.—*Ivanhoe*, chapter xxxvii.; *Old Play*.

They please, are pleased; they give to get esteem,  
 Till, seeming blest, they grow to what they seem.

GOLDSMITH.—*The Traveller*, line 265.

*SEEN*.—I have seen  
 All London—and London has seen me!

BEN JONSON.—*The Devil is an Ass*, Act i., scene 3.

Europe he saw, and Europe saw him too.

POPE.—*The Dunciad*, Book iv., line 294.

*SELF*.—Explore the dark recesses of the mind,  
 In the soul's honest volume read mankind,  
 And own, in wise and simple, great and small,  
 The same grand leading principle in all,  
 and by whatever name we call  
 The ruling tyrant, Self is all in all.

CHURCHILL.—*The Conference*, line 167.

Suppose a neighbour should desire  
 To light a candle at your fire,  
 Would it deprive your flame of light,  
 Because another profits by 't?—LLOYD.—*Epistle to J. B., Esq.*

He is too great a niggard that will werne  
 A man to light a candle at his lanterne;  
 He shall have never the less light pardie,  
 Have thou enough, thee thar not plainen thee.

CHAUCER.—*The Wife of Bath's Prol.*, line 5915.

[To "werne" is to refuse. "Thee thar," &c., behoves thee not to complain.]

I to myself am dearer than a friend.

SHAKSPERE.—*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act ii.,  
 scene 6. (Proteus balancing himself between honour  
 and dishonour.)

The shin is further off than the knee; let me have something myself.

BUCKLEY'S *Theocritus*, page 84.

You shall have her all,  
 Jewels and gold sometimes, so that herself  
 Appears the least part of herself.

BEN JONSON.—*Catiline*, Act ii., scene 1.



*SELF*.—Seek not thyself, without thyself, to find.

DRYDEN'S *Persius*.—Sat. i., line 19.

Or sought myself, without myself, from home!

BEN JONSON.—*The New Inn*, Act ii., scene 1.

Born to myself, I like myself alone.

ROCHESTER.—*Essay to Mulgrave*.

Self-defence is nature's eldest law.

DRYDEN.—*Absalom and Achitophel*, Part i., line 458.

For I am the only one of my friends that I can rely upon.

APOLLODORUS.

Of all mankind each loves himself the best.

TERENCE. (*Ramage's Thoughts from the Latin*, p. 401.)

We have this principal desire implanted in us by nature, that our first wish is to preserve ourselves.

YONGE'S *Cicero*.—*De Finibus*, Book iv., div. x., p. 219.

*SENATE*.—And shake alike the senate and the field.

POPE.—*Epilogue to Sat.*, div. ii., line 87.

*SENSE*.—Yet, if he has sense but to balance a straw,

He will sure take the hint from the picture I draw.

SMOLLETT.—*A Song*, verse 4.

You are an annihilator of sense.

CONGREVE.—*The Way of the World*, Act i., scene 9.

For a long time past he could not converse in the language of common sense. Ask him a trivial question, he gave you a cramp answer out of some of his plays.

MURPHY.—*The Apprentice*, Act i.

Whatsoever contradicts my sense,

I hate to see, and never can believe.

ROSCOMMON.—*Horace's Art of Poetry*.

You cram these words into mine ears, against the stomach of my sense.

SHAKSPERE.—*The Tempest*, Act ii., scene 1.

(Alonzo to Gonzalo.)

Obscurely stiff, shall press poor sense to death,

Or in long periods run her out of breath.

CHURCHILL.—*The Candidate*, line 731.

The hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

SHAKSPERE.—*Hamlet*, Act v., scene 1.

(The Prince to Horatio at the grave side.)

*SENSES*.—*Bar*. I say, the gentleman had drunk himself out of his five sentences.

*Evans*. It is his five senses: fie, what the ignorance is!

SHAKSPERE.—*Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act i., scene 1.

*SENTENCE*.—Away, away, woman ! No replying after sentence.  
 ANONYMOUS.—Duke and No Duke, Act i.

*SENTIMENT*.—Sentiments ! don't tell me of sentiment ; what have I  
 to do with sentiment ?  
 MURPHY.—The Apprentice, Act i.

*SEPOYS*.—Prodigious hackneys, basely got  
 'Twixt men and devils.  
 QUARLES.—Book i., No. xi., verse 3.

*SEPULCHRE*.—O yet more miserable !  
 Myself my sepulchre, a moving grave.  
 MILTON.—Samson Agonistes.

Herself becomes the sepulchre of what she was.  
 DRYDEN.—Pythagorean Phil., Ovid's Met., Book xv.

The rotten bones discover'd there,  
 Shew 'tis a painted sepulchre.  
 WALLER.—Epigrams.

*SERMONS*.—Resort to sermons, but to prayers most :  
 Prayer's the end of preaching. O, be drest ;  
 Stay not for th' other pin.  
 GEO. HERBERT.—The Temple, stanza 69.

Never miss sarmunts on Sundays.  
 FOOTE.—The Commissary, Act i.

*SERPENT*.—With indented wave,  
 Prone on the ground.  
 MILTON.—Paradise Lost, Book ix., line 496.

He is a very serpent in my way.  
 SHAKSPERE.—King John, Act iii., scene 3.  
 (The King to Hubert.)

A serpent that will sting thee to the heart.  
 SHAKSPERE.—Richard II., Act v., scene 3.  
 (York to Bolingbroke.)

What, would'st thou have a serpent sting thee twice ?  
 SHAKSPERE.—Merchant of Venice, Act iv., scene 1.  
 (Shylock to Bassanio.)

*SERVANTS*.—From kings to cobblers 'tis the same ;  
 Bad servants wound their masters' fame.  
 GAY.—The Squire and his Cur, Part ii., Fable vi., line 61.

The tongue is the vile servant's vilest part.  
 JUVENAL.—Sat ix. (Gittna.)

*SERVE*.—Had I but served my God with half the zeal  
I served my king, he would not in mine age  
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

SHAKSPERE.—Henry VIII., Act iii., scene 2.

(Wolsey to Cromwell.) Cast me not off in the time of  
old age; forsake me not when my strength faileth.

PSALM lxxi., verse 9.

They also serve who only stand and wait.

MILTON.—Sonnet 19.—(On his blindness.)

*SERVICE*.—I have done the state some service, and they know't;  
No more of that :—I pray you, in your letters,  
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,  
Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,  
Nor set down aught in malice; then must you speak  
Of one that loved not wisely but too well;  
Of one not easily jealous, but, being wrought,  
Perplex'd in the extreme; of one whose hand,  
Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away  
Richer than all his tribe; of one, whose subdued eyes,  
Albeit unused to the melting mood,  
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees  
Their medicinable gum.

SHAKSPERE.—Othello, Act v., scene 2.

(The Moor before his death.)

Nor exaggerated praise  
Bestow on me, nor censure; for thou speak'st  
To those who know me all for what I am.

HOMER.—The Iliad, Bk. 10, line 277. (Derby.)

*SETTEE*.—Ingenious fancy devised  
The soft settee; one elbow at each end,  
And in the midst an elbow it received,  
United yet divided, twain at once.

COWPER.—The Sofa, Book i., line 72.

*SEXTON*.—At last an honest sexton join'd the throng,  
(For, as the theme was large, their talk was long,  
Neighbours, he cried, my conscience bids me tell,  
Though 'twas the doctor preach'd—I toll'd the bell!

MALLETT.—On Criticism.

I snuff'd the candles; and, let me tell you, that without a candle-snuffer  
the piece would lose half its embellishments.

GOLDSMITH.—Essays. Strolling Player.

See yonder maker of the dead man's bed,  
The sexton, hoary-headed chronicle;  
Of hard unmeaning face, down which ne'er stole  
A gentle tear.—BLAIR.—The Grave, line 452.

*SHADE*.—Like burning paper, when there glides before  
The advancing flame a brown and dingy shade,  
Which is not black, and yet is white no more.

DANTE.—*Inferno*, Canto xxv., line 64.

A pillar'd shade  
High over-arch'd, and echoing walks between.

MILTON.—*Paradise Lost*, Book ix.

*SHADOW*.—I am the shadow of poor Buckingham.

SHAKSPERE.—*Henry VIII.*, Act i., scene 1. (To himself.)

Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,  
That I may see my shadow as I pass.

SHAKSPERE.—*Richard III.*, Act i., scene 2.

(Gloster priding himself on his victory over Anne.)

Shadow owes its birth to light.

GAY.—*Fable xxviii.*, line 10.

Come like shadows, so depart.

BOWLES.—*The Visionary Boy*, line 327.

Shew his eyes, and grieve his heart,  
Come like shadows, so depart.

SHAKSPERE.—*Macbeth*, Act iv., scene 1.

(Witches talking *at* him.)

Shall I uncover'd stand, and bend my knee  
To such a shadow of nobility,  
A shred, a remnant?

CHURCHILL.—*Independence*, line 277.

Shadows to-night  
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard  
That can the substance of ten thousand soldiers,  
Arm'd in proof, and led by shallow Richmond.

SHAKSPERE.—*Richard III.*, Act v., scene 3.

(Gloster after his disturbed sleep in his tent.)

She knew she was by him beloved—she knew,  
For quickly comes such knowledge, that his heart  
Was darken'd with her shadow.

BYRON.—*The Dream*, section 3.

*SHADOW AND SUBSTANCE*.—We lose what is certain while we are  
seeking what is uncertain.

RILEY's *Plautus*.—*The Pseudolus*, Act ii., scene 3.

The dog and the shadow.—ÆSOP's *Fables*.

No, no! I am but shadow of myself:  
You are deceived, my substance is not here.

SHAKSPERE.—*1 Henry VI.*, Act ii., scene 3.

(Talbot to the Countess.)

*SHADOW AND SUBSTANCE*.—Love like a shadow flies, when substance love pursues ;

Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues.

SHAKSPERE.—*Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act ii., scene 2.  
(Ford to Falstaff.)

If once, the shadow to pursue,

We let the substance out of view.—CHURCHILL.—*The Ghost*, Book iii.

Grasping at shadows, let the substance slip.

Dedication to CHURCHILL'S *Sermons and Farewell*.

*SHAFT*.—In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft,

I shot his fellow of the self-same flight,

The self-same way, with more advised watch,

To find the other forth : and by adventuring both

I oft found both.—SHAKSPERE.—*Merchant of Venice*, Act i., scene 1.

(Bassanio to Antonio.)

O ! many a shaft, at random sent,

Finds mark the archer little meant !

And many a word, at random spoken,

May soothe or wound a heart that's broken !

SCOTT.—*Lord of the Isles*, Canto v., verse 18.

'Tis a word that's quickly spoken,

Which, being restrain'd, a heart is broken.

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.—*The Spanish Curate*, Act ii., scene 5.

Who for the poor renown of being smart,

Would leave a sting within a brother's heart.

DR. YOUNG.—*Satire* ii., line 113.

*SHAKE*.—Thou canst not say I did it : never shake

Thy gory locks at me.

SHAKSPERE.—*Macbeth*, Act iii., scene 4.

(Macbeth to the Ghost of Banquo, which has taken his place at the Banquet.)

*SHAKSPERE*.—He was not of an age, but for all time !

Sweet swan of Avon !

BEN JONSON.—*Underwoods*. To the Memory of Shakspeare.

What needs my Shakspeare for his honour'd bones,

The labour of an age in piled stones ?

MILTON.—*On Shakspeare*, 1630.

Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,

Exhausted worlds, and then imagined new :

Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,

And panting Time toil'd after him in vain.

DR. JOHNSON.—*Prologue* 1747, line 3, at the opening of Drury Lane.



*SHAKSPERE*.—And he, the man whom Nature's self had made  
To mock herself, and Truth to imitate.

*SPENSER*.—Tears of the Muses, line 205.

Nature listening stood, whilst Shakspeare play'd,  
And wonder'd at the work herself had made.

*CHURCHILL*.—The Author.

Or sweetest Shakspeare, Fancy's child,  
Warble his native wood-notes wild.

*MILTON*.—L' Allegro, line 133.

Thou, in our wonder and astonishment,  
Hast built thyself a livelong monument.

*MILTON*.—On Shakspeare, 1630.

Ay, that d——d Shakspeare ! I hear the fellow was nothing but a deer-  
stealer in Warwickshire. If he had sold the venison, there would  
have been some sense in that ; he would have made money by it ; a  
better trade than writing plays—What right had my son to read  
Shakspeare ; I never read Shakspeare :

*MURPHY*.—The Apprentice, Act i., scene 1.

*SHALL*.—

*Shall* remain !

Hear you this Triton of the minnows ? mark you  
His absolute *shall* ?

*SHAKSPERE*.—Coriolanus, Act iii., scene 1. (To Sicinius.)

*SHAME*.—O shame ! where is thy blush ?

*SHAKSPERE*.—Hamlet, Act iii., scene 4. (To his Mother.)

*SHAPE*.—

The other shape,

If shape it might be call'd that shape had none  
Distinguishable in member, joint or limb.

*MILTON*.—Paradise Lost, Book ii., line 666.

*SHAVING*.—

Men for their sins

Have shaving, too, entail'd upon their chins.

*BYRON*.—Don Juan, Canto xiv., stanza 24.

*SHEEP*.—My banks they are furnish'd with bees,

Whose murmur invites one to sleep ;

My grottoes are shaded with trees,

And my hills are white over with sheep.

*SHENSTONE*.—Pastoral Ballad, Part ii., verse 1.

*SHEPHERDS*.—Ye shepherds, give ear to my lay,

And take no more heed of my sheep .

They have nothing to do but to stray ;

I have nothing to do but to weep.

Alas ! from the day that we met,

What hope of an end to my woes ?

When I cannot endure to forget

The glance that undid my repose.

*SHENSTONE*.—Pastoral Ballad, Part iv.

*SHERRY COBBLER.*—For drink, there was beer which was very strong when not mingled with water, but was agreeable to those who were used to it. *They drank this with a reed out of the vessel that held the beer,* upon which they saw the barley swim.

*XENOPHON.*—Expedition of Cyrus, Books iii. and iv.

*SHILLING.*—Happy the man, who, void of cares and strife,  
In silken or in leathern purse retains

A splendid shilling.—*J. PHILLIPS.*—The Splendid Shilling.

And in thy numbers, Phillips, shines for aye

The solitary shilling.

*COWPER.*—The Task, Book iii., line 455.

*SHINES.*—He needs no foil, but shines by his own proper light.

*DRYDEN.*—Character of a Good Parson, last line.

That need no sun t' illuminate their spheres,  
But their own native light for passing theirs.

*SPENSER.*—Hymn to Heavenly Beauty, line 69.

Shine in the dignity of F. R. S.

*POPE.*—The Dunciad, Book iv., line 570.

*SHIP.*—As we stood there, waiting on the strand,

Behold, a huge great vessel to us came,

Dancing upon the waters back to land,

As if it scorn'd the danger of the same.

Yet was it but a wooden frame and frail,

Glued together with some subtile matter ;

Yet had it arms and wings, and head and tail,

And life to move itself upon the water.

*SPENSER.*—Colin Clout, Vol. v., line 212.

She walks the waters like a thing of life

And seems to dare the elements to strife.

*BYRON.*—The Corsair, Canto i., stanza 3.

[Adapted from Spenser, in whose mine Byron found the ore, fused it in the furnace of his own genius, applied his magnetic hammer to the casting, and fashioned it to its present beauty.]

Upon the gale she stoop'd her side,

And bounded o'er the swelling tide,

As she were dancing home ;

The merry seamen laugh'd to see

Their gallant ship so lustily

Furrow the green-sea foam.

*SCOTT.*—Marmion, Canto ii., stanza 1.

And the stately ships go on

To their haven under the hill ;

But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,

And the sound of a voice that is still.

*TENNYSON.*—Break, Break, verse 3.

*SHIPWRECK.*—The air was calm, and on the level brine  
Sleek Panope with all her sisters play'd.  
It was that fatal and perfidious bark,  
Built in the eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark,  
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.

MILTON.—*Lycidas*, line 98.

Then all my fleet, and all my followers lost ;  
Sole on a plank, on boiling surges tost.

POPE.—*The Odyssey*, Book vii., line 336.

*SHOOT.*—To shoot at crows is powder flung away.

GAY.—*Ep. iv.*, last line.

*SHORN.*—Shorn of his beams.

MILTON.—*Paradise Lost*, Book i.

*SHOW.*—I have that within that passeth show.

SHAKSPERE.—*Hamlet*, Act i., scene 2.  
(To his Mother and his Uncle.)

By outward show let's not be cheated ;  
An ass should like an ass be treated.

GAY.—*The Packhorse and Carrier*, Part ii., Fable xi.,  
line 99.

*SHRINE.*—Shrine of the mighty ! can it be  
That this all remains of thee ?

BYRON.—*The Giaour*, line 106.

*SHUT.*—And shut the gates of mercy on mankind.

GRAY.—*Elegy*, verse 17.

Shut up

In measureless content.

SHAKSPERE.—*Macbeth*, Act ii., scene 1.  
(Banquo to Macbeth.)

*SICKNESS.*—We are not ourselves  
When nature, being oppress'd, commands the mind  
To suffer with the body.

SHAKSPERE.—*King Lear*, Act ii., scene 4.  
(The King to Gloster.)

This sickness doth infect  
The very life-blood of our enterprise.

SHAKSPERE.—*1 Henry IV.*, Act iv., scene 1.  
(Hotspur on hearing of his father's illness.)

*SIGH.*—To form a sigh, or to contrive a tear.

SHENSTONE.—*Elegy i.*, verse 7.

*SIGH*.—Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

GRAY.—Elegy in a Churchyard, verse 20.

A plague of sighing and grief ! it blows a man up like a bladder.

SHAKSPERE.—1 Henry IV., Act ii., scene 4.

(Falstaff to the Prince.)

Sigh no more, ladies—sigh no more ;

Men were deceivers ever ;

One foot in sea, and one on shore ;

To one thing constant never.

SHAKSPERE.—Much Ado About Nothing, Act ii., scene 3.

(Balthasar's Song.)

There was a sigh to blow a church down.

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.—The Humorous Lieutenant,

Act i., scene 3.

When the sighs of the people were heard in heaven.

ECCE HOMO.—Chapter iii. (Parker.)

*SIGHT*.—See all the monsters : the great lion of all, Don.

BEN JONSON.—The Alchemist, Act iv., scene 1.

Of all our antic sights and pageantry,

Which English idiots run in crowds to see.

DRYDEN.—The Medal, line 1.

And to show the sharpness of their sight towards objects that are near, I have been much pleased with observing a cook pulling a lark, which was not so large as a common fly ; and a young girl threading an invisible needle with invisible silk.

SWIFT.—Gulliver's Voyage to Lilliput, chapter vi.

*SIGN*.—He dies and makes no sign ; O God, forgive him !

SHAKSPERE.—2 Henry VI., Act iii., scene 3.

(The King alluding to the dying Cardinal Beaufort.)

*SIGNS*.—And there shall be signs in the sun, and in the moon, and in the stars : and upon the earth distress of nations, with perplexity ; the sea and the waves roaring ; men's hearts failing them for fear.

ST. LUKE, chapter xxi., verses 25, 26.

The sun shall be darkened, and the moon shall not give her light ; and the stars shall fall from heaven, and the powers of the heavens shall be shaken.

ST. MATTHEW, chapter xxiv., verse 29.

The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds

Were strangely clamorous, to the frightened fields.

SHAKSPERE.—1 Henry IV., Act iii., scene 3.

(Glendower to Hotspur.)

*SIGNS.*—

At my nativity  
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,  
Of burning cressets; and, at my birth,  
The frame and huge foundation of the earth  
Shaked like a coward.

SHAKSPERE.—1 Henry VI., Act iii, scene 1.  
(Glendowerto Hotspur.)

[There was a blow as if all the artillery in the world had been discharged at once; the sea retired from the town above two miles; the birds flew about astonished; the cattle in the fields ran crying.—MALONE'S NOTE on the above passage.]

Hung be the heavens with black, yield day to night!  
Comets, importing change of times and states,  
Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky;  
And with them scourge the bad revolting stars,  
That have consented unto Henry's death!

SHAKSPERE.—1 Henry IV., Act i., scene 1.  
(Bedford in the Abbey.)

*SILENCE.*—So sweetly she sang, as in silence she stay'd  
O'er the ruins of Babylon's towers.

SLOMAN.—The Maid of Judah.

Silence in love betrays more woe  
Than words, though ne'er so witty;  
A beggar that is dumb, you know,  
May challenge double pity.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.—The Silent Lover, verse 6.

I tell you, sir, the lady is not at liberty. It's a match. You see she  
says nothing. Silence gives consent.

GOLDSMITH.—The Good-natured Man, Act ii.

You promise me your silence, and you break it  
Ere I have scarce begun.

DRYDEN.—All for Love, Act ii., scene 1.

D'ye think a woman's silence can be natural?

FARQUHAR. The Inconstant, Act ii.

Let silence close our folding-doors of speech.

CAREY.—Chrononhotonthologos, scene 1.

The Muses were dumb while Apollo lectured.

CHARLES LAMB.—Letter to Barton.

*SIMPLICITY.*—Give me a looke give me a face,

That makes simplicitie a grace;

Robes loosely flowing, haire as free:

Such sweet neglect more taketh me,

Than all th' adulteries of art,

That strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

BEN JONSON.—Song in the "Silent Woman," Act i.,  
scene 1. 3 Percy Rel., 222.



*SIN*.—A mighty man, had not some cunning sin,  
Amidst so many virtues, crowded in.

COWLEY.—The Davideis, Book iii., line 75.

Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall.

SHAKSPERE.—Measure for Measure, Act ii., scene 1.  
(Ercalus in reference to the execution of Claudio.)

Compound for sins they are inclined to,  
By damning those they have no mind to.

BUTLER.—Hudibras, Canto i., line 215.

That which he hath an inclination to is always dressed up in all the false beauty that a fond and busy imagination can give it; the other appeareth naked and deformed, and in all the true circumstances of folly and dishonor.

SWIFT.—On Knowing One's Self.

Woe unto them that draw iniquity with cords of vanity, and sin as it were with a cart-rope.

ISAIAH, chapter v., verse 18.

Where lives the man that has not tried  
How mirth can into folly glide,  
And folly into sin?

SCOTT.—Bridal of Triermain, Canto i., stanza 21.

Sin let loose, speaks punishment at hand.

COWPER.—Expostulation, line 160.

Think not for wrongs like these unscourged to live;  
Long may ye sin, and long may Heaven forgive;  
But when ye least expect, in sorrow's day,  
Vengeance shall fall more heavy for delay.

CHURCHILL.—Gotham, Book ii., line 557.

Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly urged! Give me my sin again.

SHAKSPERE.—Romeo and Juliet, Act i., scene 5.

(Romeo to her.)

So nature prompts: drawn by her secret tie,  
We view a parent's deeds with reverent eye;  
With fatal haste, alas! the example take,  
And love the sin for the dear sinner's sake.

JUVENAL.—Transl. by Gifford, Sat. iv., line 31.

How shall I lose the sin yet keep the sense,  
And love the offender yet detest the offence?

POPE.—Abelard and Eloise, line 191.

*SINCERITY*.— Sincerity!

Thou first of virtues, let no mortal leave  
Thy onward path.

HOME.—Douglas, Act i., scene 1.

*SING.*—Sing us one of the songs of Zion.  
How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land ?  
PSALM cxxxvii., verses 3, 4.

They bid me sing of thee, mine own, my sunny land of thee !  
How should my lyre give here its wealth ?—MRS. HEMANS.

How shall I tune, forlorn, the tuneful reed,  
While my heart sickens, and my sorrows bleed ?  
ROBERT NOYES.—Distress, line 9.

O she will sing the savageness out of a bear !  
SHAKSPERE.—Othello, Act iv., scene 1.  
(The Moor, of his Wife.)

*SINGLE.*—I be quite single : my relations be all dead, thank heaven  
more or less. I have but one poor mother left in the world, and she's  
an helpless woman.—SHERIDAN.—St. Patrick's Day, Act ii., scene 1.

Earthly happier is the rose distill'd,  
Than that which, withering on the virgin thorn,  
Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness.  
SHAKSPERE.—Midsummer Night's Dream, Act i., scene 1.  
(Theseus to Hermia.)

*SINGULARITY.*—Put thyself into the trick of singularity.  
SHAKSPERE.—Twelfth Night, Act ii., scene 5.  
(Malvolio reading a Letter.)

*SINNING.*—I am a man  
More sinn'd against than sinning.  
SHAKSPERE.—King Lear, Act iii., scene 2.  
(Lear to Kent.)

*SIRE.*—And bid the virtues of the sire  
From son to son extend.  
HOOLE'S Metastasio—Romulus and Hersilia, Act i., sc. 1.

*SIT.*—Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,  
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster ?  
SHAKSPERE.—Merchant of Venice, Act i., scene 1.  
(Gratiano to Antonio.)

Is 't possible ? Sits the wind in that corner ?  
SHAKSPERE.—Much Ado About Nothing, Act ii., scene 3.  
(Benedick, on hearing that Beatrice loves him.)

*SKULL.*—That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once.  
SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act v., scene 1.  
(Hamlet to Horatio.)

Remove yon skull from out the scatter'd heaps :  
Is that a temple where a God may dwell ?  
Why, even the worm at last disdains her shatter'd cell !  
BYRON.—Childe Harold, Canto ii., stanza 5.

*SKY*.—The western sky was purpled o'er  
With every pleasing ray;  
And flocks reviving felt no more  
The sultry heats of day.

*SHENSTONE*.—Nancy of the Vale, verse 1.

*SKYLARK*.—Type of the wise, who soar; but never roam;  
True to the kindred points of heaven and home.

*WORDSWORTH*.—To a Skylark.

*SLANDER*.— Slander—  
Whose edge is sharper than the sword.

*SHAKSPERE*.—Cymbeline, Act iii., scene 4.

(Pisanio musing while Imogen reads the letter.)

Calumny will sear  
Virtue itself: these shrugs, these hums, and ha's.

*SHAKSPERE*.—Winter's Tale, Act ii., scene 1.

(Leontes to his Lords.)

Low-breath'd talkers, minion lispers,  
Cutting honest throats by whispers.

*SCOTT*.—Fortunes of Nigel, chapter v.

Perhaps a pretty devil I'm portray'd;  
The world's free brush deals d—bly in shade.

*PETER PINDAR*.—Peter's Prophecy.

Approve by envy, and by silence praise!

*SHERIDAN*.—The School for Scandal. A portrait  
addressed to Mrs. Crewe, with the Play.

Bad are those men who speak evil of the good.

*RILEY's Plautus*.—The Bacchides, Act i., scene 3.

Soft-buzzing slander; silly moths that eat  
An honest name.

*THOMSON*.—Liberty, Part iv.

Some are carrying elsewhere what is told them; the measure of the fiction is ever on the increase, and each fresh narrator adds something to what he has heard.

*RILEY's Ovid Met.*, Book xii., page 416.

For slander lives upon succession;  
For ever housed where it gets possession.

*SHAKSPERE*.—Comedy of Errors, Act iii., scene 1.

(Balthasar to Antipholus of Ephesus.)

Enemies carry about slander, not in the form in which it took its rise.  
The scandal of men is everlasting; even then does it survive when  
you would suppose it to be dead.

*RILEY's Plautus*.—The Persa, Act iii., scene 1.

*SLANDER*.—The flying rumours gather'd as they roll'd,  
 Scarce any tale was sooner heard than told;  
 And all who told it added something new,  
 And all who heard it made enlargements too,  
 In every ear it spread, on every tongue it grew.

PRIOR.—Temple of Fame, line 468; SOMERVILLE, The Night-Walker.

Those men who carry about and who listen to accusations, should all be hanged, if so it could be at my decision—the carriers by their tongues, the listeners by their ears.

RILEY's Plautus.—The Pseudolus, Act i., scene 5.

For well I know what pains await  
 The lips that sland'rous tales relate.

WHEELWRIGHT's Pindar.—Olym. Ode i., line 81.

The man that dares traduce, because he can  
 With safety to himself, is not a man:  
 An individual is a sacred mark,  
 Not to be pierced in play or in the dark.

COWPER.—Expostulation, line 432.

A third interprets motion, looks, and eyes,  
 At every word a reputation dies.

POPE.—Rape of the Lock, Canto iii., line 15.

Quick-circulating slanders mirth afford;  
 And reputation bleeds in every word.

CHURCHILL.—The Apology, line 47.

There goes she whose husband was hanged.

FIELDING.—The Life of Jonathan Wild, Book iv., chap. ii.

I will be hang'd if some eternal villain,  
 Some busy and insinuating rogue,  
 Some cogging cozening slave, to get some office,  
 Have not devised this slander.

SHAKSPERE.—Othello, Act iv., scene 2.  
 (Emilia to Desdemona.)

Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far from thy report as thou from honour.

SHAKSPERE.—Cymbeline, Act i., scene 7.  
 (Imogen to Iachimo.)

He's gone, and who knows how he may report  
 Thy words, by adding fuel to the flame?

MILTON.—Samson Agonistes.

The slander of some people is as great a recommendation as the praise of others.

FIELDING.—The Temple Beau, Act i., scene 1.

*SLANDER*.—Where it concerns himself,  
Who's angry at a slander, makes it true.

BEN. JONSON.—*Catiline*, Act iii., scene 1.

*SLAUGHTER*.—Phœbus rush'd forth, the flying bands to meet;  
Struck slaughter back, and cover'd the retreat.

POPE.—*The Iliad*, Book xxi., line 634.

*SLAVERY*.—Our limbs are purchased, and our life is sold.

SHENSTONE.—*Elegy* xx., verse 16.

Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still, slavery! still thou art a bitter  
draught!

STERNE.—*The Passport*, Hotel at Paris.

*SLAVES*.—Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their lungs  
Receive our air, that moment they are free;  
They touch our country, and their shackles fall.

COWPER.—*The Task*, Book ii., line 40.

And this spirit of liberty is so deeply implanted in our constitution, and  
rooted in our very soil, that a slave or negro, the moment he lands in  
England, falls under the protection of the laws, and so far becomes a  
freeman.

SALKELD'S Reports, 666; *Sommerset's Case*, 20: State  
Trials, 79: LOFT'S Reports, 1; BLACKSTONE'S Comm.,  
127, 424; see also *Grace's Case*, reported by DR. HAG-  
GARD.

*SLEEP*.—Blessed be he who first invented sleep; it covers a man all  
over like a cloak.

CERVANTES.—*Don Quixote*.

I wish I could write a chapter upon sleep. It is a fine subject.

STERNE.—*Tristram Shandy*, Volume iii., chapter xv.

The mystery of folded sleep.

TENNYSON.—*A Dream of Fair Women*.

More he had spoke, but sudden vapours rise,  
And with their silken cords tie down his eyes.

DR. GARTH.—*The Dispensary*, Canto i., last lines.

Death, so call'd, is a thing which makes men weep,  
And yet a third of life is pass'd in sleep.

BYRON.—*Don Juan*, Canto xiv., stanza 3.

Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,  
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,  
Balm of hurt minds, great Nature's second course,  
Chief nourisher in life's feast.

SHAKSPERE.—*Macbeth*, Act ii., scene 2.  
(To his Lady after the murder.)



*SLEEP*.—Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep !

He, like the world, his ready visit pays  
Where Fortune smiles ; the wretched he forsakes ;

flies from woe,  
And lights on lids unsullied with a tear.

DR. YOUNG.—Night i., line 1.

Sleep, thou repose of all things ; Sleep, thou gentlest of the deities ;  
thou peace of the mind, from whence care flies ; who dost soothe the  
hearts of men wearied with the toils of the day, and refittest them  
for labour.

OVID.—*Meta.*, Book xi., line 623. (Riley's Transl.)

O Sleep, O gentle sleep !

Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,  
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,  
And steep my senses in forgetfulness ?

SHAKSPERE.—2 Henry IV., Act iii., scene 1.

(The King, *solus*.)

Sleep, that sometimes shuts up sorrow's eye.

SHAKSPERE.—*Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act iii., sc. 2.  
(Helena.)

O'er my limbs sleep's soft dominion spread.

DR. YOUNG.—Night i., line 92.

And I pray you, let none of your people stir me : I have an exposition  
of sleep come upon me.

SHAKSPERE.—*Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act iv., sc. 1.  
(Bottom to Titania.)

Let me sleep on and do not wake me yet.

LONGFELLOW.—*The Spanish Student*, Act iii., scene 5.

Sweet sleep fell upon his eyelids, unwakeful, most pleasant, the nearest  
like death.

HOMER.—*The Odyssey*, Buckley's Translation, 177.

SPENSER.—*The Fairy Queen*, Book ii., Canto vii., st. 25.

They who make the least of death, consider it as having a great resem-  
blance to sleep.

CICERO.—*Tusculan Disputations*, Book i., division 38.  
(Yonge's Translation.)

Sleep and death, two twins of winged race,  
Of matchless swiftness, but of silent pace.

POPE's Homer.—*The Iliad*, Book xvi., line 831.

Silent in the tangles soft involv'd of death-like sleep.

DYER.—*The Fleece*, Book ii.

Death's half-brother, sleep.

DRYDEN.—*The Æneid*, Book vi.

*SLEEP*.—How wonderful is death, death and his brother, sleep!

*SHELLEY*.—Queen Mab, line 1.

*BROOME*.—The gods and Titans.

Sleep, whence thou shalt ne'er awake;

Night, where dawn shall never break.

*BURNS*.—Friar's Garse, On Nithside, line 46.

Hail, thou gloomy night of sorrow,

Cheerless night that knows not morrow!

*BURNS*.—Raving Winds, verse 1.

Soon the shroud shall lap thee fast,

And the sleep be on the cast,

That shall ne'er know waking.

*SCOTT*.—Guy Mannering, chapter xxvii. (1829.)

That sleep which seem'd as it would ne'er awake.

*BYRON*.—Don Juan, Canto ii., stanza 146. (1819, Jan.)

And weeping then she made her moan,

"The night comes on that knows not morn,

When I shall cease to be all alone,

To live forgotten and love forlorn."

*TENNYSON*.—Mariana in the South, last verse.

Well, sleep thy fill, and take thy soft repose;

But know, withal, sweet tastes have sour closes;

And he repents in thorns that sleeps in beds of roses.

*QUARLES*.—Book i., No. vii., stanza 3.

Sleeping within mine orchard,

My custom always in the afternoon.

*SHAKSPERE*.—Hamlet, Act i., scen 5.

(The Ghost to Hamlet.)

Sleep no more,

Macbeth does murder sleep.

*SHAKSPERE*.—Macbeth, Act ii., scene 2.

*LLLOYD*.—The Actor.

And hast thou kill'd him sleeping?

*SHAKSPERE*.—Midsummer Night's Dream, Act iii., sc. 2.

(Hermia to Demetrius.)

Coward, wilt thou murder slumber?

*LONGFELLOW*.—Frithiop's Temptation.

(From the Swedish.)

Sleep in peace and wake in joy.

*SCOTT*.—Lord of the Isles, Canto v., stanza 21.

Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,

And look on death itself.

*SHAKSPERE*.—Macbeth, Act ii., scene 3.

(Macduff.)

*SLEEP*.—Is there aught in sleep can charm the wise ?  
 To lie in dead oblivion, losing half  
 The fleeting moments of too short a life ;  
 Who would in such a gloomy state remain  
 Longer than Nature craves.

THOMSON.—Summer.

Never sleep the sun up.  
 Rise to prevent the sun.

VAUGHAN.—Rules and Lessons, verse 2.

How many sleep who keep the world awake !  
 DY. YOUNG.—Night ix., line 58.

And thousands had sunk on the ground overpower'd,  
 The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.  
 CAMPBELL.—The Soldier's Dream, verse 1.

*SLEEVE*.—A broken sleeve  
 Keeps the arm back.

BEN JONSON.—The Fortunate Isles.

*SLIP*.—If he had been as you,  
 And you as he, you would have slipp'd like him.

SHAKSPERE.—Measure for Measure, Act ii., scene 2.  
 (Isabel to Angelo.)

*SLOUGH*.—The name of the slough was Despond.  
 BUNYAN.—Pilgrim's Progress, Part i.

*SLOW*.—Slow and steady wins the race.  
 LLOYD.—The Hare and Tortoise.

Wisely and slow : they stumble that run fast.  
 SHAKSPERE.—Romeo and Juliet, Act ii., scene 3.  
 (The Friar to Romeo.)

*SLUGGARD*.—Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the  
 hands to sleep.  
 PROVERBS, chapter xxiv., verse 33.

Who is he with voice unblest,  
 That calls me from the bed of rest ?  
 GRAY.—The Descent of Odin.

'Tis the voice of the sluggard, I hear him complain :  
 "You've waked me too soon—I must slumber again."  
 A little more sleep and a little more slumber.

WATTS.—The Sluggard. Moral Songs.

Go to the ant, thou sluggard ; consider her ways and be wise.  
 PROVERBS, chapter vi., verse 6.

*SLUT*.—Our Polly is a sad slut, nor heeds what we have taught her ;  
I wonder any man alive will ever rear a daughter ;  
For when she's drest with care and cost, all tempting fine and gay,  
As men should serve a cucumber, she flings herself away.

GRAY.—The Beggar's Opera.

*SMALL-POX*.—That dire disease, whose ruthless power  
Withers the beauty's transient flower.

GOLDSMITH.—Double Transformation, line 75.

*SMELL*.—A very ancient and fish-like smell.

SHAKSPERE.—The Tempest, Act ii., scene 2.  
(Trinculo.)

And smelt so ? puh !

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act v., scene 1.  
(Hamlet to Horatio.)

There was the rankest compound of villainous smell that ever offended  
nostrils.

SHAKSPERE.—Merry Wives of Windsor, Act iii., scene 5.  
(Falstaff to Ford.)

*SMILE*.—A smile that glow'd  
Celestial rosy red, love's popular hue.

MILTON.—Paradise Lost, Book viii., line 618.

Struck blind with beauty !  
Shot with a woman's smile.

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.—Knight of Malta, Act ii., sc. 3.

Seldom he smiles ; and smiles in such a sort,  
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit,  
That could be moved to smile at any thing.

SHAKSPERE.—Julius Cæsar, Act i., scene 2.  
(Cæsar to Antony, expressing his dislike of Cassius.)

She turn'd to him and smiled, but in that sort  
Which makes not others smile.

BYRON.—Don Juan, Canto iv., stanza 23.

The smiler with the knife under his cloak.

CHAUCER.—(Saunders.) Volume i., page 47.

I can smile, and murther while I smile.

SHAKSPERE.—2 Henry VI., Act iii., scene 2.  
(Gloster soliloquising on the destruction of Edward and  
his Line.)

One may smile, and smile, and be a villain.

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act i., scene 5.  
(Ruminating on what the Ghost has told him.)

*SMILE*.—A man I knew who lived upon a smile ;  
And well it fed him : he look'd plump and fair,  
While rankest venom foam'd through every vein.

DR. YOUNG.—Night viii., line 336.

A villain with a smiling cheek.

SHAKSPERE.—Merchant of Venice, Act i., scene 3.  
(Antonio aside to Bassanio.)

The harper smiled, well-pleased ; for ne'er  
Was flatt'ry lost on poet's ear :  
A simple race ! they waste their toil  
For the vain tribute of a smile.

SCOTT.—Lay of the Last Minstrel, near the end.

I in no soul-consumption wait  
Whole years at levees of the great,  
And hungry hopes regale the while  
On the spare diet of a smile.

GREEN.—The Spleen, line 440.

So wept Aurelia, till the destined youth  
Stepp'd in, with his receipt for making smiles,  
And blanching sables into bridal bloom.

DR. YOUNG.—Night v., line 583.

Their smiles and censures are to me the same,  
I care not what they praise or what they blame.

DRYDEN's Persius.—Sat. i.

*SMITH*.—I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,  
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,  
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news.

SHAKSPERE.—King John, Act iv., scene 2.  
(Hubert to the King after Arthur's death.)

*SMOOTH*.—Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep.

SHAKSPERE.—2 Henry VI., Act iii., scene 1.  
(Suffolk to the King and Queen.)

*SNAKE*.—A needless Alexandrine ends the song,  
That like a wounded snake drags its slow length along.

POPE.—On Criticism, line 356.

We have scotch'd the snake, but not kill'd it.

SHAKSPERE.—Macbeth, Act iii., scene 2.  
(Macbeth to his Lady.)

*SNEER*.—There was a laughing devil in his sneer,  
That raised emotions both of rage and fear.

BYRON.—The Corsair, Canto i., verse 9.

*SNOW*.—When snow the pasture sheets.

SHAKSPERE.—Antony and Cleopatra, Act i., scene 4.  
(Cæsar to Antony.)



SNOW.— White as chaste, and pure  
As wind-fann'd snow.

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.—The Two Noble Kinsmen,  
Act v., scene 1.

A snow of blossoms, and a wild of flowers.  
TICKELL.—Kensington Gardens.

SNOW-DROP.—The snow-drop who, in habit white and plain,  
Comes on, the herald of fair Flora's train.

CHURCHILL.—Gotham, Book i., line 246.

SOCIETY.—Society became my glittering bride,  
And airy hopes my children.

WORDSWORTH.—Excursion, Book iii.

I am ill, but your being by me cannot amend me : society is no comfort  
to one not sociable.

SHAKSPERE.—Cymbeline, Act iv., scene 3.  
(Imogen to Guiderius.)

The life-blood of society.

MIDDLETON.—A mad world, my masters, Act i., sc. 1.

SOLAR.—Beyond the year and out of heaven's high way.

DRYDEN.—Annus Mirabilis, verse 160.

In climes beyond the *Solar road*.

GRAY.—Progress of Poesy, stanza ii., 2.

His soul, proud science never taught to stray,  
Far as the Solar walk, or milky-way.

POPE.—Essay on Man, Epi. i., div. 3, line 101.

SOLDIER.— Then, a soldier ;  
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,  
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,  
Seeking the bubble reputation  
Even in the cannon's mouth.

SHAKSPERE.—As You Like It, Act ii., scene 7. (Jaques.)

That in the captain's but a cholerick word,  
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.

SHAKSPERE.—Measure for Measure, Act ii., scene 2.  
(Isabella to Lucio.)

Soldier, rest ! thy warfare o'er,  
Dream of fighting fields no more :  
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,  
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

SCOTT.—Lady of the Lake, Canto i., stanza 31.

He is a soldier fit to stand by Cæsar,  
And give direction.

SHAKSPERE.—Othello, Act ii., sc. 3. (Iago to Montano.)

**SOLDIERS.**—Soldiers are perfect devils in their way;  
When once they're raised, they're cursed hard to lay.

**GAY.**—Epi. xi., last lines.

'Tis the soldiers' life

To have their balmy slumbers waked with strife.

**SHAKSPERE.**—Othello, Act ii., scene 3.

(The Moor to Desdemona.)

**SOLICITOR.**—Bold of your worthiness, we single you  
As our best-moving, fair solicitor.

**SHAKSPERE.**—Love's Labor's Lost, Act ii., scene 1.

(The Princess of France to Boyat, with a message to  
the King of Navarre on his vow.)

**SOLITUDE.**—Oh! lost virtue, lost to manly thought,  
Lost to the noble sallies of the soul!

Who think it solitude to be alone.

**DR. YOUNG.**—Night iii., line 6.

*Solitudinem faciunt, pacem appellant.*

**TACITUS.**—"They make a desert, and call it peace."

The conduct pursued by some *civilized* nations in exterminating those  
they call *barbarians*.—**RILEY's** Dictionary Latin Quotations.

Mark! where his carnage and his conquests cease!

He makes a solitude, and calls it peace!

**BYRON.**—The Bride of Abydos, Canto ii., stanza 20.

Choose them for your lords who spoil and burn whole countries, and  
call desolation peace.

**JASPER FISHER.**—The True Trojans, Act v., scene 2.

And when the sword has made a solitude,  
That you proclaim a feast.

**MURPHY.**—Zenobia, Act iv., and in his Arminius, Act iii.

But midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men,

To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,

And roam along, the world's tired denizen,

With none who bless us, none whom we can bless—

This is to be alone; this, this is solitude!

**BYRON.**—Childe Harold, Canto ii., stanza 26.

Through the lone groves would pace in solemn mood,

Wooing the pensive charms of solitude.

**PYE.**—Alfred, Book iii., line 57.

Solitude's the nurse of woe.

**PARNELL.**—Hymn to Contentment, line 24.

Solitude sometimes is best society,

And short retirement urges sweet return.

**MILTON.**—Paradise Lost, Book ix., line 250.

*SOLITUDE*.—To wind the mighty secrets of the past,  
And turn the key of time!

KIRKE WHITE.—Time a Poem, line 249.

How sweet, how passing sweet, is solitude;  
But grant me still a friend in my retreat,  
Whom I may whisper—solitude is sweet.

COWPER.—Retirement, line 740.

Sorrow's faded form, and solitude behind.

GRAY.—The Bard, verse 4, last line.

O solitude! where are the charms  
That sages have seen in thy face?  
Better dwell in the midst of alarms,  
Than reign in this horrible place.

COWPER.—Alexander Selkirk, verse 1.

*SOLO*.—See now, half cured, and perfectly well bred,  
With nothing but a solo in his head.

POPE.—The Dunciad, Book iv., line 323.

Why, if it be a solo, how should there be any thing else?

BENTLEY's Criticism on the passage in Pope.

*SOMETHING*.—Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act i., scene 4.

(Marcellus to Horatio.)

Something too much of this.

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act iii., scene 2.

(To Horatio, prior to the Play.)

Something to blame, and something to commend!

POPE.—Epistle to Mr. Jervas, line 17.

There's something in a flying horse,

There's something in a huge balloon.

WORDSWORTH.—Peter Bell, Prol., stanza 4.

*SON*.—He talks to me that never had a son.

SHAKSPERE.—King John, Act iii., scene 4.

(Constance, the mother of Arthur, talking at Pandulph  
the Pope's legate.)

Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown,  
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,  
Thence to be wrench'd, with an unlineal hand,  
No son of mine succeeding.

SHAKSPERE.—Macbeth, Act iii., scene 1.

(The King's fears of Banquo and his issue.)

*SONG*.—

Still govern thou my song,

Urania, and fit audience find, though few.

MILTON.—Paradise Lost, Book vii., line 30.

*SONG*.—David for him his tuneful harp had strung,  
And heaven had wanted one immortal song.

DRYDEN.—Absalom and Achitophel, Part i., line 196.

Friend to my life ! (which did not you prolong,  
The world had wanted many an idle song.)

POPE.—Epi. to Arbuthnot, line 27.

*SONNETEER*.—What woful stuff this madrigal would be,  
In some starved hackney sonneteer, or me ?  
But let a lord once own the happy lines,  
How the wit brightens ! how the stile refines !

POPE.—On Criticism, line 418.

*SORROW*.—Affliction may one day smile again, and till then sit thee  
down, sorrow !

SHAKSPERE.—Love's Labor's Lost, Act i., scene 1.  
(Constance to Biron.)

Here I and sorrow sit ;  
Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.

SHAKSPERE.—King John, Act iii., scene 1.  
(Constance to Salisbury.)

Behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow.

JEREMIAH.—Lamentations, chapter i., verse 12.

Behold a wretch whom all the gods consign  
To woe ! Did ever sorrows equal mine ?

POPE.—The Odyssey, Book iv., line 958.

Here let me sit in sorrow for mankind.

GOLDSMITH.—The Traveller, line 102.

Down, thy climbing sorrow,  
Thy element's below.

SHAKSPERE.—King Lear, Act ii., scene 4.  
(The King to himself, after hearing the Fool's proverbs.)

Give sorrow words : the grief that does not speak  
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.

SHAKSPERE.—Macbeth, Act iv., scene 3.  
(Malcolm, on hearing Rosse relate the murder of Macduff's wife and children.)

Sorrow conceal'd, like an oven stopp'd,  
Doth burn the heart to cinders.

SHAKSPERE.—Titus Andronicus, Act ii., scene 5.  
(Marcus, on seeing the mutilated Lavinia.)

Sorrow ends not when it seemeth done

SHAKSPERE.—Richard II., Act i., scene 2.  
(Duchess of Gloster to Gaunt.)

*SORROW*.—New sorrow rises as the day returns,  
A sister sickens or a daughter mourns.

DR. JOHNSON.—Vanity of Human Wishes, line 301.

CAMPBELL.—The Soldier's Dream, last line but one.

Year chases year, decay pursues decay,  
Still drops some joy from withering life away;  
New forms arise, and different views engage,  
Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage,  
Till pitying Nature signs the last release,  
And bids afflicted worth retire to peace.

DR. JOHNSON.—Vanity of Human Wishes, line 305.

Social sorrow loses half its pain.

DR. JOHNSON.—Prologue: Good-Natured Man, 1769, line 4.

Thus, both with lamentations fill'd the place,  
Till sorrow seem'd to wear one common face.

CONGREVE.—Priam's Lamentation, last lines.

I have a silent sorrow here,  
A grief I'll ne'er impart;  
It breathes no sigh, it sheds no tear,  
But it consumes my heart.

This cherish'd woe, this loved despair,  
My lot for ever be;  
So, my soul's lord, the pangs I bear  
Be never known by thee.

KOTZEBUE.—The Stranger, Act iv., scene 1; translated  
by R. Thompson.

A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act i., scene 2.  
(Horatio to Hamlet.)

Some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb,  
Is coming towards me.

SHAKSPERE.—Richard II., Act ii., scene 2.  
(The Queen to Bushy.)

Alone and dewy, coldly pure and pale;  
As weeping beauty's cheek at sorrow's tale!

BYRON.—The Bride of Abydos, Canto ii., stanza last.

*SOUL*.—Death only this mysterious truth unfolds,  
The mighty soul, how small a body holds.

JUVENAL.—Sat. 10. (Dryden.)

A soul without reflection, like a pile  
Without inhabitant, to ruin runs.

DR. YOUNG.—Night v., line 596.



*SOUL*.—And the weak soul, within itself unblest,  
Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.

GOLDSMITH.—The Traveller, line 271.

A pure ingenuous elegance of soul,  
A delicate refinement, known to few,  
Perplex'd his breast.

THOMSON.—Summer.

Within this wall of flesh  
There is a soul counts thee her creditor,  
And with advantage means to pay thy love.

SHAKSPERE.—King John, Act iii., scene 3.

(The King to Hubert.)

The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,  
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made;  
Stronger by weakness, wiser men become,  
As they draw nearer to their eternal home.

WALLER.—On his Divine Poems.

I am positive I have a soul; nor can all the books with which materialists have pestered the world, ever convince me to the contrary.

STERNE.—Sentimental Journey, Maria, Moulines, last three lines.

The soul, secured in her existence, smiles  
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.

ADDISON.—Cato, Act v., scene 1.

The light of love, the purity of grace,  
The mind, the music breathing from her face,  
The heart whose softness harmonized the whole—  
And, oh! that eye was in itself a soul!

BYRON.—The Bride of Abydos, Canto i., stanza 6.

Such souls

Whose sudden visitations daze the world,  
Vanish like lightning, but they leave behind  
A voice that in the distance far away  
Wakens the slumbering ages.

H. TAYLOR.—Van Artevelde, Act i., scene 7.

*SOUND*.—The man to solitude accusom'd long,  
Perceives in every thing that lives a tongue;  
Not animals alone, but shrubs and trees  
Have speech for him, and understand with ease;  
After long drought when rains abundant fall,  
He hears the herbs and flowers rejoicing all.

COWPER.—The Needless Alarm, line 55.

The murmur that springs from the growing of grass.

POE.—Al Aaraaf.

*SOUND*.—The verie pleasaunte sounde which the trees of the forest do make when they growe.

ANONYMOUS.—Quoted by POE, *ante* 300.

Sound—

That stealeth ever on the ear of him  
Who, musing, gazeth on the distance dim,  
And sees the darkness coming as a cloud—  
Is not its form—its voice—most palpable and loud?

POE.—*Al Araaf*.

Jove himself, who hears a thought,  
Knows not when we pass by.

KILLIGREW.—A song in “The Conspiracy,” a Tragedy.

And I turned to see the voice that spake with me.

ST. JOHN.—Revelation, chapter i., verse 12.

The word that Isaiah the son of Amos saw.

ISAIAH, chapter ii., verse 1. (That is, the vision.)

The green trees whispered low and smil’d;  
It was a sound of joy.

LONGFELLOW.—Prelude to Voices of the Night, stanza 9.

I heard the trailing garment of the night  
Sweep through her marble halls.

LONGFELLOW.—Hymn to the Night.

He goes but to see a noise that he heard, and is to come again.

SHAKSPERE.—A Midsummer Night’s Dream, Act iii., scene 1. (Quince to Thisbe.)

To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion.

SHAKSPERE.—Twelfth Night, Act ii., scene 3.  
(Sir Toby to Sir Andrew.)

*SOUTH*.—Syllables which breathe of the sweet South.

BYRON. — Beppo, St. 44. (See Knight’s Shakspeare, Twelfth Night, Act i., scene 1.)

*SPADE*.—“Never mind,” said Philip; “the Macedonians are a blunt people; they call a spade a spade.”

KENNEDY’S Demosthenes, Vol i., page 249.

*SPARROWS*.—One of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father.

ST. MATTHEW, chapter x., verse 29.

There’s a special providence in the fall of a sparrow.

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act v., scene 2. (To Horatio, prior to the passage of arms with Laertes.)

*SPARROWS*.—He that doth the ravens feed,  
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,  
Be comfort to my age!

SHAKSPERE.—As You Like It, Act ii., scene 3.  
(Adam to Orlando.)

*SPEAK*.—Speak, that I may see thee. (*Oratio imago animi.*) Language most shews a man. No glass renders a man's form or likeness so true as his speech.

BEN JONSON. — "Discoveries," Vol. ix., page 223  
(Gifford); and see the "Spectator," No. 86.

Speak, I'll go no further.

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act i., scene 5.  
(To the Ghost.)

Mistake me not, I speak but as I find.

SHAKSPERE.—Taming of the Shrew, Act ii., scene 1.  
(Baptista to Petruchio.)

A heavier task could not have been imposed,  
Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable.

SHAKSPERE.—Comedy of Errors, Act i., scene 1.  
(Ægeon to the Duke.)

More he endeavoured; but the accents hung,  
Half form'd and stopt unfinish'd on his tongue.

GARTH.—Clermont, line 271.

For in it lurks that nameless spell,  
Which speaks, itself unspeakable.

BYRON.—The Giaour.

I will speak daggers to her, but use none.

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act iii., scene 2.  
(Hamlet at the very witching time of night.)

You are speaking stones.

PLAUTUS.—Aulularia, Act ii., scene 1. (Riley's Transl.)  
[Aristophanes says, in one of his plays, "You are speaking roses to me."]

Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear  
Your favours, nor your hate.

SHAKSPERE.—Macbeth, Act i., scene 3.  
(Banquo to the Witches.)

What the devil ails the fellow? Why don't you speak out?—not stand  
croaking like a frog in a quinsy!

SHERIDAN.—The Rivals, Act iv., scene 2.

I wish you could advance your voice a little.

BEN JONSON.—The Alchemist, Act i., scene 1.

*SPEAK.*—How absolute the knave is ;  
We must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us.  
SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act v., scene 1.  
(Hamlet to Horatio.)

I will put on clean linen, and speak wisely.  
SUCKLING.—Brennoralt, Act ii.

Why dost thou not speak, thou art both as drunk and as mute as a fish.  
CONGREVE.—The Way of the World, Act ii., scene 9.

You can speak well ; if your tongue deliver the message of your heart.  
FORD.—The Sun's Darling, Act v., scene 1.

In one scene no more than three should speak.  
ROSCOMMON.—Horace's Art of Poetry.

I say you are wrong ; we should speak all together, each for himself,  
and all at once, that we might be heard the better.  
SHERIDAN.—St. Patrick's Day, Act i., scene 1.

1. Hear me but speak.  
2. No, not in a cause against the king.  
D'AVENANT.—The Wits, Act v., scene 1.

All tongues speak of him.  
SHAKSPERE.—Coriolanus, Act ii., scene 1.  
(Brutus to the Tribunes.)

*SPEAKING.*—Because, sister, your words are knocking out the brains  
of unfortunate me ; you are speaking stones. So Shakspeare says,  
(above) " I will speak daggers to her, but use none ; " and Aristoph-  
anes says in one of his plays, " You have spoken roses to me."  
RILEY's Plautus.—The Aulularia, Act ii., scene 1.

*Lys.* He hath rid his prologue like a rough colt ; he knows not the  
stop. It is not enough to speak, but to speak true.

*Hip.* Indeed he hath played on his prologue like a child on a recorder ;  
a sound, but not in government.

*The.* His speech was like a tangled chain ; nothing impaired but all  
disordered.

SHAKSPERE.—Midsummer's Night's Dream, Act v., sc. 1.

Speaking thick, which nature made his blemish.  
SHAKSPERE.—2 Henry IV., Act ii., scene 3.  
(Lady Percy to Northumberland.)

*SPECTACLES.*—What a pair of spectacles is here !  
SHAKSPERE.—Troilus and Cressida, Act iv., scene 4.  
(Pandarus.)

*SPEECH.*—Let your speech be alway with grace, seasoned with salt,  
that ye may know how ye ought to answer every man.  
COLOSSIANS, chapter iv., verse 6.

*SPEECH*.—A knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear.

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act iv., scene 2.

(Hamlet to Rosencrantz.)

Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue; but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much—your hand thus; but use all gently; for in the very torrent, tempest, and (as I may say) the whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness.

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act iii., scene 2.

(The Prince and certain Players.)

O, it offends me to the soul, to see a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings; who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows and noise: I could have such a fellow whipped for o'er-doing Termagant; it outherods Herod; pray you, avoid it.

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act iii., scene 2.

(The Prince to the Players.)

Where Nature's end of language is declined,  
And men talk only to conceal the mind.

DR. YOUNG.—Sat. ii., line 207. (To Chesterfield.)

The true use of speech is not so much to express our wants as to conceal them.

GOLDSMITH.—The Bee, No. 3.

They only employ words for the purpose of concealing their thoughts.

VOLTAIRE.—Le Chapon et la Poulard.

Speech is the index of the mind.

SENECA.—Epi. i., near the end.

Speech is silvern, Silence is golden.

GERMAN PROVERB.—T. Carlyle phrases it—Sprechen ist silbern, Schweigen ist golden.—Sartor Resartus, chapter iii., Book 3.

*SPECULATION*.—Thou hast no speculation in those eyes  
Which thou dost glare with!

SHAKSPERE.—Macbeth, Act iii., scene 4.

(Macbeth to the Ghost.)

*SPELLS*.—She spells like a kitchen maid.

SWIFT.—To Mr. Worrall, January 13, 1729.

False spelling is only excusable in a chambermaid, for I would not pardon it in a waiting maid.

SWIFT.—To Mr. Gay, 13, April, 1731.

*SPENDTHRIFT*.—Spendthrift alike of money and of wit,  
Always at speed, and never drawing bit.

COWPER.—Table Talk, line 686.



*SPHERE*.—He comes : We two, like the twin stars, appear ;  
Never to shine together in one sphere.

DRYDEN.—Tyrannick Love, Act i., scene 1.

Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere.

SHAKSPERE.—1 Henry IV., Act v., scene 4.

(Prince Henry to Hotspur.)

*SPIRE*.—To point to the starry heavens with a tapering top.

OVID.—Meta., Book x., Fable iii. (Riley's Transl.)

Cloud-kissing turrets—spires that seem to kiss the clouds.

HEYWOOD.—Four London Apprentices.

Yon tower-capp'd Acropolis,

Which seems the very clouds to kiss.

BYRON.—Siege of Corinth, div. i., last two lines.

Yon towers, whose wanton tops do buss the clouds.

SHAKSPERE.—Troilus and Cressida, Act iv., scene 5.

Under a starry-pointing pyramid.

MILTON.—Epitaph on Shakspeare.

Pyramid pointing to the stars.

WORDSWORTH.—Vol. v., page 80, line 14.

These pointed spires, that wound the ambient sky.

PRIOR.—Solomon, a poem, Book iii., line 770.

The tapering pyramid—

Whose spiky top has wounded the thick cloud.

BLAIR.—The Grave, line 190.

Magnific walls, and heaven-assaulting spires.

SMART.—Power of the Supreme Being.

The village church, among the trees,

Where first our marriage-vows were given,

With merry peals shall swell the breeze,

And point with taper spire to heaven.

ROGERS.—A Wish, a poem, verse 4.

An instinctive taste teaches men to build their churches in flat countries with spire-steeples ; which, as they cannot be referred to any other object, point as with silent finger to the sky and stars.

S. T. COLERIDGE.—The Friend, No. 14, page 223.

Ye swelling hills and spacious plains !

Besprent from shore to shore with steeple tow'rs,

And " spires whose silent finger points to heav'n."

WORDSWORTH.—The Excursion, verse 17.

Who taught the heaven-directed spire to rise ?

POPE.—Moral Essays, Epi. iii., line 261. (To Bathurst.)

*SPIRE*.—Nought but the heaven-directed spire.

WORDSWORTH.—Vol. v., page 84, line 8.

Rushing from the woods, the spires  
Seem from hence ascending fires !

DYER.—Grongar Hill, line 51.

How the tall temples, as to meet their God,  
Ascend the skies !

DR. YOUNG.—Night vi., line 781.

Where'er a spire points up to heaven,

Through storm and summer air,

Telling that all around have striven,

Man's heart, and hope, and prayer.

MRS. HEMANS.—Themes of Song, page 534.

View not this spire by measure given,

To buildings raised by common hands ;

That fabric rises high as heaven,

Whose basis on devotion stands.

PRIOR.—On a Column in Halstead Church.

*SPIRIT*.—I do lack some part of that quick spirit that is in Antony.

SHAKSPERE.—Julius Cæsar, Act i., scene 2.

(Brutus to Cassius.)

The choice and master spirits of this age.

SHAKSPERE.—Julius Cæsar, Act iii., scene 1.

(Antony to Brutus.)

*SPIRITING*.—I will be correspondent to command,

And do my spiriting gently.

SHAKSPERE.—Tempest, Act i., scene 2.

(Ariel to Prospero.)

*SPIRITS*.—1. I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

2. Why, so can I ; or so can any man :

But will they come when you do call for them ?

SHAKSPERE.—1 Henry IV., Act iii., scene 1.

(Glendower and Hotspur.)

*SPLEEN*.—To cure the mind's wrong bias, spleen,

Some recommend the bowling-green ;

Some hilly walks—all exercise ;

Fling but a stone, the giant dies.

GREEN.—The Spleen, line 89.

Then seek good humour'd tavern chums,

And play at cards, but for small sums ;

Or with the merry fellows quaff,

And laugh aloud with them that laugh.

GREEN.—Ibid., line 172.

*SPOON.*—This is a devil, and no monster ; I will leave him ; I have no long spoon.

*SHAKSPERE.*—The Tempest, Act ii., scene 2.  
(Stephano to Trinculo.)

He must have a long spoon that must eat with the devil.

*SHAKSPERE.*—Comedy of Errors, Act iv., scene 3.  
(Dromio of Syracuse to Antipholus of Syracuse.)

*SPOONS.*—*King.* My lord of Canterbury,  
I have a suit which you must not deny me ;  
That is, a fair young maid that yet wants baptism ;  
You must be godfather, and answer for her.

*Cranmer.*—The greatest monarch now alive may glory  
In such an honour : how may I deserve it,  
That am a poor and humble subject to you ?

*King.*—Come, come, my lord, you'd spare your spoons.

*SHAKSPERE.*—Henry VIII., Act v., scene 2 ; in allusion  
to the practice of sponsors presenting the child with  
spoons, or a spoon at the christening.—(*Knight's Shak-*  
*spere.*)

*SPORT.*—'Tis the sport to have the engineer  
Hoist with his own petar.

*SHAKSPERE.*—Hamlet, Act iii., scene 4.  
(Counterplotting his Uncle's designs.)

Detested sport,

That owes its pleasures to another's pain.

*COWPER.*—The Task, Book iii., line 326.

It is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

*SHAKSPERE.*—As You Like It, Act i., scene 2.  
(Touchstone to Le Beau.)

*SPOTS.*—Spots in the sun are in his lustre lost.

*SOMERVILLE.*—Epi. to Thomson.

*SPRING.*—So forth issued the seasons of the year :

First, lusty Spring all dight in leaves of flowers,  
That freshly budded and new blooms did bear,  
In which a thousand birds had built their bowers,  
That sweetly sung to call forth paramours.

*SPENSER.*—The Fairy Queen, Book vi.  
On Mutability, Canto vii., stanza 28.

Next came the loveliest pair in all the ring,  
Sweet female Beauty hand in hand with Spring.

*BURNS.*—Brigs of Ayr,

*SPRING.*— The spring, the summer,  
The chiding autumn, angry winter, change  
Their wonted liveries.

SHAKSPERE.—*Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act ii., sc. 1.  
(Titania to Oberon.)

Spring hangs her infant blossoms on the trees,  
Rock'd in the cradle of the western breeze.

COWPER.—*Tirocinium*, line 43.

But when shall Spring visit the mouldering urn?  
O when shall it dawn on the night of the grave?

BEATTIE.—*The Hermit*, verse 4.

*SPRINGES TO CATCH WOODCOCKS.*

SHAKSPERE.—*Hamlet*, Act i., scene 3.  
(Polonius to Ophelia.)

*SPUR.*—What need we any spur but our own cause  
To prick us to redress?

SHAKSPERE.—*Julius Caesar*, Act ii., scene 1.  
(Brutus to Cassius, at a meeting of the Conspirators.)

*SQUARE.*—To measure wind, and weigh the air,  
And turn a circle to a square.

BUTLER.—*A Satire on the Royal Society*, line 87.  
CAWTHORNE.—*Wit and Learning*, line 129.

Circles to square, and cubes to double,  
Would give a man excessive trouble.

PRIOR.—*Alma*, line 1436.

For take thy balance, if thou be so wise,  
And weigh the wind that under heaven doth blow;  
Or weigh the light that in the east doth rise;  
Or weigh the thought that from man's mind doth flow.

SPENSER.—*Fairy Queen*, Book v., Canto ii., stanza 43.

Weigh the sun.

TENNYSON.—*Locksley Hall*, verse 93.

Whether he measure earth, compute the sea,  
Weigh sunbeams, carve a fly, or split a flea;  
The solemn trifter with his boasted skill  
Toils much, and is a solemn trifter still.

COWPER.—*Charity*, line 353.

*STALE.*—How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable  
Seem to me all the uses of this world!

SHAKSPERE.—*Hamlet*, Act i., scene 2. (His soliloquy  
after the interview with his Uncle and Mother.)

*STAMPS.*—Stamps God's own name upon a lie just made,  
To turn a penny in the way of trade.

COWPER.—*Table Talk*, line 421.

STAR.— It were all one  
That I should love a bright particular star,  
And think to wed it, he is so above me.

SHAKSPERE.—All's Well that Ends Well, Act i., scene 1.  
(Helena, *solus*, expressing her love for Bertram.)

And lo, the star, which they saw in the east, went before them, till it  
came and stood over where the young child was.

ST. MATTHEW, chapter ii., verse 9.

Look, the unfolding stars calls up the shepherd.

SHAKSPERE.—Measure for Measure, Act iv., scene 2.  
(The Duke to the Provost.)

The star that bids the shepherd fold,  
Now the top of heaven doth hold.

MILTON.—Comus, in the first scene.

Breathed in a flower, or sparkled in a star.

FENTON.—To Lady M. C. Harley.

STARS.—Stars receive their lustre from the sun.

FENTON.—To the Queen.

The stars in order twinkle in the skies,  
And fall in silence, and in silence rise.

BROOME.—Paraphrase on Job.

Look how the floor of heaven  
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold.  
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st,  
But in his motion like an angel sings,  
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins.  
Such harmony is in immortal souls;  
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay  
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

SHAKSPERE.—Merchant of Venice, Act v., scene 1.  
(Lorenzo, alone.)

This majestical roof, fretted with golden fire.

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act ii., scene 2.  
(To Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.)

Those gold candles fix'd in heaven's air.

SHAKSPERE.—Sonnet 21.

The stars of the night  
Will lend thee their light,  
Like tapers clear without number !

HERRICK's Hesp.—Night Piece, No 42.



*STARS*.—Give me my Romeo : and, when he shall die,  
Take him and cut him out in little stars,  
And he will make the face of heaven so fine  
That all the world will be in love with night,  
And pay no worship to the garish sun.

SHAKSPERE.—Romeo and Juliet, Act iii., scene 2.

(Juliet alone.)

But who can count the stars of heaven?  
Who sing their influence on this lower world?

THOMSON.—Winter.

For ever singing as they shine,  
The hand that made us is divine.

ADDISON.—An Ode.

The stars in their course fought against Sisera.

JUDGES, chapter v., verse 20.

The stars have fought their battles leagued with man.

DR. YOUNG.—Night ix., line 1285.

Let all the number of the stars give light  
To thy fair way!

SHAKSPERE.—Antony and Cleopatra, Act iii., scene 2.

(Lepidus to Octavius.)

Witness, you ever-burning lights above!

SHAKSPERE.—Othello, Act iii., scene 3.

(Iago swearing eternal service to the wrong'd Othello.)

You meaner beauties of the night,

That poorly satisfy our eyes

More by your number than your light;

You common people of the skies,

What are you when the moon shall rise?

SIR HENRY WOTTON.—“You meaner Beauties,” 2 Percy  
Rel., 334.

Numerous as glittering gems of morning dew,

Or sparks from populous cities in a blaze,

And set the bosom of old night on fire.

DR. YOUNG.—Night ix., line 1280.

At whose sight, like the sun,

All other's with diminish'd lustre shone.

YONGE'S Cicero.—Tusculan Disp., Book iii., div. 18.

At whose sight, all the stars

Hide their diminish'd heads!

MILTON.—Paradise Lost, Book iv., line 34.

Heaven looks down on earth with all her eyes.

DR. YOUNG.—Night vii., line 1094.

*STARS*.—Mine is the night, with all her stars.

DR. YOUNG.—Paraphrase on Job, line 147.

The moon look'd out with all her stars.

CUNNINGHAM.—Ballad Poetry : Annie of Lochroyan.

What are ye orbs ?

The words of God ? the Scriptures of the skies ?

BAILEY.—Festus, Scene Everywhere.

*STARVED*.—Why, boy, thou lookest as if thou wert half starved—like a shotten herring.

Gay.—The Beggar's Opera, Act iii., scene 1.

*STATE*.—Ill fares the state

Where many masters rule ; let one be Lord,

One king supreme.

HOMER.—The Iliad, Book ii., line 230. (Derby.)

*STATELY*.—Stately stept he east the wa',

And stately stept he west,

Full seventy years he now had seen,

Wi' scarce seven years of rest.

SIR JOHN BRUCE.—Hardyknute, Percy Rel., 102.

*STATESMEN*.—Where village statesmen talk'd with looks profound,  
And news much older than their ale went round.

GOLDSMITH.—The Deserted Village, line 223.

*STATUES*.—Statues of men, scarce less alive than they !

POPE.—To Mr. Addison, Epi. v., line 10.

Then marble, soften'd into life, grew warm.

POPE.—To Augustus, Epi. i., line 147.

The pregnant quarry teem'd with human form.

GOLDSMITH.—The Traveller, line 138.

So stands the statue that enchants the world,

So bending tries to veil the matchless boast,

The mingled beauties of exulting Greece.

THOMSON.—Summer.

Through the live features of one breathing stone.

THOMSON.—Liberty, Part ii.

Each dimple sunk,

And every muscle swell'd as nature taught.

THOMSON.—Ibid.

*STAY*.—

1. Stay'd it long ?

2. While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred.

3. Longer, Longer !

2. Not when I saw it.

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act i., scene 2,  
(Hamlet to Horatio.)

*STAY*.—While yet I speak, the shade disdains to stay,  
In silence turns, and sullen stalks away.

POPE's Homer.—The Odyssey, Bk. xi., line 691. (Ulysses  
on the shade of Ajax.)

*STEED*.—Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs,  
Piercing the night's dull ear.

SHAKSPERE.—Henry V., Chorus to Act iv.

*STEEL*.—My man's as true as steel.

SHAKSPERE.—Romeo and Juliet, Act ii., scene 4.  
(Romeo to the Nurse.)

Steel to the very back.

SHAKSPERE.—Titus Andronicus, Act iv., scene 2.  
(Titus to his brother Marcus.)

Like a man of steel.

SHAKSPERE.—Antony and Cleopatra, Act iv., scene 4.  
(Antony to Cleopatra.)

Why, he's a man of wax.

SHAKSPERE.—Romeo and Juliet, Act i., scene 2.  
(Nurse to Lady Capulet.)

*STEM*.—The stem thus threaten'd, and the sap in thee,  
Droop all the branches of that noble tree!  
As lilies overcharged with rain, they bend  
Their beauteous heads, and with high heaven contend.

WALLER.—To my Lord Admiral.

She linger'd in silent despair, till that hour

Which gave her young son to the light,  
But the parent stem droop'd with the weight of the flower,  
And grief's canker-worm, with its slow working power,  
Untimely consigned her to night.

MARIA RIDDELL.—Carlos and Adeline, verse 13. (Metrical Miscellany.)

*STEWARD*.—That old hereditary bore,  
The steward.

ROGERS.—Italy. A Character, line 13.

*STILLNESS*.—A horrid stillness first invades the ear,  
And in that silence we the tempest fear.

DRYDEN.—Astrea Redux, line 7.

*Stillness* with *Silence* at her back, entered the solitary parlour, and drew  
their gauzy mantle over my Uncle Toby's head; and *Listlessness*, with  
her lax fibre and undirected eye, sat quietly down beside him in his  
arm-chair.

STERNE.—Tristram Shandy, Vol. vi., chapter xxxiv.

*STIR*.—We may as well push against Powle's as stir 'em.

SHAKSPERE.—Henry VIII., Act v., scene 4.  
(The Porter and Man in Palace Yard.)

*STOCK*.—Who trades without a stock has nought to fear.

COLLEY CIBBER.—*Prol. to Love's Last Shift*, line 6.

*STONE*.— At this sight

My heart is turn'd to stone.

SHAKSPERE.—2 Henry VI., Act v., scene 2.

(Young Clifford on *seeing* his Father's dead body.)

*STONES*.—I tell you that, if these should hold their peace, the stones would immediately cry out.

St. LUKE, chapter xix., verse 40.

I hold it truth with him who sings

To one clear harp in divers tones,

That men may rise on stepping-stones

Of their dead selves to higher things.

TENNYSON.—*In Memoriam*, i., verse 1.

For the stone shall cry out of the wall, and the beam out of the timber shall answer it.—HABAKKUK, chapter ii., verse 11.

What, worst of villains! for thou on thy part wouldst enrage the temper even of a stone.

BUCKLEY's Sophocles.—(*Cædipus Tyr.*, page 13.)

But were I Brutus,

And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony

Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue

In every wound of Cæsar, that should move

The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

SHAKSPERE.—Julius Cæsar, Act iii., scene 2.

(Antony to the Citizens.)

*STOOD*.—And he stood between the dead and the living.

MOSES.—The Book of Numbers, chapter xvi., verse 48.

*STOP*.—The pensive exile, bending with his woe,

To stop too fearful, and too faint to go.

GOLDSMITH.—The Traveller, line 419.

*STORMY*.—The stormy magazines of the north.

COWLEY.—Plagues of Egypt, verse 11.

*STORY*.—Story! God bless you! I have none to tell, sir.

CANNING.—The Friend of Humanity and the Knifegrinder.

My story being done,

She gave me for my pains a world of sighs.

SHAKSPERE.—Othello, Act i., scene 3.

(The Moor's defence before the Senate.)

*STORY*.—Her whole life is a well writ story.

DAVENPORT.—The City Nightcap, Act i., scene 1.

No story, sir, I beseech you.

SUCKLING.—The Goblins, Act i.

*STRANGE*.—'Twas strange, 'twas passing strange,

'Twas pitiful; 'twas wonderous pitiful;

She wish'd she had not heard it.

SHAKSPERE.—Othello, Act i., scene 3.

(The Moor's defence before the Senate.)

But 'tis strange:

And oftentimes to win us to our harm,

The instruments of darkness tell us truths;

Win us with honest trifles, to betray us

In deepest consequence.

SHAKSPERE.—Macbeth, Act i., scene 3.

(Banquo to Macbeth.)

*STRAWBERRY*.—The strawberry grows underneath the nettle;

And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best

Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality.

SHAKSPERE.—Henry V., Act i., scene 1.

(Ely to Canterbury.)

*STREAMS*.—Sinuous or straight, now rapid, and now slow;

Now murmuring soft, now roaring in cascades.

COWPER.—The Task, Book iii., line 778.

By the side of a murmuring stream,

An elderly gentleman sat,

On the top of his head was his wig,

And a-top of his wig was his hat.

ANONYMOUS.—The first verse of a song, which may be found in the "VOCAL CABINET," Vol. i., page 44; Publ. by Thomas Kelly, 17 Paternoster Row, A.D. 1820.

*STRENGTH*.—Their strength is to sit still.

ISAIAH, chapter xxx., verse 7.

We could perceive the weakness of our strength.

CRABBE.—Tales of the Hall, Book vi.

*STRICKEN DEER*.—I was a stricken deer that left the herd long since.

COWPER.—The Task, Book iii., line 108.

Why, let the stricken deer go weep,

The hart ungalled play:

For some must watch, while some must sleep;

So runs the world away.

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act iii., scene 2.

(To Horatio when the King has fled from the Play.)



*STRIFE*.—He that passeth by, and meddleth with strife belonging not to him, is like one that taketh a dog by the ears.

PROVERBS, chapter xxvi., verse 17.

*STRIKE*.—Strike, but hear me.

ROLLIN'S Ancient Hist.—Book vi., chapter 2, sect. 8; quoting Plutarch. (Themistocles to Eurybiades.)

Strike now, or else the iron cools.

SHAKSPERE.—3 Henry VI., Act iv., scene 1.

(Gloster to Warwick.)

*STRINGS*.—'Tis good in every case, you know,

'To have two strings unto your bow.

CHURCHILL.—The Ghost, Book iv.

'Tis true, no lover has that power

T' inforce a desperate amour,

As he that has two strings t' his bow,

And burns for love and money too.

BUTLER.—Hudibras, Part iii., Canto i., line 1.

*STRONG*.—Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull;

Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.

DENHAM—Cooper's Hill.

Thou ever strong upon the stronger side.

SHAKSPERE.—King John, Act iii., scene 1.

(Constance to Austria.)

*STUDY*.—Studios minds from COKE instruction draw,

And learn to trace the labyrinths of law.

ROBERT NOYES.—Distress.

Reading maketh a full man; conference a ready man; and writing an exact man.—BACON.—Essay 50, of Studies.

The labor we delight in physics pain.

SHAKSPERE.—Macbeth, Act ii., scene 3.

(Macbeth to Macduff after the murder of Duncan.)

At school I knew him—a sharp-witted youth, grave, thoughtful, and reserved among his mates; turning the hours of sport and food to labor; starving his body to inform his mind.

SCOTT.—The Monastery, chapter xxxi.

Strange to the world, he wore a bashful look,

The fields his study, nature was his book.

BLOOMFIELD.—Farmer's Boy, Spring.

As soon as Phœbus' rays inspect us,

First, sir, I read, and then I breakfast;

So on till foresaid god does set,

I sometimes study, sometimes eat.

PRIOR.—To Shepherd.

*STUDY*.—Six hours thou may'st give to sleep; just as many with equity to the laws; four thou shalt pray, and two thou may'st give to feasting; after which the remainder is to be given voluntarily to sacred songs.

COKE.—On Lit., Book i., Cap. i., and SIR WILLIAM JONES.

1. I have not lived in the temple for nothing.

2. He slept there, and calls it studying the law.

MURPHY.—The Way to Keep Him, Act ii.

*STUFFING*.—Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.

SHAKSPERE.—2 Henry IV., Induction.

(Rumor.)

He stuffs our ears with declamation.

KENNEDY'S Demosthenes, Volume i., page 168.

*SUBDUE*.—

Subdue

By force who reason for their law refuse,

Right reason for their law.

MILTON.—Paradise Lost, Book vi., line 40.

*SUBJECT*.—A subject's faults a subject may proclaim,

A monarch's errors are forbidden game.

COWPER.—Table Talk, line 114.

*SUBLIME*.—Little by little we recede from the terrible to the contemptible.—LONGINUS, De Subl. 3.

From the sublime to the ridiculous.

NAPOLEON.—(RILEY'S Class. Dict., 535.)

*SUCCESS*.—'Tis not in mortals to command success,

But we'll do more, Sempronius: we'll deserve it.

ADDISON.—Cato, Act i., scene 1.

What, though success will not attend on all,

Who bravely dares must sometimes risk a fall.

SMOLLET.—Advice, line 207.

And on a love-book pray for my success.

SHAKSPERE—Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act i., scene 1.  
(Valentine to Proteus.)

Didst thou never hear,

That things ill got had ever bad success?

SHAKSPERE.—3 Henry VI., Act ii., scene 2.

(The King to Clifford.)

*SUCCESSORS*.—*Slender*. All his successors, gone before him, have done 't; and all his ancestors, that come after him, may; they may give the dozen white lues in their coat.

*Evans*. The dozen white lues do become an old coat well; it is a familiar beast to a man, and signifies love.

SHAKSPERE.—Merry Wives of Windsor, Act i., scene 1.

*SUCKLE*.—To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer.

SHAKSPERE.—Othello, Act ii., scene 1.

(Iago to Desdemona.)

*SUFFER*.—O fear not in the world like this,

And thou shalt know ere long,

Know how sublime a thing it is

To suffer and be strong.

LONGFELLOW.—The Light of Stars.

Sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.

SHAKSPERE.—Merchant of Venice, Act i., scene 3.

(Shylock to Antonio.)

To each his sufferings : all are men

Condemn'd alike to groan ;

The tender for another's pain,

The unfeeling for his own.

GRAY.—Ode on Eton College, verse 10.

*SUFFICIENCY*.—An elegant sufficiency, content,

Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,

Ease and alternate labour, useful life,

Progressive virtue, and approving heaven !

THOMSON.—Spring, line 16 from the end.

*SUGGESTION*.—For all the rest,

They'll take a suggestion as a cat laps milk.

SHAKSPERE.—Tempest, Act ii., scene 1.

(Antonio to Sebastian.)

*SUICIDE*.—O Britain, infamous for suicide !

An island in thy manners ; far disjoin'd

From the whole world of rationals beside !

DR. YOUNG.—Night v., line 442.

He is dead, Cæsar ;

Not by a public minister of justice ;

Nor by a hired knife ; but that self hand,

Which writ his honour in the acts it did.

SHAKSPERE.—Antony and Cleopatra, Act v., scene 1.

(Dercetas to Octavius Cæsar.)

How ! leap into the pit our life to save ?

To save our life leap all into the grave ?

COWPER.—The Needless Alarm, line 107.

This is that rest this vain world lends,

To end in death that all things ends.

S. DANIEL.—Cleopatra, last lines.

Beware of desperate steps. The darkest day,

Live till to-morrow, will have pass'd away.

COWPER.—The Needless Alarm, line 132.

*SUICIDE*.—Bid abhorrence hiss it round the world.

DR. YOUNG.—Night v., line 449.

*SUITOR*.—Full little knowest thou, that hast not tried,  
What hell it is, in suing long to bide :

To lose good days, that might be better spent ;

To waste long nights in pensive discontent ;

To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow ;

To feed on hope, to pine with fear and sorrow ;

To fret thy soul with crosses and with cares ;

To eat thy heart through comfortless despairs ;

To fawn, to crouch, to wait, to ride, to run ;

To spend, to give, to want, to be undone.

SPENSER.—Mother Hubbard's Tale.

*SUMMONS*.—And then it started, like a guilty thing  
Upon a fearful summons.

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act i., scene 1.

(Horatio to Bernardo and Marcellus.)

*SUMMER*.—Then, crown'd with flowery hay, came rural joy,  
And summer, with his fervid-beaming eye.

BURNS.—Brigs of Ayr.

From bright'ning fields of æther fair disclosed,  
Child of the sun, refulgent summer comes,  
In pride of youth, and felt through nature's depth.

THOMSON.—Summer, line 1.

Then came the jolly summer, being dight

In a thin silken cassock, coloured green,

That was unlined all, to be more light.

SPENSER.—The Fairy Queen, Book vii., Canto vii.

*SUMMER FRIENDS*.—Light they dispense ; and with them go  
The Summer friend.

GRAY.—Ode to Adversity, stanza iii., verse 5.

The swarm that in thy noontide beam were born,

Gone to salute the rising morn.

GRAY.—The Bard, ii., 2.

For men, like butterflies,

Show not their mealy wings but to the summer.

SHAKSPERE.—Troilus and Cressida, Act iii., scene 3.

*2d Lord*. The swallow follows not summer more willing than we your  
lordship.

*Timon*. Nor more willingly leaves in winter ; such summer birds are  
men.

SHAKSPERE.—Timon of Athens, Act iii., scene 6.

*SUMMER FRIENDS.*—One cloud of winter showers,  
These flies are couch'd.

SHAKSPERE.—Timon of Athens, Act ii., scene 2.  
(Flavius to Timon.)

*SUN.*—Till, as a giant strong, a bridegroom gay,  
The sun springs dancing through the gates of day,  
He shakes his dewy locks, and hurls his beams  
O'er the proud hills, and down the glowing streams :  
His fiery coursers bound above the main,  
And whirl the car along th' ethereal plain ;  
The fiery coursers and the car display  
A stream of glory and a flood of day.

BROOME.—Paraphrase of Job.

Now deep in ocean sunk the lamp of light,  
And drew behind the cloudy veil of night.

POPE.—The Iliad, Book viii., line 605.

At length the sun began to peep,  
And gild the surface of the deep.

SOMERVILLE.—Fable iv., Canto v.

That orb'd continent, the fire  
That severs day from night.

SHAKSPERE.—Twelfth Night, Act v., scene 1.  
(Viola to the Duke.)

The heavenly-harness'd team  
Begins his golden progress in the east.

SHAKSPERE.—1 Henry IV., Act iii., scene 1.  
(Glendower to Mortimer.)

High in his chariot glow'd the lamp of day.

FALCONER.—The Shipwreck, Canto i.

Yonder comes the powerful king of day,  
Rejoicing in the east.

THOMSON.—Summer.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun.

HERRICK's Hesp.—To the Virgins, No. 93.

He maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good.

ST. MATTHEW, chapter v., verse 45.

The sun, though in full glory bright,  
Shines upon all men with impartial light.

COWLEY.—Elegy on Littleton.

The self-same sun that shines upon his court,  
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but  
Looks on alike.—SHAKSPERE.—Winter's Tale, Act iv., scene 3.  
(Perdita to Polixenes.)



*SUN*.—Thou, like the sun, dost with an equal ray  
Into the palace and the cottage shine.

SIR JOHN DAVIES.—Introduction to his Poem on the  
Soul of Man, verse 29.

Nor let the pride of great ones scorn  
This charmer of the rains ;  
That sun, who bids their diamonds blaze,  
To paint our lily deigns.

MALLET.—Edwin and Emma, verse 4.

Like Pentheus, when, distracted with his fear,  
He saw two suns, and double Thebes appear.

DRYDEN.—The *Æneid*, Book iv., line 469. *Æneid*

[Edward IV. is said to have seen three suns at one time, after the battle of Mortimer's Cross, and that they immediately conjoined. Pegge's *Curialia Miscellanea*, 105, 201.]

*Edw.* Dazzle mine eyes, or do I see three suns ?

*Rich.* Three glorious suns, each one a perfect sun ;  
See, see ! they join, embrace, and seem to kiss ;  
Now are they but one.

SHAKSPERE.—3 Henry VI., Act ii., scene 1.

(Edward Prince of Wales, to Richard of York.)

What light through yonder window breaks ?

It is the east, and Juliet is the sun !

Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon.

SHAKSPERE.—Romeo and Juliet, Act ii., scene 2.

(Romeo on seeing Juliet at the window.)

I 'gin to be a-weary of the sun.

SHAKSPERE.—Macbeth, Act v., scene 5.

(On hearing that the Wood is moving to Dunsinane.)

He from our sight retires awhile, and then

Rises and shines o'er all the world again.

FIELDING.—The Wedding Day, Act v., scene 6.

The sun of sweet content re-risen in Katie's eyes, and all things well.

TENNYSON.—The Brook.

God made two great lights ; the greater light to rule the day, and the  
lesser light to rule the night.

GENESIS, chapter i., verse 16.

And God made two great lights, great for their use  
To man ; the greater to have rule by day,  
The less by night, altern.

MILTON.—Paradise Lost, Book vii.

Men perish in advance, as if the sun  
Should set ere noon.

DR. YOUNG.—Night vii., line 89.

SUN.—

And teach me how  
To name the bigger light, and how the less,  
That burn by day and night.

SHAKSPERE.—The Tempest, Act i., scene 2.  
(Caliban to Prosperine.)

Her sun is gone down while it was yet day.

JEREMIAH, chapter xv., verse 9.

Pale suns, unfelt, at distance roll away,  
And on th' impassive ice the lightnings play.

POPE.—Temple of Fame, line 55.

SUNBEAM.—Her face appears to be wrapped in a veil of sunbeams :  
unblemished is her complexion, and her skin is without a wrinkle.

SIR WILLIAM JONES.—Poem of Tarafa, v. 10, Vol. viii.

In the warm shadow of her loveliness,

He kisses her with his beams.—SHELLY.—The Witch of Atlas, stanza 2.

Here was a murder bravely carried through  
The eye of observation, unobserved.

CYRIL TOURNEUR.—The Atheist's Tragedy.

A sunbeam passes through pollution unpolluted.

EUSEBIUS. — *De Demonstratione Evangelica*, Book iv.,  
chapter xiii. Fourth Article of the Creed.

[Lord Bacon.—Advancement of Learning, title Hist. of Nature; and Lillie's Euphues, Book ii.; Notes and Queries, N. S. Vol. iii., page 218; but in page 336 of the same volume, the idea is traced by Mr. Smirke to Tertullian.]

Christ alone, like his emblem the light, passed through all things  
undefiled.

HORNE.—On Psalm xxvi., verse 4; and on Psalm xviii.,  
verse 20.

And face to face standing,

Look I on God as he is, a sun unpolluted by vapours.

LONGFELLOW.—From Bishop Tegnère's Children of the  
Lord's Supper.

The sun, if he could avoid it, would not shine upon a dunghill; but his  
rays are so pure, Eliza, and celestial—I never heard that they were  
polluted by it.—STERNE.—Letter 87, to Eliza.

For a preserving spirit doth still pass  
Untainted through this mass.

VAUGHAN.—Resurrection and Immortality, stanza 2.

SUNFLOWER.—The proud giant of the garden race,  
Who, madly rushing to the sun's embrace,  
O'ertops her fellows with aspiring aim,  
Demands his wedded love, and bears his name.

CHURCHILL.—Gotham, Book i.

*SUNFLOWER*.—But one, the lofty follower of the sun,  
Sad when he sets, shuts up her yellow leaves,  
Drooping all night; and when he warm returns,  
Points her enamour'd bosom to his ray.

THOMSON.—*Summer*, line 216.

*SUNSET*.—The weary sun hath made a golden set,  
And, by the bright track of his fiery car,  
Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow.

SHAKSPERE.—*Richard III.*, Act v., scene 3.  
(Richmond to Brandon and others.)

At one stride came the dark.—COLERIDGE.—*The Ancient Mariner*.  
Those suns are set.

COWPER.—*The Task*, Book ii., line 252.  
(Referring to Chatham and Wolfe.)

*SUPERFICIAL*.—She should have a *supercilious* knowledge in accounts.

SHERIDAN.—*The Rivals*, Act i., scene 2.

*SUPPER*.—Being full of supper and distempering draughts.

SHAKSPERE.—*Othello*, Act i., scene 1. (Brabantio  
upbraiding Roderigo for following his Daughter.)

Your supper is like the Hidalgo's dinner: very little meat, and a great  
deal of table-cloth.

LONGFELLOW.—*The Spanish Student*, Act i., scene 4.

*SURREY*.—Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow.

SHAKSPERE.—*Richard III.*, Act v., scene 3.  
(Richard to Catesby.)

*SUSPICION*.—Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind;  
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

SHAKSPERE.—*3 Henry VI.*, Act v., scene 6.  
(Gloster to King Henry.)

Or in the night, imagining some fear,  
How easy is a bush supposed a bear!

SHAKSPERE.—*Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act v., sc. 1.  
(Theseus to Hippolyta.)

*SWAIN*.—The swain responsive at the milkmaid sung,  
The sober herd that low'd to meet their young.

GOLDSMITH.—*Deserted Village*, line 117.

*SWAN*.—The dying swan is said to utter a pleasing song, and the poets  
have for ages attested its truth. We will give a few specimens.

Foreseeing how happy it is to die, they leave this world with singing  
and joy.—YONGE's *Cicero*.—*Tusculan Disputations*, Beck i., div. 30.

Lamenting, in a low voice, her very woes, as when the swan, now about  
to die, sings his own funeral dirge.

RILEY's *Ovid*, *Metamorphoses*, *Picus* and *Canens*, p. 499.

*SWAN*.—Thus does the white swan, as he lies on the wet grass, when the Fates summon him, sing at the fords of Mæander.

*RILEY's Ovid*.—Epistle 7, page 63.

[And see Spenser, in the "Ruins of Time;" Shakspeare, in the Merchant of Venice, Act iii., scene 2.—King John, Act v., scene 7.—Othello, Act v., scene 2.: Cowley, in his Pyramus and Thisbe; Garth, in the Dispensary; Pope, in Windsor Forest—Rape of the Lock—Winter a Pastoral; Prior's Turtle and Sparrow; Fenton's Florelia; Lansdowne, in the Muses' Dying Song; and Shelley, in "The Alastor."]

And sung his dying sonnets to the fiddle.

*PETER PINDAR*.—The Lousiad, Canto i.

*SWEAR*.—Maintain your rank, vulgarity despise,  
To swear is neither brave, polite, nor wise;  
You would not swear upon a bed of death—  
Reflect—your Maker now may stop your breath.

*ANONYMOUS*.—From Adams's Quotations.

When truth's conspicuous we need not swear.

*POMFRET*.—Epi. to Delia.

Odd's-life! must one swear to the truth of a song?

*PRIOR*.—Answer to Cloe, verse 3.

Nay, let me alone for swearing.

*SHAKSPEARE*.—Twelfth Night, Act iii., scene 4.

(Sir Andrew to Sir Toby.)

Our armies swore lustily in Flanders (said my uncle Toby), but nothing to this.

*STERNE*.—Tristram Shandy, Volume iii., chapter xi.

*SWEET*.—Oh, thou art a sweet-lipp'd physician!

*SCOTT*.—Woodstock, chapter ii.

The sweetest lady of the time,  
Well worthy of the golden prime,  
Of good Haroun Alrachid.

*TENNYSON*.—Recollections of Arabian Nights, last line but one.

How sweet must be the lips that guard that tongue!

*FARQUHAR*.—The Constant Couple, Act iii.

'Tis sweet to hear  
At midnight, on the blue and moonlight deep,  
The song and oar of Adria's gondolier,  
By distance mellow'd, o'er the waters sweep;  
'Tis sweet to see the evening star appear;  
'Tis sweet to listen as the night winds creep  
From leaf to leaf; 'tis sweet to view on high  
The rainbow, based on ocean, span the sky.

*BYRON*.—Don Juan, Canto i., stanza 122.

*SWEET*.—Sweets to the sweet ; farewell !

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act v., scene 1.

(The Queen scatters flowers on Ophelia's coffin.)

Sweets to the sweet ! a long adieu !

BOWLES.—The Spirit of Discovery, Book iv., line 408.

The sweetest garland to the sweetest maid.

TICKELL.—To a Lady with flowers.

'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark

Bay deep-mouth'd welcome as we draw near home :

'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark

Our coming, and look brighter when we come ;

'Tis sweet to be awaken'd by the lark,

Or lull'd by falling waters ; sweet the hum

Of bees, the voice of girls, the song of birds,

The lisp of children and their earliest words.

BYRON.—Don Juan, Canto i., stanza 123.

O sweet ; O sweet Anne Page !

SHENSTONE.—Slender's Ghost, verse 1.

Sweet is the vintage, when the showering grapes

In Bacchanal profusion reel to earth,

Purple and gushing ; sweet are our escapes,

From civic revelry to rural mirth ;

Sweet to the miser are his glittering heaps ;

Sweet to the father is his first born's birth ;

Sweet is revenge—especially to women,

Pillage to soldiers, prize-money to seamen.

BYRON.—Don Juan, Canto i., stanza 124.

Sweet Auburn ! loveliest village of the plain,

Where health and plenty cheer'd the labouring swain.

GOLDSMITH.—The Deserted Village, line 1.

'Tis sweet sometimes to speak and be the hearer.

JAS. MONTGOMERY.—The Pelican Island, Canto vii.

*SYLLABLE*.—

Learn'd philologists who chase

A panting syllable through time and space.

COWPER.—Retirement, line 691.

*SYRENS*.—Where syrens sit, to sing thee to thy fate.

YOUNG.—Night viii., line 1269.

*TABLETS*.—My tablets, Juan.

BYRON.—The Corsair, Canto i., section 7.

*TAIL*.—What a monstrous tail our cat has got !

CARY.—The Dragon of Wantley, Act ii.



*TAILOR*.—Thou liest, thou thread, thou thimble !  
Away thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant !

*SHAKSPERE*.—*Taming of the Shrew*, Act iv., scene 3.  
(*Petruchio to the Tailor.*)

No error near his shop-board lurk'd ;  
He knew the folks for whom he work'd ;  
Still to their size he aim'd his skill :  
Else, prithee, who would pay his bill ?

*PRIOR*.—*Alma*, Canto i., line 182.

Never trust a tailor that does not sing at his work.

*BEAUMONT and FLETCHER*.—*Knight of the Burning Pestle*, Act ii., scene 8.

*TAKE*.—Ye take too much upon you, ye sons of Levi. .

*MOSES*.—*The Book of Numbers*, chapter xvi., verse 7.

Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that ;  
You take my house when you do take the prop  
That doth sustain my house ; you take my life  
When you do take the means whereby I live.

*SHAKSPERE*.—*Merchant of Venice*, Act iv., scene 1.  
(*Shylock, after the division of his wealth.*)

Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves  
Shall never tremble.

*SHAKSPERE*.—*Macbeth*, Act iii., scene 4.  
(*On seeing the Ghost of Banquo.*)

Take, oh, take those lips away !

*SHAKSPERE*.—A Song in *Measure for Measure*, Act iv., scene 1 ; and in *The Bloody Brother* of *BEAUMONT and FLETCHER*, Act v., scene 2.

Take thy auld cloak about thee.

*SHAKSPERE*.—*Othello*, Act ii., scene 3 ; *RAMSAY's Tea Table Miscellany* ; and 1 *Percy Reliques*.

Take what he gives, since to rebel is vain ;  
The bad grows better, which we well sustain ;  
And could we choose the time, and choose aright,  
'Tis best to die, our honour at the height.

*DRYDEN*.—*Palamon and Arcite*, Book iii., line 1086.

*TALBOT*.—Is this the scourge of France ?

Is this the Talbot so much fear'd abroad,  
That with his name the mothers still their babes ?

*SHAKSPERE*.—1 *Henry VI.*, Act ii., scene 3.  
(*The Countess of Auvergne.*)

*TALE*.—But that I am forbid  
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,  
I could a tale unfold whose lightest word  
Would harrow up thy soul ; freeze thy young blood ;  
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres ;  
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,  
And each particular hair to stand on end,  
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine.

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act i., scene 5.  
(The Ghost to Hamlet.)

I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver  
Of my whole course of love.

SHAKSPERE.—Othello, Act i., scene 3.  
(The Moor to the Senate.)

This act is an ancient tale new told ;  
And, in the last repeating, troublesome,  
Being urged at a time unreasonable.

SHAKSPERE.—King John, Act iv., scene 2.  
(Pembroke to the King, on his being crowned a second time.)

And what so tedious as a twice-told tale ?

POPE.—The Odyssey, Book xii., last line.

AKENSIDE.—Pleasures of Imagination, Book i., line 220.

LYOYD.—New River Head.

Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,  
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man.

SHAKSPERE.—King John, Act iii., scene 4.  
(Lewis, on seeing the grief of Arthur's Mother at his death.)

Hear, till unheard, the same old slabber'd tale.

DR. YOUNG.—Night iii., line 337.

And every shepherd tells his tale,  
Under the hawthorn in the dale.

MILTON.—L'Allegro, line 67.

'Tis an old tale, and often told.

WALTER SCOTT.—Marmion, Canto ii., stanza 27.

I cannot tell how the truth may be ;  
I say the tale as 'twas told to me.

WALTER SCOTT.—Lay of the Last Minstrel, Canto ii., stanza 22, last line.

Thereby hangs a tale.

SHAKSPERE.—Othello, Act iii., scene 1. (Clown ;) Merry Wives of Windsor, Act i., scene 4 ; Taming of the Shrew, Act iv., scene 1 ; As You Like It, Act ii., sc. 7.

*TALE*.—Mark, now, how plain a tale shall put you down.  
 SHAKSPERE.—1 Henry IV., Act ii., scene 4.  
 (Hal to Falstaff.)

An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told.  
 SHAKSPERE.—Richard III., Act iv., scene 4.  
 (Queen Elizabeth to Richard.)

*TALK*.—Then he will talk—good gods, how he will talk!  
 LEE.—Alexander the Great, Act i., scene 1.  
 (Satire to Sysigambis and Paristatis.)

In after dinner talk,  
 Across the walnuts and the wine.  
 TENNYSON.—The Miller's Daughter, verse 4, last lines.

But far more numerous was the herd of such,  
 Who think too little, and who talk too much.  
 DRYDEN.—Absalom and Achithophel, Part i., line 533.

Consider, I'm a peer of the realm, and I shall die if I don't talk.  
 REYNOLDS.—The Dramatist, Act ii., scene 2.

Talkers are no good doers.  
 SHAKSPERE.—Richard III., Act i., scene 3.  
 (A Murderer to Richard.)

The talkative listen to no one, for they are ever speaking. And the  
 first evil that attends those who know not to be silent is, that they  
*hear nothing*.

PLUTARCH.—De Garrulitate, chapter i.

Be check'd for silence,  
 But never tax'd for speech.  
 SHAKSPERE.—All's Well that Ends Well, Act i., scene 1.  
 (Countess Rousillon to Bertram.)

If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me ;  
 I had it from my father.  
 SHAKSPERE.—Henry VIII., Act i., scene 4.  
 (Lord Sands to Anne Bullen and another Lady.)

I'll talk a word with this same learned Theban :—  
 What is your study ?  
 SHAKSPERE.—King Lear, Act iii., scene 4.  
 (The King to Kent.)

Talking and eloquence are not the same ; to speak, and to speak well,  
 are two things.  
 BEN JONSON.—Discoveries.

*TALL*.—As some tall tower.  
 DR. YOUNG.—Night ii., line 683.

As some tall cliff.—GOLDSMITH.—Deserted Village, line 189.

*TALL*.— He's of stature somewhat low;  
Your hero should be always tall, you know.

CHURCHILL.—The Rosciad, line 1029.

The varlet's a tall man, afore heaven!

BEN JONSON.—Every Man in His Humor, Act iv., scene 9.

*TANGLED*.—O, what a tangled web we weave,  
When first we practise to deceive!

SCOTT.—Marmion, Canto vi., verse 17.

Each morning sees some task begun,

Each evening sees it close;

Something attempted, something done,

Has earn'd a night's repose.

LONGFELLOW.—Miscellaneous Poems.

(The Village Blacksmith.)

*TASTE*.—It is to me surprising, that out of the multitudes who feel a  
pleasure in getting an estate, few or none should taste a satisfaction  
in bestowing it.

FIELDING.—An Old Man Taught Wisdom, Act i., sc. 1.

Talk what you will of taste, my friend, you'll find

Two of a face as soon as of a mind.

POPE.—Imitations of Horace, Book ii., Epi., ii., line 268.

We taste the fragrance of the rose.

AKENSIDE.—Pleasures of May, Book ii., line 76.

Through the verdant maze

Of sweet-brier hedges I pursue my walk,

Or taste the smell of dairy.

THOMSON.—Spring.

They never taste who always drink;

They always talk who never think.

PRIOR.—On a passage in the *Scaligeriana*.

Taste your legs, sir; put them to motion.

SHAKSPEARE.—Twelfth Night, Act iii., scene 1.

(Sir Toby Belch to Viola.)

I have heard of some kind of men that put quarrels purposely on others,  
to taste their valour.

SHAKSPEARE.—Twelfth Night, Act iii., scene 4.

(Viola to Sir Toby.)

Come, give us a taste of your quality.

SHAKSPEARE.—Hamlet, Act ii., scene 2.

(Hamlet to the Players.)

Adieu, Mr. Gil Blas, I wish you all manner of prosperity with a little  
more taste.

Le Sage.—Gil Blas, Book vii., chapter iv., last lines.

*TAUGHT.*—Here some shrewd critick finds I'm caught,  
And cries out "better fed than taught."

SWIFT.—Pheasant and Lark.

There taught us how to live ; and (oh ! too high  
The price for knowledge) taught us how to die.

TICKELL.—To Earl Warwick on the Death of Addison.

From this example still the rule shall give,  
And those it taught to conquer, teach to live.

CONGREVE.—The Birth of the Muses.

Thou,  
Whom soft-eyed Pity once led down from heaven,  
To bleed for man, to teach him how to live,  
And oh ! still harder lesson, how to die !

DR. PORTEUS.—Death, a Poem, line 316.  
(The idea is Tickell's.)

*TEA.*—Tea ! thou soft, thou sober, sage, and venerable liquid ;—thou  
female tongue—running, smile-smoothing, heart-opening, wink-tip-  
pling cordial, to whose glorious insipidity I owe the happiest moment  
of my life, let me fall prostrate.

COLLEY CIBBER.—The Lady's Last Stake, Act i., scene 1.

The Muse's friend, tea does our fancy aid,  
Repress those vapours which the head invade,  
And keeps that palace of the soul serene,  
Fit on her birthday to salute the Queen.

WALLER.—Of Tea, from last lines.

The ship from Ceylon, Inde, or far Cathay, unloads for him the fragrant  
produce of each trip.

BYRON.—Don Juan, Canto xii., St. 9.

And sip with nymphs their elemental tea.

POPE.—Rape of the Lock, Canto i., line 62.

*Te veniente die, te decedente canebat.*

VIRGIL.—Georgics, Book iv., line 466.

[*Translated.*—"Thee did he sing as day approached, thee as it departed." A plunster  
has thus rendered it:—

"At morning he sang the praises of tea,  
The praises of tea too at ev'ning sang he."

A facetious Cantab is said to have placed upon his tea-caddy the Latin words, *Tu Doces*  
(i. e., Thou teachest), rendering the phrase into a punning motto, *Thou tea-chest*.

Riley's Dict. Class. Quot., 456.]

*TEACH.*—Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain ;  
Teach him that states, of native strength possess,  
Though very poor, may still be very blest.

GOLDSMITH.—Deserted Village, line 424.



*TEACH.*—Father of light and life ! thou God Supreme !  
 O, teach me what is good ! teach me thyself !  
 Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,  
 From every low pursuit ! and feed my soul  
 With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure,  
 Sacred, substantial, never fading bliss !

THOMSON.—Winter.

*TEARS.*—A tear so limpid and so meek,  
 It would not stain an angel's cheek ;  
 'Tis that which pious fathers shed  
 Upon a duteous daughter's head !

SCOTT.—Lady of the Lake, Canto ii., stanza 22.

The tear down childhood's cheek that flows,  
 Is like the dewdrop on the rose ;  
 When next the summer breeze comes by,  
 And waves the bush, the flower is dry.

SCOTT.—Rokeby, Canto iv., stanza 11.

Oh ! too convincing—dangerously dear—  
 In woman's eye the unanswerable tear !  
 That weapon of her weakness she can wield,  
 To save, subdue—at once her spear and shield.

BYRON.—The Corsair, Canto ii., stanza 15.

What lost a world, and bade a hero fly ?  
 The timid tear in Cleopatra's eye.

BYRON.—The Corsair, Canto ii., stanza 15.

So bright the tear in beauty's eye,  
 Love half regrets to kiss it dry ;  
 So sweet the blush of bashfulness,  
 Ev'n pity scarce can wish it less.

BYRON.—The Bride of Abydos, Canto i., stanza 8.

None are so desolate but something dear,  
 Dearer than self, possesses or possess'd  
 A thought, and claims the homage of a tear.

BYRON.—Childe Harold, Canto ii., stanza 24.

My father when our fortune smiled,  
 With jewels deck'd his eyeless child ;  
 Their glittering worth the world might see,  
 But, ah ! they had no charms for me ;  
 A trickling tear bedew'd my arm—  
 I felt it—and my heart was warm ;  
 And sure the gem to me most dear,  
 Was a kind father's pitying tear.

COLLET'S Relics of Lit., 67.

TEARS.—Tears such as tender fathers shed,

Warm from my aged eyes descend,  
For joy, to think, when I am dead,

My son will have mankind his friend.—HANDEL.—Song.

Lorenzo! hast thou ever weigh'd a sigh?

Or studied the philosophy of tears?—

Hast thou descended deep into the breast,

And seen their source? If not, descend with me,

And trace these briny rivulets to their springs.

DR. YOUNG.—Night v., line 516.

[Note.—The reader should descend the stream with Dr. Young, and he will be gratified by the perusal of the several gradations of tears.]

Her briny tears did on the paper fall.

COWLEY.—To the Reader, verse 2.

Here tears and sighs speak his imperfect moan,

In language far more moving than his own.

COWLEY.—Constantia and Philetus, verse 17.

When my charm'd eye a flood of joy express'd,

And all the father kindled in my breast.

CAWTHORNE.—On the Death of Two Daughters.

Certain drops of salt.

SHAKSPERE.—Coriolanus, Act v., scene 5.

(Aufidius to Coriolanus.)

More tears are shed in playhouses than in churches.

GUTHRIE.—Gospel in Ezekiel, chapter xv., page 307.

The tears that stood considering in her eyes.

DRYDEN.—Meleager and Atalanta.

The tide is now: nay, not thy tide of tears,

That tide will stay me longer than I should.

SHAKSPERE.—Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act ii., scene 2.

(Proteus to Julia.)

Let not women's weapons, water-drops,

Stain my man's cheeks.

SHAKSPERE.—King Lear, Act ii., scene 4.

(Lear to Regan.)

There she shook

The holy water from her heavenly eyes,

And clamour moisten'd.

SHAKSPERE.—King Lear, Act iv., scene 3.

(A Gentleman to Kent.)

And all my mother came into mine eyes,

And gave me up to tears.

SHAKSPERE.—Henry V., Act iv., scene 6.

(Exeter to King Henry.)

Beauty's tears are lovelier than her smile.

CAMPBELL.—Pleasures of Hope, Part i.

And now and then a sigh he stole ;

And tears began to flow.

DRYDEN.—Alexander's Feast, verse 4.

GOLDSMITH.—The Hermit, verse 15.

POPE.—The Odyssey, Book xi., line 70.

The tear forgot as soon as shed,

The sunshine of the breast.

GRAY.—Eton College, stanza 5.

Venus smiles not in a house of tears.

SHAKSPERE.—Romeo and Juliet, Act iv., scene 1.

(Paris to the Friar.)

My eyes are dim with childish tears.

WORDSWORTH.—The Fountain, Vol. v., page 34.

The tears of penitents are the wine of angels.

ST. BERNARD.—Dr. Trench on the Lost Piece of Money, page 370.

And, as she wept, her tears to pearl he turn'd,

And wound them on his arm, and for her mourn'd.

MARLOWE.—Hero and Leander, 1st Sestiad.

I'll decke her tomb with flowers,

The rarest ever seen,

And with my tears, as showers,

I'll keepe them fresh and green.

ANONYMOUS.—Corydon's Doleful Knell, 2 Per. Rel., 281.

Upon her cheeks she wept, and from those showers

Sprang up a sweet nativity of flowers.

HERRICK's Hesperides.—Electra's Tears, No. 142.

If words avail not, see my suppliant tears ;

Nor disregard those dumb petitioners.

GARTH.—Claremont, line 257.

I have no orators,

More than my tears, to plead my innocence.

FORD.—The Lady's Trial, Act ii., scene 2.

He has strangled his language in his tears.

SHAKSPERE.—Henry VIII., Act v., scene 1.

(The King, after he had dismissed Cranmer.)

And sure his tongue had more exprest,

But that his tears forbad the rest.

HERRICK's Hesperides.—Leander, No. 139.

*TEARS*.—Thrice he essay'd, and thrice in spite of scorn,  
Tears, such as angels weep, burst forth.

MILTON.—Paradise Lost, Book i., line 619.

The big round tears  
I nursed one another down his innocent nose  
Copiteous chase.

SHAKSPERE.—As You Like It, Act ii., scene 1.

(A Lord to the Duke.)

The big round tears run down his dappled face,  
He groans in anguish.—THOMSON.—Autumn, line 451.

[This idea seems to be taken from the description given of the death of Actæon in Ovid's Meta., Book iii., line 202. Riley's Translations, 93.]

So looks the lily after a shower, while drops of rain run gently down its  
silken leaves, and gather sweetness as they pass.

FIELDING.—The Grub Street Opera, Act iii., scene 9.

*TEDIOUS*.—O, he's as tedious  
As is a tired horse!

SHAKSPERE.—1 Henry IV., Act iii., scene 1.  
(Hotspur to Mortimer.)

A tragic farce,  
Tedious, though short, elab'rate without art,  
Ridiculously sad.—LILLO.—Fatal Curiosity, Act i., scene 1.

1. Neighbours you are tedious.

2. It pleases your worship to say so; but truly, for mine own part, if I  
were as tedious as a king, I could find in my heart to bestow it all of  
your worship.

SHAKSPERE.—Much Ado About Nothing, Act iii., sc. 5.  
(Leonato to Dogberry and Verres.)

*TEETH*.—Teeth, like falling snow  
For white, were placed in a double row.

COWLEY.—Constantia and Philetus, verse 4.

Such a pearly row of teeth, that *sovereignly* would have pawned her  
jewels for them.

STERNE.—Tristram Shandy, Volume vii., chapter 8.

For her teeth, where there is one of ivory, its neighbour is pure ebony,  
black and white alternately, just like the keys of a harpsichord.

SHERIDAN.—The Duenna, Act ii., scene 3.

*TEMPER*.—Oh! blest with temper, whose unclouded ray  
Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day;  
She, who can own a sister's charms, and hear  
Sighs for a daughter with unwounded ear;  
She who ne'er answers till a husband cools,  
And if she rules him, never shows she rules.

POPE.—Moral Essays, Epi. ii. To a Lady, line 257.

*TEMPER.*—And mistress of herself though china fall.  
POPE.—*Ibid.*, line 268.

In vain he seeketh others to suppress,  
Who hath not learn'd himself first to subdue.  
SPENSER.—*Fairy Queen*, Book vi., Canto i., verse 41.

I'll make them live as brothers should with brother,  
And keep them in good-humour with each other.  
CHURCHILL.—*Night*, line 67.

A sunny temper gilds the edges of life's blackest cloud.  
GUTHRIE.—*The Gospel in Ezekiel*, chapter iv., page 67.

*TEMPERANCE.*—On morning wings how active springs the mind  
That leaves the load of yesterday behind !  
How easy every labour it pursues !  
POPE.—*Book ii.*, Sat. ii., line 82.

If all the world  
Should in a fit of temperance feed on pulse,  
Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear but frieze,  
The All-giver would be unthank'd, would be unpraised ;  
Not half his riches known, and yet despised ;  
And we should serve him as a grudging master,  
As a penurious niggard of his wealth ;  
And live like nature's bastards, not her sons.  
MILTON.—*Comus*.

*TEMPEST.*—O, then began the tempest of my soul !  
SHAKSPERE.—*Richard III.*, Act i., scene 4.  
(Clarence relating his Dream to Drakenbury.)

Though tempest frowns,  
Though nature shakes, how soft to lean on Heaven.  
DR. YOUNG.—*Night viii.*, line 940.

*TEMPLE.*—There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple :  
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,  
Good things will strive to dwell with 't.  
SHAKSPERE.—*Tempest*, Act i., scene 2.  
(Miranda to Prospero.)

All unfit in such a pile to dwell.  
CHURCHILL.—*The Rosciad*, line 897.

Then tower'd the palace, then in awful state,  
The temple rear'd its everlasting gate,  
No workman's steel, no ponderous axes rung :  
Like some tall palm the noiseless fabric sprung.  
HEBER.—*Palestine*, page 45, ed. 1812.



TEMPLE.—Silently as a dream the fabric rose ;  
No sound of hammer, or of saw was there.

COWPER.—The Task, Book v., line 144. (The Winter Morning Walk.)

There were neither hammer nor axe, nor any tool of iron heard in the house while it was building.

HOLY BIBLE.—1 Kings, chapter vi., verse 7.

No man saw the building of the New Jerusalem, the workmen crowded together, the unfinished walls and unpaved streets ; no man heard the clink of trowel and pickaxe ; it descended out of heaven from God.

ANONYMOUS.—*Ecce Homo*, page 310.

And I John saw the holy city New Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven.

HOLY BIBLE.—Revelation of St. John the Divine, chapter xxi., verse 2.

TENOR.—Along the cool sequester'd vale of life,  
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

GRAY.—Elegy.

Through the sequester'd vale of rural life,  
The venerable patriarch guileless held  
The tenor of his way

DR. PORTEUS.—Death, a Poem, line 109. The idea is Gray's ; he began his Elegy in the Autumn of 1742 when Porteus was only eleven years of age.

TEXT.—You shall see a beautiful quarto page, where a neat rivulet of text shall meander through a meadow of margin.

SHERIDAN.—School for Scandal, Act i., scene 1.

Every page having an ample marge,  
And every marge enclosing in the midst  
A square of text, that looks like a little blot.

TENNYSON.—Idylls of the King, Vivien.

The meandering of a current hastening through pleasant fields.

SMART'S Horace.—Art of Poetry.

If I had his name,  
I'd print it in text letters.

MIDDLETON.—The Roaring Girl, Act i., scene 1.

THANKS.—If ever I thank any man I'll thank you ; . . . when a man thanks me heartily, methinks I have given him a penny, and he renders me beggarly thanks.

SHAKSPERE.—As You Like It, Act ii., scene 6.  
(Jaques to Amiens.)

When I'm not thank'd at all, I'm thank'd enough.

FIELDING.—Tom Thumb, Act i., scene 3.

*THANKS.*—Thank you kindly, sir.

ANONYMOUS.—Trick upon Trick, Act i.

Your love deserves my thanks.

SHAKSPERE.—Richard III., Act iii., scene 7.  
(Gloster to Buckingham and the Mayor.)

I can no other answer make but thanks,  
And thanks; and ever oft good turns  
Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay.

SHAKSPERE.—Twelfth Night, Act iii., scene 3.  
(Sebastian to Antonio.)

No more of thanks—no more!

MIDDLETON.—The Roaring Girl, Act i., scene 1.

*THAT.*—That it should come to this.

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act i., scene 2.  
(Hamlet, after his interview with his mother and Uncle.)

*THICK.*—Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks in Vallombrosa.

MILTON.—Paradise Lost, Book i., line 302. “Vallombrosa.” (A beautiful vale, eighteen miles from Florence.)

Through perils both of wind and limb,  
Through thick and thin she follow'd him.

BUTLER.—Hudibras, Part i., Canto ii., line 369.

*THIEVERY.*—Master be one of them;

It is an honourable kind of thievery.

SHAKSPERE.—Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act iv., sc. 1.  
(Speed to Valentine with the Outlaws.)

*THIGH.*—After that I was instructed, I smote upon my thigh: I was ashamed yea even confounded.

JEREMIAH, chapter xxxi., verse 19.

[Smiting upon the thigh was an indication of extreme astonishment and sorrow and expression of grief; and when Asius the Son of Hyrtacus imagined that Jove had falsified the hopes of the Trojans, he smote his thigh and groaned in anguish at the resistance of the Greeks.]

See Homer's Iliad, Book xii., line 177, Derby's Translation.

*THING.*—I had a thing to say;

But I will fit it with some better tune.

SHAKSPERE.—King John, Act iii., scene 3.  
(The King to Hubert.)

Thou thing of no bowels, thou!

SHAKSPERE.—Troilus and Cressida, Act ii., scene 1.  
(Thersites to Ajax.)

*THING*.—Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill.

SHAKSPERE.—Macbeth, Act iii., scene 2. (Macbeth contemplating the murder of Banquo and his Son.)

A thing devised by the enemy.

SHAKSPERE.—Richard II., Act v., scene 3. (Richard to Norfolk, after perusing the Note found in his tent.)

*THINGS*.—The things, we know, are neither rich nor rare,  
But wonder how the devil they got there.

POPE.—Epi. to Arbuthnot.

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,  
Than are dreamt of in our philosophy.

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act i., scene 5. (To Horatio, on his surprise at hearing the Ghost cry "Swear!")

*THINK*.—Think of that, Master Brook.

SHAKSPERE.—Merry Wives of Windsor, Act iii., scene 5. (Falstaff to Ford.)

Those that think must govern those that toil.

GOLDSMITH.—The Traveller.

He is too disputable for my company; I think of as many matters as he; but I give Heaven thanks, and make no boast of them.

SHAKSPERE.—As You Like It, Act ii., scene 5. (Jaques to Amiens.)

We think our fathers fools, so wise we grow;  
Our wiser sons, no doubt will think us so.

POPE.—On Criticism, line 438.

Ah! little think the gay licentious proud,  
Whom pleasure, power, and affluence surround.

THOMSON.—Winter, line 322.

Ah! little think they, while they dance along,  
How many feel, this very moment, death,  
And all the sad variety of pain.—THOMSON.—Winter, line 326.

Of death and judgment, heaven and hell  
Who oft doth think, must needs die well.

RALEIGH.—Pilgrimage.

*THINKING*.—Who can hold a fire in his hand  
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?  
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite  
By bare imagination of a feast?  
Or wallow naked in December snow  
By thinking on fantastic summer's heat?

SHAKSPERE.—Richard II., Act i., scene 3. (Bolingbroke to Gaunt.) The Wife of Bath's Tale Prol., line 6721.

*THINKING*.—Thinking is but an idle waste of thought ;  
For nought is every thing, and every thing is nought.

SMITH.—Rejected Addresses ; imitation of Lord Byron.

So in this way of writing without thinking,  
Thou hast a strange alacrity in sinking.

DORSET.—Sat. on Edward Howard.

I have a kind of alacrity in sinking.

SHAKSPERE.—Merry Wives of Windsor, Act iii., scene 5.  
(Falstaff.)

*THINKS*.—Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,  
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.

POPE.—On Criticism, line 253.

High characters (cries one), and he would see  
Things that ne'er were, nor are, nor ne'er will be.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.—Epilogue to "The Goblins," line 7.

*THORNS*.—The thorns which I have reap'd are of the tree  
I planted ; they have torn me, and I bleed :  
I should have known what fruit would spring from such a seed.

BYRON.—Childe Harold, Canto iv., stanza 10.

*THOUGHT*.—Her pure and eloquent blood  
Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought,  
That one would almost say her body thought.

DR. DONNE.—On his Mistress.

To dazzle let the vain design,  
To raise the thought, and touch the heart, be thine.

POPE.—Moral Essay, Epi. ii., line 249.

Our thoughts are heard in heaven !—DR. YOUNG.—Night ii., line 95.

The power of thought—the magic of the mind.

BYRON.—The Corsair, Canto i., stanza 8.

The dome of thought, the palace of the soul.

BYRON.—Childe Harold, Canto ii., stanza 6.

Who with tame cowardice familiar grown,  
Would hear my thoughts, but fear to speak their own.

CHURCHILL.—Gotham, Book i., line 491.

Give thy thoughts no tongue,  
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.

Be familiar, but by no means vulgar.

The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,

Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel :

But do not dull thy palm with entertainment

Of each new-hatch'd, unfledged comrade.

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act i., scene 3.  
(Polonius to Laertes.)

*THOUGHT.*—Who keepeth his mouth and his tongue, keepeth his soul from troubles.

PROVERBS OF SOLOMON, chapter xx, verse 23 ; And in her tongue is the law of kindness, chapter xxxi., verse 26.

Restrain thy mind, and let mildness ever attend thy tongue.

THEOGNIS.—Maxims, line 368. (Banks.)

To many men well-fitting doors are not set on their tongues.

THEOGNIS.—Maxims, line 322. (Banks.)

Set a watch over my mouth, O Lord. Keep the door of my lips.

PSALM cxli., verse 38.

He thought on the days that were long since by,  
When his limbs were strong, and his courage high.

SCOTT.—Last Minstrel, Canto ii., stanza 7.

Scatters from her pictured urn  
Thoughts that breathe and words that burn.

GRAY.—Progress of Poesy.

One word alone, in characters that burn.

JOCELYN.—Rev'd. Evans and Swift's Translation of Lamartine's Poem, Epoch 1st.

Words that weep and tears that speak.

COWLEY.—The Prophet, stanza ii., line 8.

Thoughts shut up want air,

And spoil like bales unopen'd to the sun.

DR. YOUNG.—Night ii., line 466.

Speech is like cloth of Arras opened and put abroad, whereby the imagery doth appear in figure ; whereas in thoughts they lie but as in packs.

PLUTARCH.—Life of Themistocles, 28.

And thoughts that meet.

BEN JONSON.—The Fortunate Isles.

Still are the thoughts to memory dear.

SCOTT.—Rokeby, Canto i., verse 33.

From this time forth

My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth !

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act iv., scene 4.

(Hamlet alone, after his interview with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.)

Thanks to the human heart by which we live,  
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears ;  
To me the meanest flower that blows can give  
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

WORDSWORTH.—Ode, Vol. v., page 345, last four lines.



*THOUGHT*.—Too mad for thought, too pretty to be wise.

CRAWTHORNE.—To Miss ——.

Fancy light from fancy caught,  
And thought leapt out to wed with thought,  
Ere thought could wed itself to speech.

TENNYSON.—In Memoriam, 23, verse 4.

*THREAD*.—He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument.

SHAKSPERE.—Love's Labor's Lost, Act v., scene 1.  
(Holofernes to Sir Nathaniel.)

*THREATS*.—He threatens many that hath injured one.

BEN JONSON.—Sejanus, Act ii., scene 4.

Be stirring as the time, be fire with fire ;  
Threaten the threat'ner, and outface the brow  
Of bragging horror.

SHAKSPERE.—King John, Act v., scene 1.  
(The Bastard to the King.)

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats ;  
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,  
That they pass by me as the idle winds,  
Which I respect not.

SHAKSPERE.—Julius Cæsar, Act iv., scene 5.  
(Brutus to Cassius)

*THRICE*.—Thy shaft flew thrice ; and thrice my peace was slain.

DR. YOUNG.—Night i., line 213.

Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.

SHAKSPERE.—Macbeth, Act iv., scene 1.  
(The First Witch.)

*THROAT*.—The attic Warbler *pours her throat*,  
Responsive to the cuckoo's note.

GRAY.—Ode on Spring, stanza i., line 5.

Is it for thee the linnet *pours his throat* ?

Loves of his own, and raptures swell the note.

POPE.—Essay on Man, Epi. iii., line 33.

Where penn'd like hapless cuckoos in a cage,  
The ragged warblers pour their tuneful rage.

PETER PINDAR.—The Lousiad, Canto ii.

The cicala pours forth his voice.

HESIOD.—Shield of Hercules, line 396. (Banks' Transl.)

I taught thee how to pour in song.

BURNS.—Miscellaneous Poems.

Pours the melting lay.

DR. JOHNSON.—Autumn, verse 5.

*THROSTLE*.—And hark how blithe the throstle sings,  
 He too is no mean teacher;  
 Come forth into the light of things,  
 Let nature be your teacher.

WORDSWORTH.—The Tables Turned.

*THROUGH*.—Through thick and thin, through  
 Mountains and through plains.

SPENSER.—Fairy Queen, Book iii., Canto iv.

Throughout Hellas and mid-Argos.

HOMER.—The Odyssey, Book i., line 344.

*THUNDER*.—Thunderbolts of war.

DRYDEN.—The Æneid, Book ix.

*TIDE*.—There is a tide in the affairs of men,  
 Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;  
 Omitted, all the voyage of their life  
 Is bound in shallows and in miseries;  
 On such a full sea are we now afloat;  
 And we must take the current when it serves,  
 Or lose our ventures.

SHAKSPERE.—Julius Cæsar, Act iv., scene 3.

(Brutus to Cassius just before the battle at Philippi.)

In haste alights and scuds away,  
 But tide and time for no man stay.

SOMERVILLE.—The Scented Miser.

Nae man can tether time or tide;  
 The hour approaches, Tam maun ride.

BURNS.—Tam O'Shanter.

There is an hour in fortune  
 That must be still observed.

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.—The Little French Lawyer,  
 Act ii., scene 3.

*TIDINGS*.—Prithee take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink  
 thy tidings.

SHAKSPERE.—As You Like It, Act iii., scene 2.

*TIME*.—There's a time for all things.

SHAKSPERE.—Comedy of Errors, Act ii., scene 2.  
 (Antonio S. to Dromio S.)

Time rolls his ceaseless course.

SCOTT.—The Lady of the Lake, Canto iii., stanza 1.

Time comes stealing on by night and day.

SHAKSPERE.—Comedy of Errors, Act iv., scene 2.  
 (Dromio S. to Adriana.)

*TIME*.—'The flood of time is setting on,  
We stand upon its brink.

SHELLEY.—Revolt of Islam, stanza 27.

Time hath eaten out the letters, and the dust makes a parenthesis  
betwixt every syllable.

S. MARMION.—The Antiquary, Act iii., scene 1.

In yon lone pile, o'er which hath sternly pass'd  
The heavy hand of all-destroying Time.

ANONYMOUS.—Collet's Relics of Lit., 20.

1. Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?

2. I see no reason why thou shouldst be so superfluous to demand the  
time of the day.

SHAKSPERE.—1 Henry IV., Act i., scene 2.  
(Falstaff to Prince Henry.)

It was the hour when huswife morn  
With pearl and linen hangs each thorn.

CHURCHILL.—The Ghost, Book iii.

I consider time as a treasure decreasing every night; and that which  
every day diminishes soon perishes for ever.

SIR WILLIAM JONES.—Poem of Tarafa, verse 67.

When time itself shall be no more.

ADDISON.—A Song for St. Cecilia's Day, verse 4.

THOMSON.—Memory of Sir Isaac Newton.

Time must friend or end.

SHAKSPERE.—Troilus and Cressida, Act i., scene 2.  
(Pandarus to Cressida.)

We waste, not use our time: we breathe, not live.

DR. YOUNG.—Night ii., line 150.

Time wasted is existence; used, is life.

DR. YOUNG.—Night ii., line 149.

Redeem the misspent time that's past,  
And live this day as 'twere thy last.

KEN.—Morning Hymn.

Let me therefore live as if every moment were to be my last.

SENECA.—Of a Happy Life, chapter xix.

Who murders time, he crushes in the birth  
A power ethereal.

DR. YOUNG.—Night ii., line 110.

Time elaborately thrown away.

DR. YOUNG.—On the Last Day, Book i., line 206.

TIME.—Out upon time ! it will leave no more  
Of the things to come than the things before !  
Out upon time ! who for ever will leave  
But enough of the past for the future to grieve.

BYRON.—Siege of Corinth, div. 18.

What though on her cheek the rose loses its hue,  
Her ease and good-humour bloom all the year through ;  
Time still as he flies brings increase to her truth,  
And gives to her mind what he steals from her youth.

ED. MOORE.—Song x., verse 4.

I wasted time, and now doth time waste me.

SHAKSPERE.—Richard II., Act v., scene 5.

(The King's Soliloquy in Pomfret Castle.)

The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.

SHAKSPERE.—Twelfth Night, Act iii., scene 1.

(Olivia to Viola.)

Time hath set a blot upon my bride.

SHAKSPERE.—Richard II., Act iii., scene 2.

(The King to Aumerle.)

Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth,  
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow.

SHAKSPERE.—Sonnet 60.

When forty winters shall besiege thy brow,  
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field.

SHAKSPERE.—Sonnet 2.

I never knew the old gentleman with the scythe and hour-glass bring  
any thing but grey hairs, thin cheeks, and loss of teeth.

DRYDEN.—The Maiden Queen, Act iii., scene 1.

Strange was the sight and smacking of the time.

TENNYSON.—The Princess, page 6.

Time on his head has snow'd ; yet still 'tis borne  
Aloft.

DR. YOUNG.—Night v., line 602.

The chinks that time has made.

ROGERS.—Italy. *Pæstum*.

[Appropriated from Waller ; see the lines on his own Divine Poems.]

We take no note of time.

But from its loss.

DR. YOUNG.—Night i., line 55.

Only some lover remained to climb

The homeward hills with little note of time.

JOCELYN.—Revids. Evans and Swift's Translation of  
Lamartine's Poem, Epoch I.

*TIME*.—Noiseless falls the foot of time,  
That only treads on flowers.  
W. R. SPENCER.—Lines to Lady A. Hamilton.

The noiseless foot of time steals swiftly by,  
And ere we dream of manhood age is nigh.  
JUVENAL.—Transl. Gifford, Sat. ix., line 132.

The inaudible and noiseless foot of time.  
SHAKSPERE.—All's Well that Ends Well, Act v., sc. 3.  
(The King to Bertram.)

Who shall contend with time—unvanquish'd time,  
The conqueror of conquerors, and lord of desolation?  
KIRKE WHITE.—Time, line 561.

Nought treads so silent as the foot of time;  
Hence we mistake our Autumn for our prime.  
DR. YOUNG.—Satire v., line 497.

And thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.  
SHAKSPERE.—Twelfth Night, Act v., scene 1.

As on the whirligig of time,  
We circle all the seasons.  
TENNYSON.—Will Waterproof's Monologue, verse 8.

Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.  
SHAKSPERE.—Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act iii., sc. 1.  
(Proteus to Valentine.)

No stealth of time has thinn'd my flowing hair.  
HAMMOND.—Elegy iv., verse 5.

There's a gude time coming.  
SCOTT.—Rob Roy, chapter xxxii.

*Tired*.—Tired, he sleeps, and life's poor play is o'er.  
POPE.—Essay on Man, Epi. ii., line 282.

Tired limbs and over-busy thoughts,  
Inviting sleep and soft forgetfulness.  
WORDSWORTH.—The Excursion, volume vi., page 162.

*TOBACCO*.—What a glorious creature was he who first discovered the  
use of tobacco!—the industrious retires from business—the voluptu-  
ous from pleasure—the lover from a cruel mistress—the husband from  
a cursed wife—and I from all the world to my pipe.

FIELDING.—The Grub Street Opera, Act iii., scene 1.

As bland he puff'd the pipe o'er weekly news,  
His bosom kindles with sublimer views.

T. WHARTON.—Newmarket, line 87.

The child of tobacco, his pipes, and his papers.

BEN JONSON.—The Fortunate Isles.



*TOBACCO*.—Divine tobacco !

SPENSER.—*Fairy Queen*, Book iii., Canto v., verse 32.

Sublime tobacco ! which, from east to west,  
Cheers the tar's labour or the Turkman's rest ;  
Which on the Moslem's ottoman divides  
His hours, and rivals opium and his brides ;  
Magnificent in Stamboul, but less grand,  
Though not less loved, in Wapping or the Strand :  
Divine in hookas, glorious in a pipe  
When tipp'd with amber, mellow, rich, and ripe ;  
Like other charmers, wooing the caress,  
More dazzlingly when daring in full dress ;  
Yet thy true lovers more admire by far  
Thy naked beauties—give me a cigar !

BYRON.—*The Island*, Canto ii., stanza 19.

The pipe with solemn interposing puff,  
Makes half a sentence at a time enough ;  
The dozing sages drop the drowsy strain,  
Then pause, and puff—and speak, and pause again.

COWPER.—*Conversation*, line 245.

A good vomit, I confess, a virtuous herb if it be well qualified, opportunely taken, and medicinally used ; but as it is commonly abused by most men, which take it as tinkers do ale, 'tis a plague, a mischief, a violent purger of goods, lands, health, hellish, devilish, and damned tobacco, the ruin and overthrow of body and soul.

BURTON.—*Anat. of Melancholy*, Part ii., sect. iv., memb. 2., subs. 1.

Pernicious weed ! whose scent the fair annoys,  
Unfriendly to society's chief joys ;  
Thy worst effect is banishing for hours  
The sex whose presence civilizes ours.

COWPER.—*Conversation*, line 251.

Among other regulations it would be very convenient to prevent the excess of drinking ; with that scurvy custom among the lads, and parent of the former vice, the taking of tobacco where it is not absolutely necessary in point of health.

SWIFT.—*On the Advancement of Religion*. (Roscoe's Ed. of his Life, page 277.)

*TOGETHER*.—Together let us range the fields.

ED. MOORE.—*A Song* written in 1745.

Together let us beat this ample field,  
Try what the open, what the covert yield.

POPE.—*An Essay on Man*, Epi. i., line 9.

*TOIL*.—Sleep after toil, port after stormy seas,  
Ease after war, death after life, does greatly please.

SPENSER.—The Fairy Queen, Book i., Canto ix., verse 40.

Hard toil can roughen form and face,  
And want can quench the eye's bright grace.

SCOTT.—Marmion, Canto i., stanza 28.

The toils of honor dignify repose.

HOOLE'S *Metastasio*.—Achilles in Sycios, Act iii., scene last.

*TOLD*.—Of all the horrid, hideous notes of woe  
Is that portentous phrase, "I told you so."

BYRON.—Don Juan, Canto xiv., stanza 50.

How cold he hearkens to some bankrupt's woe,  
Nods his wise head, and cries—"I told you so!"

SPRAGUE.—(Foom Mrs. Hale's Dictionary of Quotations.)

*TOMB*.—The most magnificent and costly dome  
Is but an upper chamber to a tomb.

DR. YOUNG.—The Last Day, Book ii., line 87.

And so sepulchred, in such pomp dost lie,  
That kings, for such a tomb, would wish to die.

MILTON.—Epitaph on Shakspeare.

*TO-MORROW*.—To-morrow is a satire on to-day,  
And shows its weakness.

DR. YOUNG.—Old Man's Relapse.

To-morrow cheats us all. Why dost thou stay,  
And leave undone what should be done to-day?  
Begin—the present minute's in thy power;  
But still t' adjourn, and wait a fitter hour,  
Is like the clown, who at some river's side  
Expecting stands, in hopes the running tide  
Will all ere long be past.—Fool! not to know  
It still has flow'd the same, and will for ever flow.

HUGHES.—Horace, Book i., Epi. ii.; and FRANCIS, *Ibid*.

I have known that I am a man, and that to me there is no more share  
in to-morrow's day than to you.

BUCKLEY'S *Sophocles*.—(Cedipus Colo., page 74.)

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,  
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,  
To the last syllable of recorded time;  
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools  
The way to dusty death.

SHAKSPERE.—Macbeth, Act v., scene 5.

(On hearing of the death of Lady Macbeth.)

*TO-MORROW*.—To-morrow do thy worst, for I have lived to-day.  
 DRYDEN.—Imitation of Horace, Book iii., Ode 29.

Who knows that Heaven, with ever-bounteous power,  
 Shall add to-morrow to the present hour?

FRANCIS' Horace, Book iv., Ode 7.

Defer not till to-morrow to be wise,  
 To-morrow's sun to thee may never rise ;  
 Or should to-morrow chance to cheer thy sight  
 With her enlivening and unlook'd for light,  
 How grateful will appear her dawning rays,  
 As favours unexpected doubly please.

CONGREVE.—Letter to Cobham.

In human hearts what bolder thought can rise,  
 Than man's presumption on to-morrow's dawn !  
 Where is to-morrow ?

DR. YOUNG.—Night i., line 374.

To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new.

MILTON.—Lycidas, line 193.

*TONGUE*.—They say the tongues of dying men  
 Enforce attention, like deep harmony ;  
 When words are scarce, they're seldom spent in vain :  
 For they breathe truth that breathe their words in pain.

SHAKSPERE.—Richard II., Act ii., scene 1.  
 (Gaunt to York.)

And makes his tongue the midwife of his mind.

CAREY.—Chrononhotonthologos, scene I.

The tongue the ambassador of the heart.

LYLY.—Euphues, page 406. (Reprint 1868.)

With blandish'd parleys, feminine assaults,  
 Tongue batteries, she surceased not.

MILTON.—Samson Agonistes.

The artillery of words.

SWIFT.—Ode to Sancroft.

Wine, that makes cowards brave, the dying strong,  
 Is a poor cordial 'gainst a woman's tongue.

SOMERVILLE.—The Wife, line 27.

And, though you duck them ne'er so long,  
 Not one salt drop e'er wets their tongue :  
 'Tis hence they scandal have at will,  
 And that this member ne'er lies still.

GAY.—The Mad Dog, last four lines.

*TONGUE*.—1. Her clam'rous tongue

Strikes pity deaf.

2. Then only hear her eyes.

DRYDEN.—Don Sebastian, Act ii., scene 1.

Oh, learn to read what silent love hath writ !

To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit.

SHAKSPERE.—Sonnet xxiii., last lines.

Think you a little din can daunt mine ears ?

Have I not in my time heard lions roar ?

Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with wind,

Rage like an angry boar, chafed with sweat ?

Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,

And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies ?

Have I not in a pitched battle heard

Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets clang ?

And do you tell me of a woman's tongue ?

SHAKSPERE.—Taming of the Shrew, Act i., scene 2.

(Petruchio to Grumio.)

Is there a tongue, like Delia's o'er her cup,

That runs for ages without winding up ?

DR. YOUNG.—Satire i., line 281.

The tongue is a world of iniquity.

ST. JAMES, chapter iii., verse 6.

Tongues I'll hang on every tree,

That shall civil sayings show.

SHAKSPERE.—As You Like It, Act iii., scene 2.

(Celia reading a paper.)

Tongues that syllable men's names.

MILTON.—Comus, line 208.

A maiden hath no tongue but thought.

SHAKSPERE.—Merchant of Venice, Act iii., scene 2.

(Portia to Bassanio.)

My dear *Propria quæ maribus* hold your tongue, or I'll depose you.

COLLEY CIBBER.—The Rival Fools, Act i., scene 1.

Accursed be that tongue that tells me so,

For it hath cow'd my better part of man !

And be these juggling fiends no more believed,

That palter with us in a double sense ;

That keep the word of promise to our ear,

And break it to our hope.

SHAKSPERE.—Macbeth, Act v., scene 7.

(Macbeth to Macduff.)

*TOOTHACHE*.—My curse upon the venom'd stang,  
That shoots my tortured gums along;  
And through my lugs gies mony a twang,  
Wi' gnawing vengeance.

*BURNS*.—Address to the Toothache, verse 1.

There was never yet philosopher  
That could endure the toothache patiently.

*SHAKSPERE*.—*Much Ado About Nothing*, Act v., scene 1.  
(Leonato to Antonio.)

*TOWERS*.—Ye towers of Julius ! London's lasting shame,  
With many a foul and midnight murder fed.

*GRAY*.—The Bard, ii., 3.

*TOWN*.—The town has tinged the country, and the stain  
Appears a spot upon a vestal's robe,  
The worse for what it soils.

*COWPER*.—The Task, Book iv., line 553.

1. The town talks of nothing else.

2. I am very sorry, ma'm, the town has so little to do.

*SHERIDAN*.—The School for Scandal, Act i., scene 1.

*TRADE*.—I hope we shall have no such people as tradesmen shortly ; I  
can't see any use they are of ; if I am chose, I'll bring in a bill to ex-  
tirpate all trade out of the nation.

*FIELDING*.—Pasquin, Act ii., scene 1.

Trade, I cashier thee till to-morrow.

*BEN JONSON*.—The Case is Altered, Act iv., scene 3.

*TRADESMAN*.—Swear, fool, or starve ; for the dilemma's even ;  
A tradesman thou, and hope to go to heaven ?

*PERSIUS*.—Sat. 5. (Dryden.)

Commerce so beneficial in itself is notwithstanding a near neighbour  
not only to fraud on the one hand, but to violence on the other.

*W. E. GLADSTONE*.—*Juventus Mundi*. (Char. of Hermes.)

*TRAGEDY*.—Tragedy openeth the greatest wounds, and sheweth forth  
the ulcers that are covered with tissue.

*SIR PHILIP SIDNEY*.—Defence of Poesie.

Explored the pangs that rend the royal breast,  
Those wounds that lurk beneath the tissued vest.

*T. WARTON*.—On the Marriage of George III., line 53,  
alluding to Shakspeare.

*TRANQUILLITY*.—How rev'rend is the face of this tall pile,  
Looking tranquillity !

*CONGREVE*.—Mourning Bride, Act ii., scene 1.

Sleeping in bright tranquillity.

*TOM MOORE*.—The Fire Worshippers.



*TRANQUILLITY*.—Like ships that have gone down at sea,  
When heaven was all tranquillity.

TOM MOORE.—The Light of the Harem.

*TRANSITORY*.—Keep nothing that is transitory about you.

BEN JONSON.—The Alchemist, Act iii., scene 1.

*TRAVELLED*.—Long-travell'd in the ways of men.

DR. YOUNG.—Night ix., line 8.

*TRAVELLER*.—As one who in his journey bates at noon,  
Though bent on speed.

MILTON.—Paradise Lost, Book xii., line 1.

When I was at home, I was in a better place ;  
But travellers must be content.

SHAKSPERE.—As You Like It, Act ii., scene 4.  
(Touchstone to Rosalind.)

Cheerful at morn he wakes from short repose,  
Breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes.

GOLDSMITH.—The Traveller, line 185.

*TREAD*.—To tread the walks of death he stood prepared,  
And what he greatly thought, he nobly dared.

POPE.—The Odyssey, Book ii., line 312.

And so to tread

As if the wind, not she, did walk,  
Nor press'd a flower, nor bowed a stalk.

BEN JONSON.—Vision of Delight.

*TREASON*.—For while the treason I detest,  
The traitor still I love.

HOOLE'S Metastasio.—Romulus and Hersillia, Act i., sc. 5.

I love the fruit that treason brings,  
But those that are the traitors, them I hate.

ANONYMOUS.—Selimus, an Old Play.

He that loves the treason hates the traitor.

QUARLES.—Enchiridion, 4.

Yet always pity where I can,  
Abhor the guilt, but mourn the man.

COTTON.—To the Reader.

Let them call it mischief ;

When it is past, and prosper'd, 'twill be virtue.

BEN JONSON.—Catiline, Act iii., scene 3.

[Revolution is the name given to successful treason and rebellion.—  
RILEY'S Class. Dict., 348 ; hence the English epigram—

Treason does never prosper : what's the reason ?

Why, when it prospers, none dare call it treason.

SIR JOHN HARRINGTON.]

*TREAT*.—No, I'll stand treat: for it would be a shame that, on my account, you both should take trouble for me, and by reason of that trouble should pay the expense.

RILEY'S Plautus.—The Bacchides, Act i., sc. 2, page 158.

*TREE*.—The tree of deepest root is found  
Least willing still to quit the ground;

'Twas therefore said, by ancient sages,

That love of life increased with years,  
So much, that in our latter stages,  
When pains grow sharp, and sickness rages,

The greatest love of life appears.

MRS. THRALE (afterwards Mrs. Piozzi).—See Boswell's Johnson, 1766. From poem entitled "The Three Warnings."

Shall we—shall aged men, like aged trees,  
Strike deeper their vile root, and closer cling,  
Still more enamour'd of their wretched soil?

DR. YOUNG.—Night iv., line 111.

No tree in all the grove but has it charms.

COWPER.—The Task, Book i., line 307. The Sofa.

Trees cut to statues, statues thick as trees.

POPE.—Moral Essays, Epi. iv., To Burlington, line 120.

If the tree fall toward the south, or toward the north, in the place  
where the tree falleth, there it shall be.

ECCLESIASTES, chapter xi., verse 3.

[That is meant as to the general state of the tree, not what is the effect of a sudden blast. The expression refers to condition, and not to position. Boswell's Johnson, 1782.]

The tree of knowledge blasted by dispute,

Produces sapless leaves instead of fruit.

DENHAM.—Progress of Learning, line 43.

He loves his old hereditary trees.—COWLEY.

*TRENCHER*.—He is a very valiant trencher-man; he hath an excellent stomach.

SHAKSPERE.—Much Ado About Nothing, Act i., scene 1.  
(Beatrice to Messenger.)

*TRIAL*.—You wear out a good wholesome forenoon in hearing a cause  
between an orange-wife and a fosset-seller; and then rejoin the  
controversy of threepence to a second day of audience.

SHAKSPERE.—Coriolanus, Act ii., scene 1.  
(Memenius to Brutus.)

*TRICK*.—I know a trick worth two of that.

SHAKSPERE.—1 Henry IV., Act ii., scene 1.  
(The first Carrier to Gadshill.)

*TRICK*.—There was indeed a frown, a trick of state,  
In Jachin.

CRABBE.—The Borough, Letter xi.

It was but a trick of state!

COWPER.—The Task, Book ii., line 267.

Trick'd in antique ruff and bonnet.

DR. JOHNSON.—Lines written in 1777.

Tricks to show the stretch of human brain.

POPE.—Essay on Man, Epi. ii., line 47.

There are no tricks in plain and simple faith.

SHAKSPERE.—Julius Cæsar, Act iv., scene 2.  
(Brutus to Lucilius.)

*TRIFLE*.—Think nought a trifle, though it small appear;  
Small sands the mountain, moments make the year.

DR. YOUNG.—Satire vi., line 205.

Come, gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles,  
And waste the time, which looks for other revels.

SHAKSPERE.—Pericles, Act ii., scene 3.  
(Simonides to the Knights.)

A snapper-up of unconsidered trifles.

SHAKSPERE.—Winter's Tale, Act iv., sc. 2. (Autolycus.)

Trifles, light as air,

Are to the jealous confirmations strong  
As proofs of holy writ.

SHAKSPERE.—Othello, Act iii., scene 3.

(Iago, after he has obtained the handkerchief.)

*TRIMMERS*.—Damn'd neuters, in their middle way of steering,  
Are neither fish, nor flesh, nor good red-herring:  
Nor whigs, nor tories they; nor this, nor that;  
Nor birds, nor beasts; but just a kind of bat:  
A twilight animal; true to neither cause,  
With tory wings, but whiggish teeth and claws.

DRYDEN.—Epilogue to the Duke of Guise.

*TRIP*.—Come, and trip it, as you go,  
On the light fantastic toe.

MILTON.—L'Allegro, line 35.

*TRIPOD*.—Joint stools were then created; on three legs  
Upborne they stood—three legs upholding firm  
A massy slab, in fashion square or round.  
On such a stool immortal Alfred sat.

COWPER.—The Sofa, Book i., line 19.

As right as a *trivet*.

OLD SAYING.

TRIPOD.—Disposed apart, Ulysses shares the treat!  
A *trivet-table*, and ignobler seat.

POPE'S *Odyssey*.—Book xx., line 322.

A three-legg'd table, O ye Fates!

FRANCIS' *Horace*.—Book i., Sat. iii., line 18.

Doubt not her care should be  
To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd stool,  
And paint your face, and use you like a fool.

SHAKSPERE.—*Taming of the Shrew*, Act i., scene 1.  
(Katherine to Hortensio.)

When on my three-foot stool I sit.

SHAKSPERE.—*Cymbeline*, Act iii., scene 3.  
(Belarius *solus*.)

TROWEL.—Well said; that was laid on with a trowel.

SHAKSPERE.—*As You Like It*, Act i., scene 2.  
(Celia to Touchstone.)

TROY.—Corn grows where Troy stood.

*Jam seges est ubi Troja fuit.*

DELECTUS.

A field where Troy stood.

*Campos ubi Troja fuit.*

VIRGIL.—Book iii., line 2. *Æneid*.

The model where old Troy did stand.

SHAKSPERE.—*Richard II.*, Act v., scene 1.  
(The Queen to Richard.)

I've stood upon Achilles' tomb,  
And heard Troy doubted: time will doubt of Rome.

BYRON.—*Don Juan*, Canto iii.

Troy, for ten long years, her foes withstood,  
And daily bleeding bore th' expense of blood:  
Now for thick streets it shows an empty space,  
Or only fill'd with tombs of her own perish'd race,  
Herself become the sepulchre of what she was.

DRYDEN.—*Pythagorean Phil.*, Ovid's *Met.*, Book xv.

Where Athens, Rome, and Sparta stood,  
There is a moral desert now.

SHELLEY.—*Queen Mab*, stanza 2.

We plow and reap where former ages row'd.

ROSCOMMON.—*Horace's Art of Poetry*.

Troy does still in Homer's numbers live.

OTWAY.—*Windsor Castle*, line 2.

*TRUCKLE*.—I cannot truckle to a fool of state,  
Nor take a favour from the man I hate.

CHURCHILL.—Epi. to Hogarth.

*TRUE*.—It is true,—without any slips of prolixity, or crossing the plain highway of talk.

SHAKSPERE.—The Merchant of Venice, Act iii., scene 1.  
(Slanio to Salarino.)

This above all—To thine ownself be true;  
And it must follow, as the night the day,  
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act i., sc. 3. (Polonius to Laertes.)

More strange than true.

SHAKSPERE.—Midsummer Night's Dream, Act v., sc. 1.  
(Theseus to Hippolyta.)

*TRUMPET*.—The Moor, I know his trumpet.

SHAKSPERE.—Othello, Act ii., scene 1.  
(Iago to Cassio and Desdemona.)

Be thou the trumpet of our wrath,  
And sullen presage of your own decay.

SHAKSPERE.—King John, Act i., scene 1.  
(The King to Chatillon.)

I never heard the old song of *Percy and Douglas* that I found not my heart moved more than with a trumpet.

SIDNEY.—An Apology for Poetry, page 46, Arber's Reprint, A.D., 1868.

*TRUTH*.—*Magna est veritas, et prevalebit.*

Truth is powerful, and she will prevail.

LATIN PROVERB.

Truth is God's daughter.

SPANISH PROVERB.—Quoted by TRENCH in his Lectures on the Proverbs. Lecture 6.

And all the people then shouted, and said, Great is truth, and mighty above all things.

1 ESDRAS, chapter iv., verse 41.

Pilate saith unto him, What is truth?

ST. JOHN, chapter xviii., verse 38.

But what is truth? 'Twas Pilate's question put  
To Truth itself, that deign'd him no reply.

COWPER.—The Task, Book iii., line 270.

Time shall approve the truth.

DRYDEN.—The Æneid, Book viii. (The Vision.)

Truth is brought to light by time.

TACITUS.—From Ramage, page 383.



*TRUTH.*— Truth is truth  
To the end of reckoning.

SHAKSPERE.—Measure for Measure, Act v., scene 1.  
(Isabel to the Duke.)

Princes, like beauties, from their youth  
Are strangers to the voice of truth.

GAY.—Fable i.; line 5.

I hope there be truths.

SHAKSPERE.—Measure for Measure, Act ii., scene 1.  
(Clown to Moth.)

Tell truth, and shame the devil.

SWIFT.—Mary to Dr. Sheridan. SHAKSPERE.—1 Henry  
IV., Act iii., scene 1.

'Tis strange, but true; for truth is always strange;  
Stranger than fiction.—BYRON.—Don Juan, Canto xiv., stanza 101.

Truth and fiction are so aptly mix'd  
That all seems uniform, and of a piece.

ROSCOMMON.—Horace's Art of Poetry.

When fiction rises pleasing to the eye,  
Men will believe, because they love the lie;  
But truth herself, if clouded with a frown,  
Must have some solemn proof to pass her down.

CHURCHILL.—Epi. to Hogarth, line 291.

No words suffice the secret soul to show,  
For truth denies all eloquence to woe.

BYRON.—The Corsair, Canto iii., stanza 22.

Where love in all its glory shines,  
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.

DR. BEDDOME.—A Hymn, verse 1.

How sweet the words of truth, breathed from the lips of love!

BEATTIE.—The Minstrel, Book ii., verse 53; line last.

For truth has such a face and such a mien,  
As to be loved needs only to be seen.

DRYDEN.—The Hind and Panther, Part i., line 33.

Truth, in sunny vest array'd.

COLLINS.—Ode on the Poetical Character.

Truths divine came mended from that tongue.

POPE.—Eloisa to Abelard, line 66.

Still list'ning to his tuneful tongue,  
The truth which angels might have sung;  
Divine impress'd their gentle sway  
And sweetly stole my soul away.

VANESSA.—Ode to Spring. (Roscoe's Life of Swift.)

*TRUTH*.—Truth is unwelcome, however divine.

COWPER.—The Flatting Mill, verse 6.

The dignity of truth is lost  
With much protesting.

BEN JONSON.—Catiline, Act iii., scene 2.

Truth is sunk in the deep.

YONGE's Cicero.—Academical Quest., page 20, quoting Democritus.

Truth to her old cavern fled.

POPE.—The Dunciad, Book iv., line 641.

The sages say, dame Truth delights to dwell,  
Strange mansion! in the bottom of a well.

DR. WOLCOTT.—Birth-day Ode.

*TUB*.—Every tub must stand upon its own bottom.

BUNYAN.—Pilgrim's Progress, Part i.

*TURN*.—Ay; you did wish that I would make her turn:  
Sir, she can turn, and turn, and yet go on,  
And turn again.

SHAKSPERE.—Othello, Act iv., scene 1.  
(The Moore to Lodovico.)

They never would hear,  
But turn a deaf ear,  
As a matter they had no concern in.

SWIFT.—Dingley and Brent.

Turn, gentle hermit of the dale,  
And guide my lonely way,  
To where yon taper cheers the vale  
With hospitable ray.

GOLDSMITH.—The Hermit.

Be sure to turn the penny.

DRYDEN's Persius.—Sat. v.

*TURNSPIT*.—But as a dog that turns the spit  
Bestirs himself, and plies his feet  
To climb the wheel, but all in vain,  
His own weight brings him down again,  
And still he's in the self-same place  
Where at his setting out he was.

BUTLER.—Hudibras, Part ii., Canto iii., line 209.

*TURTLES*.—Turtles and doves of differing hues unite,  
And glossy jet is pair'd to shining white.

POPE.—Sappho to Phaon, line 43.

*TWEEDLE-DUM*.—Strange! all this difference should be  
'Twixt Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee!

POPE.—Epigram on Handel and Bononcini.

*TWINKLING*.—To brisk notes in cadence beating,  
Glance their many twinkling feet.

GRAY.—Progress of Poesy, verse iii., line 10.

*UGLY*.—The ugliest man was he who came to Troy :  
With squinting eyes and one distorted foot.

HOMER.—The Iliad, Book ii., line 245 (Derby's Transl.)

*UNANIMITY*.—O yes ! where they *do* agree on the stage, their unanimity is wonderful.

SHERIDAN.—The Critic, Act ii., scene 1.

*UNBLEST*.—The truly generous is the truly wise ;  
And he who loves not others, lives unblest.

HOME.—Douglas, Act iii., scene 1.

*UNCLE*.— Tut, tut !  
Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle.

SHAKSPERE.—Richard II., Act ii., scene 3.  
(York to Bolingbroke.)

Midas me no Midas ; he's a wit ; he understands eating and drinking well.

DRYDEN.—The Wild Gallant, Act ii., scene 1.

Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds.

SHAKSPERE.—Romeo and Juliet, Act iii., scene 5.  
(Capulet to Juliet.)

Madam me no madam, but learn to retrench your words ; and say,  
Mam ; as yes, Mam, and no, Mam ; as other ladies' women do.

DRYDEN.—The Wild Gallant, Act ii., scene 2.

Petition me no petitions, sir, to-day.

FIELDING.—Tom Thumb, Act i., scene 2.

Cause me no causes.

MASSINGER.—A New Way to Pay Old Debts. Act i.,  
scene 3.

Map me no maps, sir ; my head is a map, a map of the whole world.

FIELDING.—Rape upon Rape, Act i., scene 5.

But me no butts.

FIELDING.—Ibid., Act ii., scene 11. AARON HILL.—  
Snake in the Grass, scene 1.

Virgin me no virgins.

MASSINGER.—A New Way to Pay Old Debts, Act iii., sc. 2.

End me no ends.

IBID.—Act v., scene 1.

Play me no plays.

FOOTE.—The Knights, Act ii.

*UNCLE.*—Front me no fronts.

*FORD.*—The Lady's Trial, Act ii., scene 1.

Vow me no vows.

*BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.*—Wit without Money, Act iv., scene 4.

Diamond me no diamonds ! prize me no prizes.

*TENNYSON.*—Idylls of the King, Elaine.

O me no O's, but hear.

*BEN JONSON.*—The Case is Altered, Act v., scene 1.

*UNCONCERNED.*—Ah Chloris ! that I now could sit

As unconcern'd as when

Your infant beauty could beget

No pleasure, nor no pain.

*SIR CHARLES SEDLEY.*—To a very young Lady.

*UNDER.*—Under which king, Bezonian ? Speak or die.

*SHAKSPEARE.*—2 Henry IV., Act v., scene 3.

(Pistol to Shallow.)

Here, waiter, more wine ; let me sit while I'm able,

Till all my companions sink under the table.

*GOLDSMITH.*—Retaliation, line 19.

Captain of Knockdunder, madam, if you please, for I knock under to no man ; and in respect to my garb, I shall go to church as I am, at your service, madam.

*SIR W. SCOTT.*—Heart of Midlothian. (Captain of Knockdunder in reply to Mrs. Dolly Dutton.)

*UNDERNEATH.*—Underneath this sable hearse

Lies the subject of all verse ;

Sidney's sister ! 'Pembroke's mother !

Death ! ere thou hast slain another,

Learn'd, and fair, and good as she,

Time shall throw a dart at thee.

*WM. BROWNE.*—Lansdowne MSS. Brit. Museum ; but Whalley says these lines are universally assigned to *BEN JONSON* ; and Mr. Wm. Gifford says they are by the *EARL OF PEMBROKE*, without doubt.

Underneath this marble stone

Lie two beauties join'd in one.

Two whose loves death could not sever ;

For both liv'd, both dy'd together.

*COWLEY.*—Epitaph.

*UNDERSTAND.*—1. And do you understand 'em, brother ?

2. I tell thee, no ; that's not material ; the sound's

Sufficient to confirm an honest man.

*BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.*—The Elder Brother, Act ii., scene 1.

*UNDERSTAND*.—His understanding, at the best, is of the middling size.

SWIFT.—From the four last years of Queen Anne. (On the Earl of Sunderland.)

*UNDONE*.—No ; let the eagle change his plume,  
The leaf its hue, the flower its bloom ;  
But ties around this heart were spun,  
That could not, would not, be undone !

CAMPBELL.—O'Connor's Child, stanza 7.

*UNEASY*.—Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

SHAKSPERE.—2 Henry IV., Act iii., scene 1.

(The King's soliloquy on sleep.)

*UNIVERSITY*.—Every man is not bred at a *varsity*.

FIELDING.—Don Quixote in England, Act iii., scene 6.

*UNKENNEL THE FOX*.

SHAKSPERE.—Merry Wives of Windsor, Act iii., scene 3.  
(Ford to his Wife and Friends.)

*UNKINDNESS*.—Hard unkindness' alter'd eye,  
That mocks the tear it forced to flow.

GRAY.—Eton College, verse 8.

Sharp-tooth'd unkindness.

SHAKSPERE.—King Lear, Act ii., sc. 4. (To Regan.)

Unkindness may do much,

And his unkindness may defeat my life,  
But never taint my love.

SHAKSPERE.—Othello, Act iv., scene 2.

(Desdemona lamenting Othello's unkindness.)

Drink down all unkindness.

SHAKSPERE.—Merry Wives of Windsor, Act i., scene 1.

(Page to Falstaff.)

Give me a bowl of wine—

In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius.

SHAKSPERE.—Julius Cæsar, Act iv., scene 3.

(Brutus to Cassius after their quarrel and reconciliation.)

*UNKNOWN*.—Not to know me argues yourself unknown,  
The lowest of your throng.

MILTON.—Paradise Lost, Book iv., line 830.

Far above all reward, yet to which all is due ;

And this, ye great unknown ! is only known to you.

SWIFT.—Ode to the Athenian Soc., verse 7.

The Unknown has kept his faith.

SCOTT.—Peveril of the Peak, chapter xxxvi.



*UNSUNN'D*.—I thought her  
As chaste as unsunn'd snow.

SHAKSPERE.—Cymbeline, Act ii., scene 5.  
(Posthumus alone.)

*UNWASHED*.—Another lean, unwash'd artificer.  
Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.

SHAKSPERE.—King John, Act iv., scene 2.  
(Hubert to John.)

COWPER.—Table Talk, line 153.

*UNWEPT*.—To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,  
Unwept, unhonour'd, and unsung.

SCOTT.—Lay of the Last Minstrel, Canto vi., stanza 1.

Their name unknown, their praise unsung.

SCOTT.—Ibid., Canto v., stanza 2.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown—

Thus unlamented let me die;  
Steal from the world, and not a stone  
Tell where I lie.

POPE.—On Solitude, verse 5.

Unwept, unnoted, and for ever dead.

POPE.—The Odyssey, Book v., line 402.

In endless night they sleep, unwept, unknown,  
No bard had they to make all time their own.

FRANCIS' Horace, Book iv., Ode 9.

Unblest, untended, and unmourn'd.

THOMSON.—Summer.

Who, noteless as the race from which he sprung,  
Saved others' names, but left his own unsung.

SCOTT.—Waverly, chapter xiii.

Thou should'st not to the grave descend  
Unmourn'd, unhonour'd, and unsung.

BERNARD BARTON.—On Bloomfield's Death, verse 1

*URCHIN*.—The shivering urchin, bending as he goes,  
With slipshod heels, and dewdrop at his nose.

COWPER.—Truth, line 143.

*URN*.—Can storied urn, or animated bust  
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?

Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust,  
Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?

GRAY.—Elegy, verse 11.

*USE*.—Use can almost change the stamp of nature.

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act iii., scene 4.  
(To his Mother.)

*USE*.—Fashion, the arbiter and rule of right.

FRANCIS' Horace.—Art of Poetry, verse 72.

Use is the judge, the law and rule of speech.

ROSCOMMON.—Art of Poetry.

*USURER*.—Thou art a most pernicious usurer.

SHAKSPERE.—1 Henry VI., Act iii., scene 1.

(Gloster to the Bishop of Winchester.)

*VACATION*.—Why should not conscience have vacation

As well as other courts o' th' nation ?

Have equal power to adjourn,

Appoint appearance and return ?

BUTLER.—Hudibras, Part ii., Canto ii., line 317.

*VACUUM*.—Nature abhors a vacuum. *Fuga vacui*.

[A favorite notion of the schoolmen but disproved by *Toricelli* and *Guericke*, on the invention of the air pump.]

*VALOUR*.—And call old valour from the grave.

BLOOMFIELD.—Banks of the Wye, Book ii.

In vain doth valour bleed,

While avarice and rapine share the land.

MILTON.—Sonnet xv., last lines.

He whose valour scorns his sense,

Has chang'd it into impudence.

Man may to man his valour show,

And 'tis his virtue to do so ;

But who's of his Maker not afraid,

Is not courageous then, but mad.

DEFOE.—The Storm.

*VANISH*.—Go ; vanish into air ; away !

SHAKSPERE.—Othello, Act iii., scene 1.

(Clown to Musician.)

And so, with shrieks,

She melted into air.

SHAKSPERE.—Winter's Tale, Act iii., escne 3.

(Antigonus when leaving the babe Perdita in a desert country.)

Like smoke blended with the thin air.

DAVIDSON'S Virgil, by Buckley, Georgics, Book iv., line 500.

He had scarcely spoken, when suddenly the circumambient cloud splits asunder, and dissolve into open air.

DAVIDSON'S Æneid, Book i., page 122.

With these words she left me in tears, ready to say many things, and vanished into thin air.

DAVIDSON'S Æneid, Book ii., page 152.

*VANISH*.—Vanish like hailstones, go!

SHAKSPERE.—Merry Wives of Windsor, Act i., scene 3.  
(Falstaff to Pistol and Nym.)

Vanish, vanish—and never let me see that uncomfortable face of thine,  
till thou canst shew me a shilling of thy own getting.

COLLEY CIBBER.—The Rival Fools, Act i., scene 1.

*VANITY*.—And not a vanity is given in vain.

POPE.—Essay on Man, Epi. ii., line 290.

Hal, I prithee trouble me no more with vanity.

SHAKSPERE.—1 Henry IV., Act i., scene 2.  
(Falstaff to Prince Henry.)

Vanity stands at my elbow and animates me by a thousand agreeable promises.

MRS. PENDARVES.—Roscoe's Life of Swift.

*VAPOURS*.—Causing a man to either vanish and carry away a piece  
of the house, or else stay at home and fling it all out of the windows.

SWIFT.—A Tale of a Tub, Sec. 9.

Why it appears no other thing to me, than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours.

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act ii., scene 2.  
(Hamlet to Guildenstern.)

*VARIETY*.—Variety's the very spice of life,  
That gives it all its flavour.

COWPER.—The Task, Book ii., line 606.

Varieties too regular for chance.

COWLEY.—Translation of Georgics, Book ii.

Variety alone gives joy;

The sweetest meats the soonest cloy.

PRIOR.—The Turtle and Sparrow, line 234.

Where order in variety we see,  
And where, though all things differ, all agree.

POPE.—Windsor Forest, line 15.

There is a grace in wild variety  
Surpassing rule and order.

MASON.—English Garden. (A quotation.)

*VEIL*.—

The veil

Spun from the cobweb fashion of the times,  
To hide the feeling heart.

AKENSIDE.—Pleasures of Imagination, Book ii., line 147.

*VEIN*.—Thou troublest me; I am not in the vein.

SHAKSPERE.—Richard III., Act iv., scene 2.  
(Richard to Buckingham.)

*VENISON*.—Thanks, my lord, for your venison, for finer or fatter  
Ne'er ranged in a forest, or smoked in a platter.

*GOLDSMITH*.—Haunch of Venison, line 1.

*VENTURED*.— I have ventured,  
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,  
This many summers in a sea of glory,  
But far beyond my depth : my high-blown pride  
At length broke under me, and now has left me,  
Wearied and old with service, to the mercy  
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.

*SHAKSPERE*.—Henry VIII., Act iii., scene 2.

(Wolsey's Farewell to all his Greatness.)

*VERGE*.—Give ample room and verge enough.

*GRAY*.—The Bard, verse iv., line 3.

*VERMIN*.—Where mice with music charm, and vermin crawl,  
And snails with silver traces deck the wall.

*WOLCOT*.

*VEXED*.—As mad as the vex'd sea.

*SHAKSPERE*.—King Lear, Act iv., scene 4. (Cordelia.)

If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,  
Threat'ning the welkin with his big-swoll'n face?  
And wilt thou have a reason for this coil?  
I am the sea.

*SHAKSPERE*.—Titus Andronicus, Act iii., scene 1.

(Titus to Marcus.)

The still vex'd Bermoothes.

*SHAKSPERE*.—The Tempest, Act i., scene 2.

(Ariel to Prospero.)

*VICAR*.—Besides, she told the village-tale,  
Who came to drink their home-brew'd ale;  
How that the laughter-loving vicar  
Would sometimes walk to taste their liquor.

*WM. COMBE*.—Dr. Syntax, Tour to the Lakes, chap. 5.

*VICE*.—Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied;  
And vice sometime's by action dignified.

*SHAKSPERE*.—Romeo and Juliet, Act ii., scene 3.

(The Friar.)

To sanction vice, and hunt decorum down.

*BYRON*. English Bards.

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,  
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;  
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,  
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

*POPE*.—Essay on Man, Epi. ii., line 217.

*VICE*.— I can gild vice,  
And praise it into alchemy, till it go  
For perfect gold.

RANDOLPH.—The Muses' Looking-glass, Act iv., scene 5.

The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices  
Make instruments to plague us.

SHAKSPERE.—King Lear, Act v., scene 3.

(Edgar to Edmond.)

Children in their rudiments to vices  
Old men to shew examples.

FLETCHER.—Thierry to Theodoret, Act i., scene 1.

Vice gets more in this vicious world than piety.

FLETCHER.—Love's Cure, Act iii., scene 1.

The ghosts of men, in former times,  
Whose public virtues were their crimes.

CHURCHILL.—The Duellist, Book i., line 163.

Raised from the dust upon the merit of their vices.

SWIFT.—Voyage to the Houyhnhnms, chapter 10.

Vice many times finds such loud friends,  
That preachers are charm'd silent.

WEBSTER.—The White Devil. The Arrayment of Vittoria. (Monticelso to her.)

Vice in its own pure native ugliness.

CRABBE.—Tales of the Hall, Book xi.

Where th' extreme of vice was ne'er agreed.

POPE.—Essay on Man, Épi. ii., line 221.

*VICTIMS*.—Alas! regardless of their doom,

The little victims play;  
No sense have they of ills to come,  
Nor care beyond to-day.

GRAY.—Prospect of Eton College, stanza 6.

*VICTORY*.—Thus far our fortune keeps an upward course,  
And we are graced with wreaths of victory.

SHAKSPERE.—3 Henry VI., Act v., scene 3.

(King Edward near Barnet.)

*VILLAINS*.—Calm thinking villains, whom no faith could fix,  
Of crooked counsels, and dark politics.

POPE.—Temple of Fame, line 410.



**VILLANY.**—A very excellent piece of villany.

SHAKSPERE.—Titus Andronicus, Act ii., scene 3.  
(Aaron in the Forest.)

Why, here's a villain,  
Able to corrupt a thousand by example.

MASSINGER.—The Old Law.

The abstract of all villany.

COTTON.—A Rogue, last line but three.

Nothing is sacred now but villany.

POPE.—Epi. to Sat., line 170.

**VILE.**—None become at once completely vile.

JUVENAL.—Sat. 2. (Ramage 238.)

Crime like virtue, has its degrees.

RACINE.—Phædrus, iv., 2. (Ramage 265.)

There is no man suddenly either excellently good, or extremely evil.

SIDNEY.—The Arcadia, Book i.

There is a method in man's wickedness,  
It grows up by degrees.

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.—A King and no King, Act v.,  
scene 4.

**VINEYARD.**—A vineyard is beautifully laden with ripe clusters, which a little boy is watching as he sits at the hedgerows; and around him two foxes; one is roaming up and down the rows, spoiling the ripe grapes.

BANKS's Theocritus.—Idyll i., page 3.

Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines; for our vines have tender grapes.

CANTICLES, chapter ii., verse 15; quoted by Mr. Banks.

**VIOLETS.**—Ye violets that first appeare,

By your pure purple mantles known

Like the proud virgin of the yeare,

As if the spring were all your own;

What are you when the rose is blown?

SIR HENRY WOTTON.—“You Meaner Beauties.” 2 Percy  
Relics, 334.

**VIRTUE.**—The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together; our virtues would be proud if our faults whipped them not; and our crimes would despair if they were not cherished by our virtues.

SHAKSPERE.—All's Well That Ends Well, Act iv., sc. 3.  
(First Lord.)

*VIRTUE*.—Besides, this Duncan  
 Hath born his faculties so meek, hath been  
 So clear in his great office, that his virtues  
 Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against  
 The deep damnation of his taking off;  
 And pity, like a naked new-born babe  
 Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim horsed  
 Upon the sightless couriers of the air,  
 Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,  
 That tears shall drown the wind.

SHAKSPERE.—Macbeth, Act i., scene 7.

(Macbeth contemplating the effect of his Assassination  
 of Duncan.)

A virtue that was never seen in you.

SHAKSPERE.—1 Henry IV., Act iii., scene 1.

(Glendower to Hotspur.)

Assume virtue if you have it not.

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act iii., scene 4.

(To his Mother.)

The soul's calm sunshine, and the heartfelt joy,  
 Is virtue's prize.

POPE.—Essay on Man, Epi. iv., line 168.

The virtuous nothing fear but life with shame,  
 And death's a pleasant road that leads to fame.

LANSDOWN.—Verses written in 1690.

This spot for dwelling fit Eulogius chose,  
 And in a month a decent homestall rose,  
 Something between a cottage and a cell,  
 Yet virtue here could sleep, and peace could dwell.

DR. WALTER HARTE.—Eulogius.

O let us still the secret joy partake,  
 To follow virtue even for virtue's sake.

POPE.—Temple of Fame, line 364.

Well may your heart believe the truth I tell;  
 'Tis virtue makes the bliss where'er we dwell.

COLLINS.—Eclogue i., line 5. Selim.

Virtue she finds too painful an endeavour,  
 Content to dwell in decencies for ever.

POPE.—Moral Essays, Epi. ii., line 163.

And he by no uncommon lot  
 Was famed for virtues he had not.

COWPER.—To the Rev. William Bull, line 19.

Virtue alone is true nobility.

STEPNEY'S Eighth Satire of Juvenal.

*VIRTUE*.—Be to her virtues very kind ;  
Be to her faults a little blind.

PRIOR.—An English Padlock, last lines but two. In Isaac Bickerstaff's Farce of "The Padlock," these lines are transposed.

How well is worth, and brave adventures styled,  
Just to his virtues, to his error mild.

DRYDEN.—Absalom and Achitophel, Part ii., line 1051.

Know then this truth, enough for man to know,  
Virtue alone is happiness below.

POPE.—Essay on Man, Epi. iv., line 309.

That virtue only makes our bliss below,  
And all our knowledge is ourselves to know.

POPE.—Ibid., 397.

First know yourself ; who to himself is known,  
Shall love with conduct, and his wishes crown.

YALDEN'S Ovid, Art of Love, Book ii.

Or give to life the most you can,  
Let social virtue shape the plan,  
For does not to the virtuous deed,  
A train of pleasing sweets succeed ?

SHENSTONE.—Progress of Taste, Part iv.

Why to true merit should they have regard ?  
They know that virtue is its own reward.

Gray.—Epi., 4 ; and HOME, Douglas, Act iii., scene 1.

As beasts are hunted for their furs,  
Men for their virtues fare the worse.

BUTLER.—Miscellaneous Thoughts.

Virtue is but dryly praised, and starves.  
DRYDEN'S Juvenal, Sat. i.

Sometimes virtue starves while vice is fed.  
POPE.—Essay on Man, Epi. iv., line 149.

How oft is virtue seen to feel  
The woeful turn of Fortune's wheel,  
While she with golden stores awaits  
The wicked, in their very gates ?

WILLIAM COMBE.—Dr. Syntax, Tour to the Lakes, chapter x.

Sneering at public virtue, which beneath their pitiless tread lies torn  
and trampled, where honour sits smiling at the sale of the truth.  
SHELLEY.—Queen Mab, stanza 4.

Hang virtue !

BEN JONSON.—Catiline, Act ii., scene 1.

*VIRTUE*.—Virtue and vice had boundaries in old time,  
Not to be pass'd.

COWPER.—The Task, Book iii., line 75.

*VISAGE*.—I saw Othello's visage in his mind.

SHAKSPEARE.—Othello, Act i., scene 3.

(Desdemona to the Senate.)

Put not you on the visage of the times,  
And be, like them, to Percy troublesome.

SHAKSPEARE.—2 Henry IV., Act ii., scene 3.

(Northumberland to his Lady.)

*VISIONS*.—I have seen visions.

FLETCHER.—Rule a Wife and Have a Wife, Act iv., scene 3.

*VISITOR*.—The hour's come, but not the man.

SCOTT.—Heart of Mid-Lothian, chapter iv.

*VISITS*.—Like those of angels, short and far between.

BLAIR.—The Grave.

Like angel-visits, few and far between.

CAMPBELL.—Pleasure of Hope, Part ii.

Like angels' visits, short and bright.

JOHN NORRIS.—Born 1657, died 1711; Author of Poems, Essays, Letters, Discourses, &c.; and the thought appears again in his Elegy on his Niece, where we read—

Angels, as 'tis but seldom they appear,

So neither do they make long stay;

They do but visit, and away.

See "The Christian Poet," 1828, by James Montgomery.

So few and rare between.

HESIOD.—On Works, Div. ii., line 398. (Valpy's Ed., translated by ELTON.)

*VOCATION*.—Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation,

Hal: 'tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation.

SHAKSPEARE.—1 Henry IV., Act i., scene 2.

(Falstaff to Prince Henry.)

*VOICE*.—And after the fire a still small voice.

1 KINGS, chapter xix., verse 12.

With voices sweet entuned, and so small,

That methought it the sweetest melody

That ever I heard in my life.

CHAUCER.—Flower and Leaf.

*VOICE*.—At every close she made, th' attending throng  
Reply'd, and love the burden of the song;  
So just, so small, yet in so sweet a note,  
It seem'd the music melted in the throat.

DRYDEN.—His version of Chaucer's Flower and Leaf.

The world can't hear the still small voice,  
Such is its bustle and its noise.

GREEN.—On Barclay's Apology.

The still small voice of gratitude.

GRAY.—For Music, stanza 5.

The still small voice is wanted.

COWPER.—The Task, Book v., line 685.

I hear a voice you cannot hear,  
Which says, I must not stay;  
I see a hand you cannot see,  
Which beckons me away.

TICKELL.—Colin and Lucy, verse 4.

The stranger at my fireside cannot see  
The forms I see, nor hear the sounds I hear.

LONGFELLOW.—Birds of Passage. (The Haunted House.)

The Lord hath heard the voice of my weeping.

PSALM vi., verse 8. (Prayer Book Version.)

O, he was gentle, mild, and virtuous!

SHAKSPERE.—Richard III., Act i., scene 2.  
(Anne to Gloster.)

Her voice was ever soft,  
Gentle; and low; an excellent thing in women.

SHAKSPERE.—King Lear, Act v., scene 3.  
(Lear referring to the Death of Cordelia.)

The people's voice is odd,  
It is, and it is not, the voice of God.

POPE.—To Augustus, Book ii., Epi. i., line 89.

[*Vox populi vox Dei* is quoted as a proverb in the twelfth century. Riley's Dict. of Classical Quotations, 506.]

For my voice, I have lost it with holloaing and singing of anthems.

SHAKSPERE.—2 Henry IV., Act i., scene 2.  
(Falstaff to the C. J.)

*VOID*.—What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd!  
How sweet their memory still!  
But they have left an aching void  
The world can never fill.

COWPER.—Walking with God. (Olney Hymns.)



*VOLUME*.—Our Paris is the volume in which all  
Those excellent gifts the stage hath seen him graced with, are curiously  
bound up.

MASSINGER.—The Roman Actor, Act iv., scene 2.  
(Domitia to Paris.)

*VOTE*.—And, as they sail in Charon's boat,  
Contrive to bribe the judge's vote ;  
To Cerberus they give a sop,  
His triple barking mouth to stop.

SWIFT.—On Poetry.

*VULGAR*.—Above the vulgar flight of common souls.

MURPHY.—Zenobia, Act v.

*WAGER*.—Most men (till by losing render'd sager)  
Will back their own opinions with a wager.

BYRON.—Beppo, stanza 27.

Quoth she, I've heard old cunning stagers  
Say, fools for arguments use wagers.

BUTLER.—Hudibras, Part ii., Canto i., line 297.

*WAKE*.—Like a frantic lamentation,  
From a howling set  
Of demons, met

To wake a dead relation.

THOMAS HOOD.—The Forge, Part i., verse 4. (Wit and  
Humour.)

To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,  
To raise the genius, and to mend the heart ;  
To make mankind, in conscious virtue bold,  
Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold :  
For this the tragic muse first trod the stage.

POPE.—Prologue to Addison's Cato.

Wake the full lyre, and swell the full tide of song.

HEBER.—Palestine, Pa. iv., Ed. 1812.

*WALKING*.—Imprudent men heaven's choicest gifts profane ;  
Thus some beneath their arm support the cane,  
The dirty point oft checks the careless pace,  
And miry spots the clean cravat disgrace.  
Oh ! may I never such misfortune meet !  
May no such vicious walkers crowd the street !

GAY.—Trivia, Book i., line 75.

*WANDERINGS*.—In all my wanderings through this world of care,  
In all my griefs—and God has given my share—  
I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,  
Amidst these humble bowers, to lay me down.

GOLDSMITH.—Deserted Village, line 83.

WANT.—Their wants but few, their wishes all confined.

GOLDSMITH.—The Traveller, line 210.

For every want that stimulates the breast  
Becomes a source of pleasure when redrest.

GOLDSMITH.—The Traveller, line 213.

His wit being snuff by want, burnt clear,

THOMAS KILLEGREW.—The Parson's Wedding, Act i., scene 1.

God forbid that ever such a scoundrel as Want should dare to approach me.

SWIFT.—To Bolingbroke, 31st October, 1729.

WAR.—The Greeks, breathing might, advanced in silence, anxious in mind to aid one another.

BUCKLEY'S Homer.—The Iliad, Book iii.

Thus they,

Breathing united force with fixed thought,  
Moved on in silence.

MILTON.—Paradise Lost, Book i., line 559.

Cease to consult, the time for action calls,  
War, horrid war, approaches to your walls!

POPE.—The Iliad, Book ii., line 697.

Now hear the trumpet's clangour from afar,  
And all the dreadful harmony of war.

TICKELL.—Oxford.

Let the gull'd fool the toils of war pursue,  
Where bleed the many to enrich the few.

SHENSTONE.—The Judgment of Hercules, line 158.

The surly drums beat terrible afar,  
With all the dreadful music of the war.

BROOME.—Seat of War in Flanders.

Grim-visaged war hath smooth'd his wrinkled front.

SHAKSPERE.—Richard III., Act i., scene 1. (Gloster's Soliloquy, before he betrays his brother Clarence.)

List his discourse of war, and you shall hear  
A fearful battle render'd you in music.

SHAKSPERE.—Henry V., Act i., scene 1.

(Archbishop of Canterbury to the Bishop of Eli.)

In war and love none should be twice deceived.

DRYDEN.—Conquest of Granada, Part ii., Act ii., sc. 1.

If you miscarry you are lost so far,  
For there's no erring twice in love and war.

POMFRET.—Love Triumphant.

*WANT*.—The harsh and boist'rous tongue of war.

SHAKSPERE.—2 Henry IV., Act iv., scene 1.  
(Westmoreland to the Archbishop.)

Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war.

SHAKSPERE.—Othello, Act i., sc. 1. (Iago to Roderigo.)

Like, or find fault; do as your pleasures are;

Now good or bad, 'tis but the chance of war.

SHAKSPERE.—Troilus and Cressida, Prologue.

War, he sung, is toil and trouble;

Honour but an empty bubble.

DRYDEN.—Alexander's Feast, verse 5.

My voice is still for war.

ADDISON.—Cato, Act ii., scene 1.

That mad game the world so loves to play.

SWIFT.—Ode to Sir Wm. Temple, stanza 5.

Victuals and ammunition,

And money too, the sinews of the war,

Are stored up in the magazine.

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.—The Fair Maid of the Inn,  
Act i., scene 2.

MASSINGER.—Duke of Milan, Act iii., scene 1.

*French General*.—Capitulation.

*Palafœx*.—War to the knife!

PENNY CYCLO.—“Saragossa.”

1. War, war, my noble father!

2. Thus I fling it;

And fair-eyed peace, farewell!

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.—The Humorous Lieutenant,  
Act i., scene 1.

War its thousands slays, peace its ten thousands.

DR. PORTEUS.—Death, a Poem, line 178.

*WATCHMEN*.—Our watch, sir, have indeed comprehended two aspicious persons, and we would have them this morning examined before your worship.

SHAKSPERE.—Much Ado About Nothing, Act iii., sc. 5.

Meddle with none but the Prince's subjects; you shall also make no noise in the streets; for, for the watch to babble and talk, is most tolerable and not to be endured.

SHAKSPERE.—Much Ado About Nothing, Act iii., sc. 3.  
(Dogberry to Verges.)

*WATER*.—Water turned to wine.

St. JOHN, chapter ii., verses 3-10.

WATER.—*Vidit et erubuit lymphæ pudica Deum.*

CRASHAW.—*Epigrammata Sacra*, 1634.

Thou water turn'st to wine (fair friend of life);  
Thy foe, to cross the sweet arts of thy reign,  
Distills from thence the tears of wrath and strife,  
And so turns wine to water back again.

CRASHAW.—Divine Epigram.

The conscious water saw its God, and blushed.

BOSWELL'S Johnson, 1778, chapter lxxv. Croker's edition.

Reach with your whiter hands to me,  
Some crystal of the spring;  
And I about the cup shall see  
Fresh lilies flourishing.  
Or else, sweet nymphs, do you but this,  
To the glass your lips incline;  
And I shall see, by that one kiss,  
The water turn'd to wine.

HERRICK.—*Hesperides to the Water Nymph*, No. 318.

Water, water, everywhere,  
And all the boards did shrink;  
Water, water, everywhere,  
Nor any drop to drink!

COLERIDGE.—*The Ancient Mariner*, Part ii., verse 9.

Unstable as water thou shalt not excel.

GENESIS, chapter xlix., verse 4. (Jacob to Reuben.)

WAY.—As from the wing no scar the sky retains;  
The parted wave no furrow from the keel;  
So dies in human hearts the thought of death.

DR. YOUNG.—*Night i.*, line 430.

The way of an eagle in the air; the way of a ship in the midst of the sea.  
SOLOMON.—*Proverbs*, chapter xxx., verse 19. Without  
making any impression; BACON.—*On Henry VII.*

WEAKEST.—The weakest goes to the wall.

SHAKSPERE.—*Romeo and Juliet*, Act i., scene 1.  
(Gregory to Samson.)

He that of greatest works is finisher,  
Oft does them by the weakest minister;  
So holy writ in babes hath judgment shewn,  
When judges have been babes.

SHAKSPERE.—*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act ii., sc. 1.  
(Helena to the King.)

[See Psalm viii., verse 2; Matthew, chapter xxi., verse 16; 2 Kings, chapter v., verse 3.]

*WEALTH*.—On either side dwells safety and delight;  
Wealth on the left, and power on the right.

COWLEY.—On Somerset House, *see* Cowley's *poetical journey* I

Whose wealth was want.

SPENSER.—The Fairy Queen, Book i., Canto iv., stanza 29.

Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,  
Since riches point to misery and contempt?

SHAKSPERE.—Timon of Athens, Act iv., sc. 2. (Flavius.)

He who covets wealth disdains to wait.

JUVENAL.—Sat. xiv., line 176. (Gifford.)

*WEAR*.—Wear this for me.

SHAKSPERE.—As You Like It, Act i., scene 2.  
(Rosalind to Orlando.)

*WEARINESS*.—Weariness

Can snore upon the flint, when rusty sloth  
Finds the down-pillow hard.

SHAKSPERE.—Cymbeline, Act iii., scene 6. (Belarius.)

*WEAVE*.—Weave the warp, and weave the woof.

GRAY.—The Bard.

Zounds, sir! how came you to be a weaver of stockings?

HOLCROFT.—The Road to Ruin, Act iii., scene 2.

*WEEDS*.—Sweet flowers are slow, and weeds make haste.

SHAKSPERE.—Richard III., Act ii., scene 4.  
(Young York to the Duchess.)

Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow apace.

SHAKSPERE.—Ibid.

*WEEP*.—The fields to all their wonted tribute bear,  
To warm their little loves the birds complain;  
I fruitless mourn to him that cannot hear,  
And weep the more because I weep in vain.

GRAY.—Sonnet on Mr. West; quoted in GILBERT WAKE-  
FIELD'S Life of the Poet.

Weep no more, lady, weep no more,  
Thy sorrowe is in vaine;  
For violets pluckt, the sweetest showers  
Will ne'er make grow againe.

ANONYMOUS.—1 Percy Reliques, Book ii., page 262.  
"The Friar of Orders Grey," and see "The Song of  
Consolation for the Survivors of the Dead," in FLETCH-  
ER'S "Queen of Corinth."

Do not weep, my dear lady; your tears are too precious to shed for me;  
bottle them up, and may the cork never be drawn.

STERNE.—Letter, No. 128.



WEEP.—I have not wept these forty years ; but now  
My mother comes afresh into my eyes :  
I cannot help her softness.

DRYDEN.—All for Love, Act i., scene 1.

We weep and laugh, as we see others do ;  
He only makes me sad who shows the way,  
And first is sad himself.

ROSCOMMON.—Horace, Art of Poetry.

Your looks must alter as your subject does,  
From kind to fierce, from wanton to severe.  
(Or, as Pope has it, " from grave to gay, from lively to severe : ")  
For nature forms, and softens us within,  
And writes our fortune's changes in our face.

ROSCOMMON.—*Supra*.

" Say, what remains when hope is fled ? "  
She answered, " endless weeping ! "

ROGERS.—The Boy of Egremont, line 1.

WELCOME.—A tableful of welcome makes scarce one dainty dish.

SHAKSPERE.—Comedy of Errors, Act iii., scene 1.  
(Antipholus of Ephesus to Balthazar.)

Welcome the coming, speed the going guest.

POPE.—To Bethell, Sat. ii., line 161 ; The Odyssey, Book  
xv., line 84 ; RAMAGE'S Greek Quotations, 299.

To say you are welcome, would be superfluous.

SHAKSPERE.—Pericles, Act ii., scene 3.  
(Simonides to his friends.)

Welcome ever smiles,

And farewell goes out sighing.

SHAKSPERE.—Troilus and Cressida, Act iii., scene 3.  
(Ulysses to Achilles.)

WELL.—Dan Chaucer, Well of English undefiled,  
On fame's eternal bead-roll worthy to be filed.

SPENSER.—Faërie Queen, Book iv., Canto ii., stanza 32.

WENCHES.—I shall find some toys that have been favours,  
And nosegays, and such knacks : for there be wenches.

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.—The Prophetess, Act v., sc. 2.

This gallant pins the wenches on his sleeve ;  
Had he been Adam, he had tempted Eve :  
He can carve too, and lisp.

SHAKSPERE.—Love's Labor's Lost, Act v., scene 2.  
(Biron speaking of Boyet to the King.)

WEPT.—I wept him dead that living honoured me.

GREENE.—A Maiden's Dream, verse 5 from the end.

"WESTMINSTER ABBEY, OR VICTORY!"

NELSON's exclamation on boarding the *San Nicolas*. See his Life.

Sound trumpets!—let our bloody colours wave!—  
And either victory, or else a grave.

SHAKSPERE.—3 Henry VI., Act ii., scene 2.  
(Edward to George of Clarence.)

WEST.—*Olivia*. There lies your way, due west.

Viola. Then westward-ho!  
SHAKSPERE.—Twelfth Night, Act iii., scene 1.

WHAT.—He knew what's what, and that's as high  
As metaphysic wit can fly.

BUTLER.—Hudibras, Part i., Canto i., line 149.

Let ev'ry man enjoy his whim;  
What's he to me, or I to him?

CHURCHILL.—The Ghost, Book iv.

What will Mrs. Grundy say?

MORTON.—Speed the Plough, Act i., scene 1.

What's done cannot be undone.

SHAKSPERE.—Macbeth, Act v., scene 1.  
(Lady Macbeth walking and talking in her sleep.)

Things without all remedy

Should be without regard; what's done is done.

SHAKSPERE.—Macbeth, Act iii., scene 2.  
(Lady Macbeth to her husband.)

What's done cannot be now amended.

SHAKSPERE.—Richard III., Act iv., scene 4.  
(To Queen Elizabeth.)

An evil done is past all cure.

HOMER.—The Iliad, Book ix., line 294. (Earl Derby.)

What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba?

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act ii., scene 2. (After his interview with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.)

What's there in a name;

Propensity to vice in both the same.

CHURCHILL.—The Farewell.

What's in a name? that which we call a rose,  
By any other name would smell as sweet.

SHAKSPERE.—Romeo and Juliet, Act ii., scene 2.  
(Juliet to Romeo.)

Who hath not own'd with rapture-smitten frame,  
The power of grace, the magic of a name?

CAMPBELL.—The Pleasures of Hope, Part ii.

*WHAT.*—She was—but words would fail to tell thee *what* :  
Think what a woman should be, and she was *that*.

ANONYMOUS.

But wouldst thou know what's heav'n ? I'll tell thee what :  
Think what thou canst not think, and Heaven is that.

QUARLES.—Book v., Epig. xiv.

*WHATEVER.*—Of joys I cannot paint, and I am bless'd,  
In all that I conceive, whatever is, the best.

CRABBE.—Tales of the Hall, Book vi.

For forms of government let fools contest ;  
Whatever is best administer'd is best.

POPE.—Essay on Man, Epi. iii., line 303.

*WHEAT and TARES.*—The servants of the householder came, and said  
unto him, Sir, didst thou not sow good seed in thy field ? from whence  
then hath it tares ?

He said unto them, An enemy hath done this. The servants said unto  
him, Wilt thou then that we go and gather them up ?

But he said, Nay ; lest while ye gather up the tares, ye root up also the  
wheat with them.

ST. MATTHEW, chapter xiii., verses 27, 28, 29.

His foes are so enrooted with his friends,  
That, plucking to unfix an enemy,  
He doth unfasten so and shake a friend.

SHAKSPEARE.—2 Henry IV., Act iv., scene 1  
(Archbishop of York to Mowbray.)

*WHERE.*—Hark ! to the hurried question of Despair :  
“ Where is my child ? ”—an echo answers —“ Where ? ”

BYRON.—The Bride of Abydos, Canto ii., stanza 27.

[His lordship has made this quotation from Rogers, in the “Pleasures of Memory,”  
page 47, which, according to a note to Croker's edition of Byron, is as follows : “I came  
to the place of my birth and cried, “the friends of my youth, where are they ? and an  
echo answered, where are they ? ” From Arabic MS.]

*WHIGS.*—The Whigs are all cyphers, and I am the only unit in the  
cabinet which gives a value to them.

FULLER's Holy War, Book i., page 16, chapter x ;  
PLUTARCH's Apophthegms, for a saying of Orontes ;  
BACON's Apophthegms, and a note to the saying in  
Bohn's edition of Bacon's Essays, page 175.

And therefore like a cypher, yet standing in rich place, I must multiply  
with one,—we thank you, many thousands more that go before it.

SHAKSPEARE.—Winter's Tale, Act i., scene 2.  
(Polixenes.)

I look upon the Whigs and Dissenters to be exactly of the same political  
faith.

SWIFT.—*Examiner* No. 40. (Swift's Life by Roscoe.)

*WHIGS*.—There is hardly a Whig in Ireland who would allow a potato and buttermilk to a reputed Tory.

SWIFT.—To Dr. Sheridan. (11th Sept., 1725.)

1. A most fine figure!

2. To prove you a cypher.

SHAKSPERE.—*Love's Labor's Lost*, Act i., scene 2.

*WHIP*.—That mends the gross mistakes of Nature,  
And puts new life into dull matter.

BUTLER.—*Hudibras*, Part ii., Canto i., line 813.

*WHIPS*.—O tear me from the whips and scorns of men!

SHENSTONE.—*Elegy* xx., verse 12.

There's the respect

That makes calamity of so long life:

For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,

The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,

The pangs of dispriz'd love, the law's delay,

The insolence of office, and the spurns

That patient merit of the unworthy takes,

When he himself might his quietus make

With a bare bodkin?

SHAKSPERE.—*Hamlet*, Act iii., scene 1.

(His famous Soliloquy.) See "Fardels."

*WHISPERS*.—Whispers that, tinged with friendship, doubly wound;  
Pity, that injures; and concern, that kills.

SHENSTONE.—*Elegy* xxiii., verse 18.

Cut men's throats with whisperings.

BEN JONSON.—*Sejanus*, Act i., scene 1.

*WHISTLE*.—Hear the shrill whistle, which doth order give  
To sounds confused.

SHAKSPERE.—*Henry V.*, Chorus to Act iii.

Their whistling noise made the birds aghast.

SHELLEY.—*The Sensitive Plant*.

He trudged along, unknowing what he sought,

And whistled as he went for want of thought.

DRYDEN.—*Cymon and Iphigenia*.

*WHY*.—Whatever sceptic could inquire for,

For every why he had a wherefore.

BUTLER.—*Hudibras*, Part i., Canto i., line 131.

The why is plain as way to parish church.

SHAKSPERE.—*As You Like It*, Act ii., scene 7.  
(Jaques to Duke S.)

*WIDOW*.—Widows are a study you will never be any proficient in.

FIELDING.—*Love in Several Masques*, Act iv., scene 9.

WIDOW.—And, widow, as I say, be your own friend ;  
Your husband left you wealthy, ay, and wise ;  
Continue so, sweet duck—continue so !

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.—The Scornful Lady, Act i.,  
scene 3.

She—

Presents her weed, well fancied, at the ball,  
And raffles for the death's-head on the ring.

DR. YOUNG.—Night v., line 581.

A death's face in a ring.

SHAKSPERE.—Love's Labor's Lost, Act v., scene 2.  
(Biron to Domain.)

WIFE.—I will fasten on this sleeve of thine :  
Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine.

SHAKSPERE.—Comedy of Errors, Act ii., scene 2. (Adri-  
ana.) So, MOLIERE—Sganarelle i., 2. (Ramage's  
Thoughts from the French, page 137.)

So all those false alarms of strife  
Between the husband and the wife,  
And little quarrels often prove  
To be but new recruits of love.

BUTLER.—Hudibras, Part iii., Canto i., line 903.

Body and soul, like peevish man and wife,  
United jar, and yet are loth to part.

DR. YOUNG.—Night ii., line 175.

Who seeks secure to rule, be first her care  
Each softer virtue that adorns the fair ;  
Each tender passion man delights to find  
The loved perfections of a female mind !

COLLINS.—Eclogue i., line 39. (Selim.)

What is there in the vale of life  
Half so delightful as a wife ;  
When friendship, love, and peace combine  
To stamp the marriage-bond divine ?

COWPER.—Love Absurd, line 1.

When fondly welcom'd to th' accustomed seat,  
In sweet complacence wife and husband meet,  
Look mutual pleasure, mutual purpose share,  
Repose from labours, but unite in care.

BISHOP.—Domestic Happiness.

Come hither, gentle mistress ;

Do you perceive in all this noble company  
Where most you owe obedience ?

SHAKSPERE.—Othello, Act i., scene 3.  
(Brabantio to his Daughter.)



*WIFE*.—If she be not honest, chaste, and true,  
There's no man happy.

SHAKSPERE.—Othello, Act iv., scene 2.  
(Emilia to Othello.)

Thy wife is a constellation of virtues; she's the moon, and thou art the man in the moon.

CONGREVE.—Love in Love, Act ii., scene 6.

You are my true and honourable wife.

SHAKSPERE.—Julius Cæsar, Act ii., scene 1.  
(Brutus to Portia.)

The wife of Pompey cannot live conceal'd.

ROWE.—Lucan's Pharsalia, Book v., line 1139.

All other goods by Fortune's hand are given,

A wife is the peculiar gift of heaven.

POPE.—January and May, from Chaucer, line 51.

But, of all the plagues, the greatest is untold;

The book-learn'd wife in Greek and Latin bold.

JUVENAL.—Sat. vi. (Dryden.)

The man of law is nonpluss'd in his suit;

Nay, every other female tongue is mute.

Hammers and beating anvils, you would swear,

And Vulcan with his whole militia there.

JUVENAL.—Ibid.

When poor, she's scarce a tolerable evil;

But rich and fine, a wife's a very devil.

JUVENAL.—Ibid.

I know no business women have with learning;

I scorn, I hate, the mole-eyed half discerning;

Their wit but serves a husband's heart to rack,

And makes eternal horsewhips for his back.

PETER PINDAR.—Bozzi and Piozzi, Eclo. Part ii.

Thou poor man's encumbrance, thou rake of a wife,

At length put an end to this infamous life.

FRANCIS' Horace.—Book iii., Ode 15, line 1.

Wife's pleasure causes husband's pain.

PRIOR.—Hans Carvel.

You made me a wife for which I am much obliged to you; and if you have a wish to make me more grateful still, make me a widow.

SHERIDAN.—See his Life, by G. G. S., page 57.  
(Bohn, 1857.)

Though, by wishing to part with your wife, you seem to have a spare-rib already—Bless my soul, that it should fall to my lot to pun upon pork-chops!—DIBDIN.—The Jew and the Doctor, Act ii., scene 1.

WIG.— The dowry of a second head,  
The skull that bred them in the sepulchre.

SHAKSPERE.—Merchant of Venice, Act iii., scene 2.  
(Bassanio commenting on the Caskets.)

WILL.—My will is something sorted with his wish :  
Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed ;  
For what I will, I will, and there an end.

SHAKSPERE.—Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act i., scene 3.

[Antonio to Proteus on hearing from him that Valentine desired his presence at the Emperor's court.]

He that will not when he may,  
When he will, he shall have nay.

BURTON.—Anat. of Melancholy, Part ii., Sect. 2. Memb.  
5. Subject 5.

She that will not when she may,  
When she will, she shall have nay.

MURPHY.—The Upholsterer, Act ii.

He that would not when he might,  
He shall not when he wold-a.

PERCY, Reliques, Vol. ii. The Baffled Knight.

He that complies against his will,  
Is of his own opinion still ;  
Which he may adhere to, yet disown,  
For reasons to himself best known.

BUTLER.—Hudibras, Part iii., Canto iii., line 547.

She can't help her temper ; and, if she complies against her will, you  
know it is the more obliging in her.

FIELDING.—The Different Husbands, Act i., scene 1.

In idle wishes fools supinely stay,  
Be there a will, and wisdom finds a way.

CRABBE.—The Birth of Flattery.

And binding nature fast in fate,  
Left free the human will.

POPE.—Universal Prayer, verse 3.

WIN.—The man who seeks to win the fair,  
(So custom says,) must truth forbear ;  
Must fawn and flatter, cringe and lie,  
And raise the goddess to the sky.

ED. MOORE.—Fable 2.

That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,  
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

SHAKSPERE.—Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act iii., sc. 1.  
(Valentine to the Duke.)

*WIND*.—The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,  
And you are stay'd for.

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act i., scene 3.  
(Polonius to his Son.)

Ill blows the wind that profits nobody.

SHAKSPERE.—3 Henry VI., Act ii., scene 5.  
(A Son who has killed his Father.)

Now sits the wind fair, and we will aboard.

SHAKSPERE.—Henry V., Act ii., scene 2.  
(The King to his Suite.)

While rocking winds are piping loud.

MILTON.—Il Penseroso, line 126.

The wind,

A sightless laborer, whistles at his work.

WORDSWORTH.—The Excursion, Book iv., page 143.

Blow, wind! come, wrack!

At least we'll die with harness on our back.

SHAKSPERE.—Macbeth, Act v., scene 5.

(On hearing that the Wood was moving towards Dun-  
sinane.)

What wind hath blown him hither?

MILTON.—Samson Agonistes.

He rode upon the cherubims, and did fly; he came flying upon the wings  
of the wind.

PSALM xviii., verse 10.

And maketh the clouds his chariot, and walketh upon the wings of the  
wind.

PSALM ci., verse 3.

And, pleased th' Almighty orders to perform,  
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.

ADDISON.—The Campaign; POPE, the Dunciad, Book iii.,  
line 263; Essay on Man, Epi. ii., line 110.

Almighty power upon the whirlwind rode,  
And every blast proclaim'd aloud,  
There is, there is, there is a God.

DEFOE.—The Storm.

What wind blew you hither, Pistol?

Not the ill wind which blows none to good.

SHAKSPERE.—2 Henry IV., Act v., scene 3.  
(Falstaff to him.)

Blow, winds, and crack your cheek! rage! blow!

SHAKSPERE.—King Lear, Act iii., scene 2.  
(Lear on the Heath with the Fool.)

WIND.—Breathe soft, ye winds ! ye waves, in silence sleep.  
 GAY.—Epi. i.

WINDOWS.—Rich windows that exclude the light,  
 And passages that lead to nothing.  
 GRAY.—A Long Story.

And storied windows richly dight,  
 Casting a dim religious light.  
 MILTON.—*Il Penseroso*, line 159.

Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes.  
 SHAKSPERE.—*Richard III.*, Act v., scene 3.  
 (Richmond on retiring to sleep.)

Thy eyes' windows fall,  
 Like death, when he shuts up the day of life.  
 SHAKSPERE.—*Romeo and Juliet*, Act iv., scene 1.  
 (The Friar to Juliet.)

Her two blue windows faintly she upheaveth.  
 SHAKSPERE.—*Venus and Adonis*, verse 81.

Mistress, look on me,  
 Behold the window of mine heart, mine eye,  
 What humble suit attends thy answer there ?  
 SHAKSPERE.—*Love's Labor's Lost*, Act v., scene 2.  
 (Biron to Maria.)

Windows of her mind.  
 CHALKHILL.—*The Dwelling of Orandra*.

It is the soul itself which sees and hears, and not those parts which are,  
 as it were, but windows to the soul.  
 YONGE'S Cicero.—*Tusculan Disp.*, Book i., div. 20.

WINE.—O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be  
 known by, let us call thee devil !  
 SHAKSPERE.—*Othello*, Act ii., scene 3.  
 (Cassio to Iago.)

What cannot wine perform ? It brings to light  
 The secret soul ; it bids the coward fight ;  
 Gives being to our hopes, and from our hearts  
 Drives the dull sorrow, and inspires new arts.  
 Is there a wretch whom bumpers have not taught  
 A flow of words, a loftiness of thought ?  
 Even in th' oppressive grasp of poverty  
 It can enlarge, and bid the soul be free.  
 FRANCIS' Horace, Book i., Epi. v., line 23.

The good mead did its good office soon.  
 SOUTHEY.—*Madoc*, Stanza 4., Part ii.

*WINE*.—Wine makes Love forget its care,  
And Mirth exalts a feast.

PARNELL.—Anacreontic, versè 2.

*In vino veritas*; there is truth in wine.

BUCKLEY's Theocritus, page 152, quoting Erasmus.

Wine and Truth, is the saying.

BUCKLEY.—*Supra*.

Wine with pellucid glass around it.

SOUTHEY.—From a translation of the *Hirias* by Mr. Owen. (Madoc, Part ii., in notes, page 139, Ed. 1807.)

*WINGS*.—O that I had wings like a dove! for then would I fly away,  
and be at rest.

PSALM lv., versè 6.

I would I could become your buzzing bee, and so enter into your cave,  
penetrating the ivy and the fern with which you are covered in.

BANKS's Theocritus, page 18, idyll 3.

*WINTER*.—When great leaves fall, then winter is it hand.

SHAKSPERE.—Richard III., Act ii., scene 3.

(Third Citizen.)

No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,  
But winter, lingering, chills the lap of May.

GOLDSMITH.—The Traveller, line 171.

Then winter's time-bleach'd locks did hoary show,  
By hospitality with cloudless brow.

BURNS.—Brig of Ayr.

See, Winter comes to rule the varied year,  
Sullen and sad, with all his rising train,  
Vapours, and clouds, and storms.

THOMSON.—Winter, line 1.

Behold, fond man!

See here thy pictured life; pass some few years,  
Thy flowering spring, thy summer's ardent strength,  
Thy sober autumn, fading into age,  
And pale concluding winter comes at last,  
And shuts the scene.

THOMSON.—Line 1028.

And bids old Winter lay her honours down.

DR. YOUNG.—The Last Day, Book ii., line 336.

Will spring return,

And birds and lambs again be gay,  
And blossoms clothe the hawthorn spray?  
Yes, prattlers—yes!

SCOTT.—Introduction to Marmion.



**WISDOM.**—Wisdom is the only thing which can relieve us from the sway of the passions and the fear of danger, and which can teach us to bear the injuries of fortune itself with moderation, and which shows us all the ways which lead to tranquillity and peace.

YONGE'S Cicero.—De Finibus, Book i., division 14.

PROVERBS, chapters vii. and ix.

Wisdom is oft concealed in mean attire.

CÆCILIUS.—Yonge, *supra*.

Full oft we see

Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.

SHAKSPERE.—All's Well that Ends Well, Act i., sc. 1.

(Helena, as Parolles enters.)

Folly clapp'd her hands, and Wisdom stared.

CHURCHILL.—The Rosciad, line 68.

So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

PSALM xc., verse 12.

Teach me my days to number, and apply

My trembling heart to wisdom.

DR. YOUNG.—Night ix., line 1314.

Go, wiser thou! and in thy scale of sense,

Weigh thy opinion against Providence.

POPE.—Essay on Man, Epi. i., line 113.

Say not thou, What is the cause that the former days were better than these? for thou dost not inquire wise concerning this.

SOLOMON.—Ecclesiastes, chapter vii., verse 10.

Vain man would trace the mystic maze

With foolish wisdom, arguing, charge his God,

His balance hold, and guide his angry rod,

New-mould the spheres, and mend the skies' design,

And sound th' immense with his short scanty line.

Do thou, my soul, the destined period wait,

When God shall solve the dark decrees of fate,

His now unequal dispensation clear,

And make all wise and beautiful appear.

TICKELL.—Thoughts on King Charles's Picture.

All human wisdom to divine is folly;

This truth, the wisest man made melancholy.

DENHAM.—Progress of Learning.

How ill agree the views of vain mankind,

And the wise counsels of th' eternal mind!

POPE.—The Iliad, Book x., line 116.

*WISDOM*.—Thy form benign, O goddess ! wear,

Thy milder influence impart,  
Thy philosophic train be there,  
To soften, not to wound my heart :

The generous spark extinct revive ;  
Teach me to love and to forgive ;  
Exact my own defects to scan ;  
What others are to feel, and know myself a man.

GRAY.—Hymn to Adversity, verse 6.

Wisdom begins at the end ; remember it.

WEBSTER.—The Duchess of Malfi, Act i., scene 1.

(Duchess, Cardinal, and Coriola.)

*WISE*.—Too wise to err, too good to be unkind,

Are all the movements of the eternal mind.

EAST.

[The Rev. John East of St. Michael's Church, Bath, quoted by the late Miss Emma Parr, in a small volume entitled "Thoughts of Peace." Mr. East published a volume of poems and several other works, but I have been unable to ascertain in which of them it is to be found ; it is not in his "Songs of my Pilgrimage." In Sermon iii., on the "Plan of Human Redemption," Dr. Adam Clarke introduces his observations upon his text with the three following propositions, which he says have acquired the power of incontrovertible axioms among religious people: 1. God is too wise to err. 2. He is too holy to do wrong. 3. He is too good to be unkind.]

Remark what I, God's messenger, aver

From Him, who neither can deceive nor err.

PRIOR.—Solomon, Book iii., line 849. HORNE on the  
Psalms of David, Psalm cxix., verse 43.

Be still, then, thou uneasy mortal ; know that God is unerringly wise ;  
and be assured that, amidst the greatest multiplicity of beings, he  
does not overlook thee.

HERVEY.—Meditations on a Flower Garden.

I trace a hand that errs not, and find raptures still renew'd.

COWPER.—The Task, Book iii., line 722.

Be wise to-day ; 'tis madness to defer.

DR. YOUNG.—Night i., line 390.

The neighbours stared and sigh'd, yet bless'd the lad :  
Some deem'd him wondrous wise, and some believed him mad.

BEATTIE.—The Minstrel, verse 16, line 8.

So wise, so young, they say, do never live long.

SHAKSPERE.—Richard III., Act iii., scene 1.

Wise men applaud us when we eat the eaters,  
As the devil laughs when keen folks cheat the cheaters.

SCOTT.—Peveril of the Peak, chapter xxxviii.

Fearfully wise, he shakes his empty head,  
And deals out empires as he deals out thread.

CHURCHILL.—Night.

WISH.—What ardently we wish, we soon believe.

DR. YOUNG.—Night vii., Part ii., line 1311.

COWPER.—On his Mother's Picture, line 38.

1. I never thought to hear you speak again.

2. Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought.

SHAKSPERE.—2 Henry IV., Act iv., scene 4. (The King to his Son, who had his father's crown on his head.)

Thy ominous tongue gives utterance to thy wish.

RAMAGE Gk. authors.—P. 10, from Æschylus; and again page 104, from Arrianus.

Men's thoughts are much according to their inclination.

BACON.—Essay xxxix., of Custom.

The wish, that of the living whole

No life may fail beyond the grave,

Derives it not from what we have

The likest God within the soul.

TENNYSON.—In Memoriam, liv., verse 1.

I falter where I firmly trod,

And falling with my weight of cares

Upon the great world's altar stairs

That slope through darkness up to God.

IBID.—Verse 4.

I stretch lame hands of faith and grope—

And faintly trust the larger hope.

IBID.—Verse 5.

I know no more.

IBID, lv., verse 2.

Two Herveys had a mutual wish

To please in separate stations;

The one invented "Sauce for Fish,"

The other "Meditations."

Each has his pungent powers applied

To aid the dead and dying;

*That* relishes a *sole* when fried,

*This* saves a *soul* from frying.

ANONYMOUS.

I've often wish'd that I had clear,

For life, six hundred pounds a-year.

A handsome house to lodge a friend,

A river at my garden's end,

A terrace walk, and half a rood

Of land set out to plant a wood.

SWIFT.—Horace, Sat. vi., Book ii.

*WISH.*—What all men wish'd, though few could hope to see,  
We are now bless'd with, and obliged by thee.

*WALLER.*—To Mr. Creech.

Wishing, of all employments, is the worst,  
Philosophy's reverse; and health's decay!

*DR. YOUNG.*—Night iv., line 71.

Thy fickle wish is ever on the wing.

*DR. YOUNG.*—Night viii., line 917.

Fate wings with every wish the afflictive dart,  
Each gift of nature, and each grace of art.

*JOHNSON.*—The Vanity of Human Wishes, line 15.

*WIT.*—*Pro.* Beshrew me, but you have a quick wit.

*Speed.* And yet cannot overtake your slow purse.

*SHAKSPERE.*—Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act i., scene 1.

I shall ne'er be 'ware of mine own wit till I break my shins against it.

*SHAKSPERE.*—As You Like It, Act ii., scene 4.

(Touchstone to Rosalind.)

Wit now and then, struck smartly, shows a spark.

*COWPER.*—Table Talk, line 665.

What though wit tickles, tickling is unsafe,  
If still 'tis painful while it makes us laugh;  
Who, for the poor renown of being smart,  
Would leave a sting within a brother's heart?

*DR. YOUNG.*—Sat. ii., line iii.

Whose wit in the combat, as gentle as bright,  
Ne'er carried a heart-stain away on its blade.

*THOS. MOORE.*—Lines on Sheridan, Vol. vii., v., xi.

I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men.

*SHAKSPERE.*—2 Henry IV., Act 1., scene 2. (Falstaff.)

Such short-lived wits do wither as they grow.

*SHAKSPERE.*—Love's Labor's Lost, Act ii., scene 1.

(The Princess to Maria.)

A perfect judge will read each work of wit

With the same spirit that its author writ.

*POPE.*—On Criticism, Part ii., line 233.

Beauty that shocks you, parts that none will trust,  
Wit that can creep and pride that licks the dust.

*POPE.*—Prologue to Sat., line 332.

It is meat and drink to me to see a clown: By my troth, we that have  
good wits have much to answer for.

*SHAKSPERE.*—As You Like It, Act v., scene 1.  
(Touchstone.)

WIT.—We grant, although he had much wit,  
He was very shy of using it,  
As being loth to wear it out,  
And therefore bore it not about,  
Unless on holidays or so,  
As men their best apparel do.

BUTLER.—Hudibras, Part i., Canto i., line 45.

Wit and genius pass often amidst us without being unpacked, as Montesquieu says.

CHATEAUBRIAND. [See Ramage's Beautiful Thoughts from the French, page 66.]

One wit like a knuckle of ham in soup, gives a zest and flavour to the dish, but more than one serves only to spoil the pottage.

SMOLLETT.—Melford to Sir Watkin Phillips, June 5,  
Humphrey Clinker.

Some, to whom Heaven in wit has been profuse,  
Wants as much more to turn it to its use.

POPE.—On Criticism, line 80.

True wit is nature to advantage dress'd  
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd.

POPE.—Ibid., line 297.

Wit and judgment often are at strife,  
Though meant each other's aid, like man and wife.

POPE.—Ibid., line 82.

I am a fool, I know it: And yet, Heaven help me! I'm poor enough to be a wit.

CONGREVE.—Love for Love, Act i., scene 1.

We six now were all at supper, all in good-humour. *Champaign* was the word, and wit flew about the room like a pack of losing cards.

COLLEY CIBBER.—Love Makes a Man, Act i.

Wit is the most rascally, contemptible, beggarly thing on the face of the earth.

MURPHY.—The Apprentice, Act i.

Quick and fine-witted.

SIR THOMAS MORE.—Utopio, page 118.

[A happy phrase (says Sir James Mackintosh) lost to the language except on familiar occasions, or by a master in the art of combining words. See his *Life of More*, 437.]

Wit's last edition is now i'th press.

VAUGHAN.—Apostrophe to Fletcher.

Great wits are sure to madness near allied,  
And thin partitions do their bounds divide.

DRYDEN.—Absalom and Achitophel, Part i., line 163.

I've search'd records and cannot find that Magna Charta does allow a subject to live by his wits; there is no statute for it.

SIR WM. D'AVENANT.—The Wits, Act iv., scene 1.



*WITCHING*.—It draws near to witching time of night.

*BLAIR*.—The GRAVE, line 55.

'Tis now the very witching time of night :  
When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes out  
Contagion to this world.

*SHAKSPERE*.—Hamlet, Act iii., scene 2. (Hamlet alone.)

*WITHERED*.—And fade away suddenly like the grass.  
In the morning it is green and groweth up ;  
But in the evening it is cut down, dried up, and withered.

*PSALM xc.*, verses 5, 6.

For a short season have I been like a summer plant ; suddenly have I  
sprung up, suddenly have I withered.

*RILEY*'s Plautus.—The Pseudolus, Act i., sc. 1., page 258.

*WITHOUT*.—Without our hopes, without our fears,  
Without the home that plighted love endears,  
Without the smile from partial beauty won,  
Oh ! what were man ?—a world without a sun.

*CAMPBELL*.—Pleasures of Hope, Part ii., line 24.

What is life when wanting love ?

*BURNS*.—Nancy, verse 4.

*WITNESS*.—One eye-witness weighs more than ten hear says, seeing is  
believing all the world over.

*PLAUTUS*.—Truculentus, Act ii., scene 2.

*WOE*.—Woe unto you when all men speak well of you.

*ST. LUKE*, chapter vi., verse 26.

Gayer insects fluttering by  
Ne'er drop the wing o'er those that die,  
And lovelier things have mercy shown  
To every failing but their own,  
And every woe a tear can claim,  
Except an erring sister's shame.

*BYRON*.—The Giaour, line 418.

The graceful tear that streams for other's woes.

*AKENSIDE*.—Pleasures of Imagination, Book i., line 6.

He scorn'd his own, who felt another's woe.

*CAMPBELL*.—Gertrude of Wyoming, Part i., verse 24.

Yet, taught by time, my heart has learn'd to glow  
For others' good, and melt at others' woe.

*POPE*.—The Odyssey, Book xviii., line 269.

[This idea is from the Greek Euripides, Dr. Ramage, 48.]

What sorrow was thou bad'st her know,  
And from her own she learn'd to melt at others' woe.

*GRAY*.—Hymn to Adversity.

*WOE*.—He was no sculptured form of woe.

HEMANS.—Tale of the Fourteenth Century.

The tame spectator of another's woe.

HOOLE'S *Metastasio*.—Demophoon, Act i., scene 1.

Woes cluster ; rare are solitary woes :

They love a train, they tread each other's heel.

DR. YOUNG.—Night iii., line 63.

An Iliad of woes.—GREEK PROVERB.—Riley's Class. Dict. 538.

It becomes one, while exempt from woes, to look to the dangers.

SOPHOCLES.—See the play of *Philoctetes* in Buckley's Transl., 303.

*WOLF*.—The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid ; and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together. —ISAIAH, chapter xi., verse 6.

The lion there did with the lamb consort,

And eke the dove sate by the falcon's side ;

Ne each of other feared fraud or tort,

But din in safe security abide.

SPENSER.—*Fairy Queen*, Book iv., Canto viii.

*WOMAN*.—Seek to be good but aim not to be great :

A woman's noblest station is retreat.

LYTTLETON.—Advice to a Lady, 1731.

Woman is the lesser man.

TENNYSON.—*Locksley Hall*, stanza 76.

For nothing lovelier can be found

In woman, than to study household good,

And good works in her husband to promote.

MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, Book ix., line 232.

We hold our greyhound in our hand,

Our falcon on our glove ;

But where shall we find leash or band

For dame that loves to rove.

SCOTT.—*Marmion*, Canto i., stanza 17.

Nor did woman—oh woman ! whose form and whose soul

Are the spell and the light of each path we pursue ;

Whether sunn'd in the tropics or chill'd at the pole,

If woman be there, there is happiness too.

TOM MOORE.—On leaving Philadelphia, Vol. ii., v. 5.

Her courteous looks, her words caressing,

Shed comfort on the fainting soul ;

Woman's the stranger's general blessing

From Sultry India to the Pole !

LEDYARD.

*WOMAN.*—If the heart of a man is depress'd with cares,  
The mist is dispell'd when a woman appears.

*GAY.*—*The Beggar's Opera*, Act ii., scene 1.

What's a table richly spread,  
Without a woman at it's head?

*T. WHARTON.*—*Progress of Discontent*, line 39.

The world was sad, the garden was a wild,  
And man the hermit sigh'd till woman smiled.

*CAMPBELL.*—*Pleasures of Hope*, Part ii.

O woman ! lovely woman ! nature made thee  
To temper man : we had been brutes without you !

*OTWAY.*—*Venice Preserved*, Act i., scene 1.

I'll shew you a sight that you'll fancy uncommon,  
Wit, beauty, and goodness, all met in a woman ;  
A heart to no folly or mischief inclined,  
A body all grace, and all sweetness a mind.

*ED. MOORE.*—*Envy and Fortune*.

A perfect woman, nobly plann'd  
To warn, to comfort, and command.

*WORDSWORTH.*—*Phantom of Delight*.

O woman ! in our hours of ease  
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,  
And variable as the shade  
By the light quivering aspen made ;  
When pain and anguish wring the brow,  
A ministering angel thou !

*SCOTT.*—*Marmion*, Canto vi., stanza 30.

When lovely woman stoops to folly,  
And finds too late that men betray,  
What charms can soothe her melancholy,  
What art can wash her guilt away ?

*GOLDSMITH.*—*Vicar of Wakefield*. (*Olivia's Song*.)

In her first passion, woman loves her lover ;  
In all the others, all she loves is love.

*BYRON.*—*Don Juan*, Canto iii., stanza 3.

Were you, ye fair, but cautious whom ye trust,  
Did you but think how seldom fools are just ;  
So many of your sex would not in vain,  
Of broken vows, and faithless men complain.

*ROWE.*—*The Fair Penitent*, Act ii., scene 1.

When love once pleads admission to our hearts,  
In spite of all the virtues we can boast,  
The woman that deliberates is lost.

*ADDISON.*—*Cato*, Act iv.

WOMAN.—Virtue is arbitrary, nor admits debate :  
To doubt is treason in her rigid court ;  
But if ye parley with the foe you're lost.

LILLO.—Arden of Fevershire, Act iii.

All our powers had been injured by sin from the first hour, when we  
parleyed with the tempter in Eden.

REV. W. J. IRONS, D.D. (Miracles of Christ, 2nd  
Series, Sermon 18, page 139.)

Thou shalt not depart with impunity, nor shalt thou return to Caneus :  
and by experience shalt thou learn what one slighted, what one in  
love, what a woman, can do.

RILEY'S Ovid, Meta., Book xiv., page 497.

What will not woman, gentle women dare,  
When strong affection stirs her spirit up ?

SOUTHEY.—Madoc, Vol i., Part ii., page 186.

Where is the man who has the power and skill  
To stem the torrent of a woman's will ?  
For if she will, she will, you may depend on't,  
And if she wont, she won't, and there's an end on't.

ANONYMOUS.—3 Notes and Queries, 285, said to be on a  
Pillar in the Dungeon Field, Canterbury.

Heav'n has no rage like love to hatred turn'd,  
Nor hell a fury like a woman scorn'd.

CONGREVE.—Mourning Bride, Act iii., scene 8.

He is a fool, who thinks by force or skill  
To turn the current of a woman's will.

TUKE.—The Adventures of Five Hours, Act v., scene 3.

And first a woman will or won't—depend on't :  
If she will do't, she *will* :—and there's an end on't.

AARON HILL.—Epilogue to Zara.

Disguise our bondage as we will,  
'Tis woman, woman rules us still.

TOM MOORE.—Sovereign Woman, Vol. ix., page 414.

I know the ways of women. When you will they won't : and when  
you won't they're dying for you.

TERENCE.—Eunuchus, iv., 7, 42. (Dr. Ramage.)

The man that lays his hand upon a woman,  
Save in the way of kindness, is a wretch,  
Whom 'twere gross flattery to name a coward.

TOBIN.—The Honey Moon, Act ii., scene 1.

How sweetly sounds the voice of a good woman !  
It is so seldom heard, that when it speaks,  
It ravishes all senses.

MASSINGER.—The Old Law. Act iv., scene 2.

WOMAN.—Three things a wise man will not trust,  
The wind, the sunshine of an April day,  
And woman's plighted faith.

SOUTHEY.—Madoc, stanza 23.

Trust not a woman even when she is dead.

BUCKLEY.—Dict. Class. Quot., 533.

[In allusion to the stepmother whose corpse fell upon her stepson and killed him.]

Ye stepsons flee even the tomb of a stepmother.

CALLIMACHUS.—Epigram 7.

A woman's honour is her safest guard.

TOBIN.—The Honey Moon, Act ii., scene 1.

A cunning woman is a knavish fool.

LYTTLETON.—Advice to a Lady, 1731, line 40.

Woman's at best a contradiction still.

POPE.—Moral Essays, Epi. ii., To a Lady, line 270.

Let a man who wants to find abundance of employment, procure a woman and a ship; for no two things do produce more trouble if you begin to equip them; neither are these two things ever equipped enough, nor is the largest amount of equipment sufficient for them.

PLAUTUS.—Penulus, Act i., scene 2.

'Tis not her air, for sure in that  
There's nothing more than common;  
And all her sense is only chat,  
Like any other woman.

WHITEHEAD.—A Song.

But what is woman?—only one of  
Nature's agreeable blunders.

MRS. COWLEY.—Who's the Dupe, Act ii., scene 2.

A woman is like to—but stay,  
What a woman is like, who can say?  
There's no living with, or without one,  
She's like nothing on earth but a woman.

HOARE.—Lock and Key, Act i., scene 2.

From "*Merry Wives of Windsor*."—SHAKSPERE:

She has brown hair, and speaks small like a woman.—i., 1.

I never knew a woman so dote upon a man.—ii., 2.

She's a very tattling woman.—iii., 3.

A woman would run through fire and water for such a kind heart.—iii., 4.

To build upon a foolish woman's promise.—iii., 5.

From "*Two Gentlemen of Verona*."—SHAKSPERE:

I have no other but a woman's reason:

I think him so because I think him so.—i., 2.



WOMAN.—Dumb jewels often in their silent kind  
 More than quick words do move a woman's mind.—iii., 1.  
 A woman sometimes scorns what best contents her.—iii., 1.  
 That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,  
 If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.—iii., 1.  
 Nor who 'tis I love ; and yet 'tis a woman ; but what woman,  
 I will not tell myself.—iii., 1.  
 To be slow in words is a woman's only virtue.—iii., 1.  
 He bears an honourable mind,  
 And will not use a woman lawlessly.—v., 3.

Be that you are,  
 That is, a woman.

SHAKSPERE.—Measure for Measure, Act ii., scene 4.

I am an ass,  
 I am a woman's man and beside myself.

SHAKSPERE.—Comedy of Errors, Act iii., scene 2.

The venom clamours of a jealous woman  
 Poisons more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.

SHAKSPERE.—Comedy of Errors, Act v., scene 1.

From "*Much Ado About Nothing*."—SHAKSPERE :

Such a man would win any woman in the world, if a' could get her  
 good-will.—ii., 1.

Would it not grieve a woman to be overmastered with a piece of valiant  
 dust ?—ii., 1.

Till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace.  
 —ii., 3.

Nature never framed a woman's heart  
 Of prouder stuff.—iii., 1.

If he be not in love with some woman, there is no believing old signs.—  
 iii., 2.

From "*Love's Labor's Lost*."—SHAKSPERE :

A female ; or, for thy more sweet understanding, a woman.—i., 1.

A woman, that is like a German clock,  
 Still a-repairing, ever out of frame.—iii., 1.

Have found the ground of study's excellence  
 Without the beauty of a woman's face.—iv., 3.

Where is any author in the world  
 Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye ?—iv., 3.

This is the woman, but not this the man.

SHAKSPERE.—Midsummer Night's Dream, Act iii., sc. 2.

From "*Merchant of Venice*."—SHAKSPERE :

WOMAN.—Being an honest man's son, or rather an honest woman's son.—ii., 2.

Well, if Fortune be a woman, she's a good wench.—ii., 2.

If my gossip

Report be an honest woman of her word.—iii., 1.

From "*As You Like It*."—SHAKSPERE :

Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I must speak.—iii., 2.

I thank God I am not a woman, to be touched with so many giddy offences.—iii., 2.

A thousand times a properer man

Than she a woman.—iii., 5.

Certainly a woman's thought runs before her actions.—iv., 1.

Make the doors upon a woman's wit and it will out at the casement.—iv., 1.

O, that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion.—iv., 1.

It is no dishonest desire to desire to be a woman of the world.—v., 3.

From "*Taming of the Shrew*."—SHAKSPERE :

Far more beautiful

Than any woman in his waning age.—Induc. 2.

Thou knowest, winter tames man, woman, and beast.—iv., 1.

A woman moved is like a fountain troubled,  
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty.—v., 2.

Such duty as the subject owes the prince

Even such a woman oweth to her husband.—v., 2.

From "*Twelfth Night*."—SHAKSPERE :

As the maiden's organ, shrill and sound,

And all is semblative a woman's part.—i., 4.

Let still the woman take

An elder than herself.—ii., 4.

No woman's heart

So big, to hold so much; they lack retention.—ii., 4.

My father had a daughter loved a man,

As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman.—ii., 4.

I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth,

And that no woman has.—iii., 1.

Thou hast said to me a thousand times

Thou never shouldst love a woman like me.—v., 1.

From "*Winter's Tale*."—SHAKSPERE :

WOMAN.—Every dram of woman's flesh is false,

If she be.—ii., 1.

The office

Becomes a woman best ;

I'll take 't upon me.—ii., 2.

Alas ! I have showed too much

The rashness of a woman.—iii., 2.

He hath songs for man or woman, of all sizes.—iv., 4.

It was thought she was a woman and was turned into a cold fish.—iv., 4.

For whose sight I have a woman's longing.—iv., 4.

Or from the all that are took something good,

To make a perfect woman.—v., 1.

Women will love her, that she is a woman

More worth than any man.—v., 1.

From "*King John*."—SHAKSPERE :

He that perforce robs lions of their hearts

May easily win a woman's.—i., 1.

A wicked will ;

A woman's will ; a cankered grandam's will !—ii., 1.

A widow, husbandless, subject to fears,

A woman, naturally born to fears.—iii., 1.

'Tis not the trial of a woman's war,

The bitter clamour of two eager tongues.

SHAKSPERE.—Richard II., Act i., scene 1.

Constant you are,

But yet a woman.

SHAKSPERE.—1 Henry IV., Act ii., scene 3.

From "*Henry IV., Part Two*."—SHAKSPERE :

He will spare neither man, woman, nor child.—ii., 1.

A hundred mark is long one for a poor lone woman to bear.—ii., 1.

Practiced upon the easy-yielding spirit of this woman.—ii., 1.

Says he, "you are an honest woman, and well thought on"—ii., 4.

She is a woman, therefore to be won.

SHAKSPERE.—1 Henry VI., Act v., scene 3.

From "*Henry VI., Part Two*."—SHAKSPERE :

Art thou not second woman in the realm ?—i., 2.

Being a woman, I will not be slack

To play my part.—i., 2.

I have heard her reported to be a woman of an invincible spirit.—i., 4.

WOMAN.—O tiger's heart wrapt in a woman's hide!

SHAKSPERE.—3 Henry VI., Act i., scene 4.

She's a woman to be pitied much :

Her sighs will make a battery in his breast.

SHAKSPERE.—Ibid., Act iii.; scene 1.

Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman.

SHAKSPERE.—Richard III., Act i., scene 2.

Was ever woman in this humour wooed ?

Was ever woman in this humour won ?

SHAKSPERE.—Ibid.

From "*Henry VIII.*"—SHAKSPERE :

I am a most poor woman, and a stranger.—ii., 4.

Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom

O'ertopping woman's power.—ii., 4.

I am a simple woman, much too weak

To oppose your cunning.—ii., 4.

What can be their business

With me, a poor weak woman ?—iii., 1.

Alas, I am a woman, friendless, hopeless !—iii., 1.

A woman, I dare say without vain-glory,

Never yet branded with suspicion.—iii., 1.

Bring me a constant woman to her husband,

One that ne'er dreamed a joy beyond his pleasure.—iii., 1.

I am the most unhappy woman living.—iii., 1.

You know I am a woman, lacking wit.—iii., 1.

From "*Troilus and Cressida.*"—SHAKSPERE :

I am weaker than a woman's tear,

Tamer than sleep.—i., 1.

Fairer than ever I saw her look, or any woman else.—i., 1.

Because not there : this woman's answer sorts,

For womanish it is to be from thence.—i., 1.

A woman impudent and mannish grown

Is not more loathed than an effeminate man.—iii., 3.

I have a woman's longing,

An appetite that I am sick withal.—iii., 3.

A woman of quick sense.—iv., 5.

She is a woman, therefore may be wooed ;

She is a woman, therefore may be won.

SHAKSPERE.—Titus Andronicus, Act ii., scene 1.

WOMAN.—Unseemly woman in a seeming man !  
Or ill-beseeming beast in seeming both !

SHAKSPERE.—*Romeo and Juliet*, Act iii., scene 3.

From "*Julius Cæsar*."—SHAKSPERE :

I grant I am a woman ; but withal  
A woman well-reputed.—ii., 1.

I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.—ii., 4.

Ay me, how weak a thing  
The heart of woman is !—ii., 4.

From "*Macbeth*."—SHAKSPERE :

Come to my woman's breasts,  
And take my milk for gall !—i., 5.

The repetition, in a woman's ear,  
Would murder as it fell.—ii., 3.

A woman's story at a winter's fire,  
Authorized by her grandam.—iii., 4.

Laugh to scorn  
The power of man, for none of woman born  
Shall harm Macbeth.—iv., 1.

From "*Hamlet*."—SHAKSPERE :

'Tis brief, my lord,  
As woman's love.—iii., 2.

When these are gone, the woman will be out.—iv., 7.  
One that was a woman, sir ; but, rest her soul, she's dead.—v., 1.

WOMEN.—Most women have no characters at all.  
POPE.—*Moral Essays*, Epi. ii., line 2.

What ! fair, and young, and faithful too ?  
A miracle, if this be true !

ANONYMOUS.—Said to be from a play of WALLER'S.

Hard is the fortune that your sex attends ;  
Woman, like princes, find few real friends.  
LYTTLETON.—*Advice to a Lady*, 1731, line 9.

No reason ask, our reason is our will.  
MARSTON.—*The Malcontent*, Act i., scene 6.

I've seen your stormy seas and stormy women,  
And pity lovers rather more than seamen.  
BYRON.—*Sardanapalus*.

He knew the stormy souls of woman kind.  
DRYDEN.—*The Æneid*, Book v., line 7.



*WOMEN*.—Follow a shadow, it still flies you ;

Seem to fly it, it will pursue :

So court a mistress, she denies you ;

Let her alone, she will court you.

Say are not women truly then,

Styled but the shadows of us men ?

BEN JONSON.—A Song. *The Forest*.

One moral's plain—without more fuss ;

Man's social happiness all rests on us :

Though all the drama—whether damn'd or not—

Love gilds the scene, and women guide the plot.

SHERIDAN.—Epilogue to the *Rivals*, line 3.

The caprices of woman kind are not limited by any climate or nation,  
and they are much more uniform than can be imagined.

SWIFT.—The Voyage to Laputa, chapter ii., volume i. of  
Roscoe's edition of his life.

It requires more charms and address in women to revive one fainting  
flame than to kindle new ones.

SWIFT.—To the Rev. Mr. Winder. 2nd vol. of Roscoe's  
edition of his life, page 346.

Women's prayers are things perfectly by rote, as they put on one stock-  
ing after another.

SWIFT.—To the Rev. Dr. Tisdall ; Correspondence. His  
Life by Roscoe, Volume ii., page 439.

The best thing to keep them from playing the devil, is to encourage  
them in playing the fool.

BULWER LYTTON.—*Devereux*, Book i., chapter xvii.

Ah ! happy age when ladies learn'd to bake,  
And when kings' daughters knew to knead a cake.

Rebecca was esteem'd of comely hue,

Yet not so nice her comeliness to keep,

But that she water for the camels drew ;

Rachel was fair, yet fed her father's sheep,

But now for to supply Rebecca's place

Or do as Rachael did is counted base :

Our dainty dames would take it in disgrace.

THOS. FULLER.—David's Heinous Sin, Part iii., stanza  
11, 12.

For several virtues

Have I liked several women.

SHAKSPERE.—*Tempest*, Act iii., scene 1.

When women cannot love where they're beloved.

SHAKSPERE.—*Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act v., scene 4.

WOMEN.—It is the lesser blot, modesty finds,  
Women to change their shapes than men their minds.

SHAKSPERE.—Ibid.

From "*Measure for Measure*."—SHAKSPERE:

Women are frail too.—

Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves.—ii., 4.

Women! Help Heaven! men their creation mar

In profiting by them.—ii., 4.

For women are light at midnight.—v., 1.

Fainting under

The pleasing punishment that women bear.

SHAKSPERE.—Comedy of Errors, Act i., scene 1.

Alas, poor women! make us but believe,

Being compact of credit, that you love us.

SHAKSPERE.—Ibid., Act iii., scene 2.

Methinks you look with your eyes as other women do.

SHAKSPERE.—Much Ado About Nothing, Act iii., scene 4.

From women's eyes this doctrine I derive.

SHAKSPERE.—Love's Labor's Lost, Act iv., scene 3.

In number more than ever women spoke.

SHAKSPERE.—Midsummer Night's Dream, Act i., sc. 1.

From "*As You Like It*."—SHAKSPERE:

All the world's a stage,

And all the men and women merely players.—ii., 7.

That is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their  
consciences.—iii., 2.

Boys and women are for the most part cattle of this colour.—iii., 2.

Women's gentle brain

Could not drop forth such giant-rude invention.—iv., 3.

For women are shrews, both short and tall.

SHAKSPERE.—2 Henry IV., Act v., scene 3.

These women are shrewd tempters with their tongues.

SHAKSPERE.—1 Henry IV., Act i., scene 2.

WON.—She's beautiful; and therefore to be woo'd;

She's a woman, and therefore to be won.

SHAKSPERE.—1 Henry VI., Act v., scene 3.  
(Suffolk and Lady Margaret.)

She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;

She is a woman, therefore may be won.

SHAKSPERE.—Titus Andronicus, Act ii., scene 1.  
(Demetrius to Aaron.)

WON.—Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?  
Was ever woman in this humour won?

SHAKSPERE.—Richard III., Act i., scene 2.  
(Richard and Lady Anne.)

Hero's looks yielded, but her words made war:  
Women are won when they begin to jar.

MARLOWE.—Hero and Leander, First Sestiad.

So fought, so follow'd and so fairly won.

SHAKSPERE.—2 Henry IV., Act i., scene 1.  
(Lord Bardolph to Northumberland.)

WONDER.—And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,  
That one small head should carry all he knew.

GOLDSMITH.—The Deserted Village, line 215.

WOO.—If doughty deeds my ladye please,  
Right soon I'll mount my steed;

And strong his arm, and fast his seat,  
That bears frae me the meed.

GRAHAME.—“O tell me how to woo thee.” Minstrelsy  
of the Scottish Border, and see Henry V., Act v., sc. 2.  
(The King to Katharine.)

WOODEN WALLS.—The Delphic oracle commanded Athens to defend  
herself behind *wooden walls*. She did so, and Themistocles obtained a  
complete and brilliant victory over the Persians.

ROLLIN.—Ancient History, Preface, page 19. (Plutarch  
in Demosthenes, page 854.)

About our isle he builds a wall.

WALLER.—Of Lady Mary, Princess of Orange.

A wall! like that which Athens had,  
By th' oracle's advice, of wood.

WALLER.—Ibid., last verse.

There's not a ship that sails the ocean,  
But every climate, every soil,  
Must bring its tribute great or small  
And help to build the wooden wall.

LONGFELLOW.—By the Seaside; the building of the ship.

WOODMAN.—Forth goes the woodman, leaving unconcern'd  
The cheerful haunts of man:

Shaggy, and lean, and shrewd, with pointed ears,  
And tail cropp'd short, half lurcher and half cur,  
His dog attends him.

COWPER.—The Task, Book v., line 41.

WOOL.—The gods have feet of wool. *Dii laneos habent pedes.*

[A grand old proverb, finely expressing the noiseless approach of the divine judgments, and is true for others, but not for those who have a listening ear.—Archibald Trench's Notes on the Parables of our Lord, page 338, edition 9th.]

WOOL.—Hæder, the blind old god whose feet are shod with silence.  
 LONGFELLOW.—Tegner's Drapa, verse 6.

Like footsteps upon wool.

TENNYSON.—Ænone, near the end.

WORD.—1. Read!

2. Your word is as good as the bank, sir.

HOLCROFT.—The Road to Ruin, Act i., scene 1.

I'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath;  
 Who shuns not to break one, will sure crack both.

SHAKSPERE.—Pericles, Act i., scene 2.  
 (The Prince to Helicanus.)

1. I will not indeed pledge you, like a wicked man, by my oath.

2. You would gain nothing farther at least than by my word.

BUCKLEY'S Sophocles, *Œdipus Coloneus*, page 77.

So soon as the man overtook me, he was but a word and a blow, for  
 down he knocked me, and laid me for dead.

BUNYAN.—Pilgrim's Progress, Part i.

And but one word with one of us? Couple it with something. Make  
 it a word and a blow.

SHAKSPERE.—Romeo and Juliet, Act iii, scene 1.  
 (Mercutio to Tybalt.)

I'll take the ghost's word for a thousand pounds.

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act iii., scene 2.  
 (To Horatio.)

WORDS.—1. Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I shall make your  
 wit bankrupt.

2. I know it well, sir; you have an exchequer of words.

SHAKSPERE.—Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act ii., sc. 4.  
 (Thurio to Valentine.)

With some laughing ladies, I presume, whose incessant concussion of  
 words would not let you put in a syllable.

COLLEY CIBBER.—The Lady's Last Stake, Act i., sc. 1.

Words, words, words!

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act ii., scene 2.  
 (Hamlet to Polonius.) GARRICK.—The Guardian, Act i.

Words are grown so false I am loath to prove reason with them.

SHAKSPERE.—Twelfth Night, Act iii., scene 1.  
 (Clown to Viola.)

Her words but wind, and all her tears but water.

SPENSER.—Fairy Queen, Book vi., Canto vi., verse 42.

Soft words, with nothing in them, make a song.

WALLER.—To Mr. Creech, line 10.

*WORDS*.—Words are like leaves, and, where they most abound,  
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.

POPE.—On Criticism, line 309.

Men ever had, and ever will have, leave  
To coin new words well suited to the age.  
Words are like leaves, some wither every year,  
And every year a younger race succeeds.

ROSCOMMON.—Horace, Art of Poetry.

Be not the first by whom the new are tried,  
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.

POPE.—On Criticism, line 335.

Use may revive the obsoletest words,  
And banish those that now are most in vogue;  
Use is the judge, the law, and rule of speech.

ROSCOMMON.—Art of Poetry.

My words fly up, my thoughts remain below;  
Words, without thoughts, never to heaven go.

SHAKSPERE.—Hamlet, Act iii., scene 3.

(Hamlet's Uncle, after rising from his knees.)

Then shall our names,  
Familiar in his mouth as households words,  
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.

SHAKSPERE.—Henry V., Act iv., scene 3.

(The King to Westmoreland.)

When I would pray and think, I think and pray  
To several subjects: heaven hath my empty words.

SHAKSPERE.—Measure for Measure, Act ii., scene 4.

(Angelo.)

He call'd on Alla—but the word  
Arose unheeded or unheard.

BYRON.—The Giaour.

1. Not a word?

2. Not one to throw at a dog.

SHAKSPERE.—As You Like It, Act i., scene 3.

(Celia and Rosalind.)

The words came first, and after, blows.

LLOYD.—Spirit of Contradiction.

Words beget anger; anger brings forth blows;  
Blows makes of dearest friends immortal foes.

HERRICK.—Hesperides, Moral Essays, 485.

What you keep by you, you may change and mend;  
But words once spoke can never be recall'd.

ROSCOMMON.—Art of Poetry.



*WORK.*—Mrs. Johnson has blunted her pickaxe with work.

*SWIFT.*—Letter to Tickell, 19 July, 1735.

Work, Tibet ; work, Annot ; work, Margerie ;

Sew, Tibet ; knit, Annot ; spin, Margerie ;

Let us see who will win the victory.

Ye sleep, but we do not, that shall we try ;

Your fingers be numb, our work will not lie.

I will not—I cannot—no more can I :

Then give we all over, and there let it lie.

*NICHOLAS UDALL.*—The Work Girls' song in "Royster Doister."

Work, work, work,

Till the brain begins to swim ;

Work, work, work,

Till the eyes are heavy and dim !

Seam and gusset, and band,

Band and gusset and seam,

Till over the buttons I fall asleep,

And sew them on in a dream !

*T. HOOD.*—The Song of the Shirt.

*WORLD.*—O, how full of briers is this working-day world !

*SHAKSPERE.*—As You Like It, Act i., scene 3.

(Rosalind to Celia.)

They most the world enjoy, who least admire.

*DR. YOUNG.*—Night viii., line 1173.

To know the world, not love her, is thy point ;

She gives but little, nor that little long.

*DR. YOUNG.*—Night viii. Virtue's Apology, line 1276.

I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano ;

A stage, where every man must play a part,

And mine a sad one.

*SHAKSPERE.*—Merchant of Venice, Act i., scene 1

(Antonio to Gratiano.)

All this world's noise appears to me

A dull ill-acted comedy.

*COWLEY.*—The Despair, verse 3.

Such stuff the world is made of.

*COWPER.*—Hope, line 211.

The world was all before them, where to choose

Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.

*MILTON.*—Paradise Lost, Book xii., line 646.

Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

*GOLDSMITH.*—Deserted Village, line 170.

*WORLD*.— What is the world to them,  
Its pomp, its pleasure, and its nonsense all?

THOMSON.—Spring, line 1134.

For still the world prevail'd, and its dread laugh,  
Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn.

THOMSON.—Autumn, line 233.

O who would trust this world, or prize what's in it,  
That gives and takes, and chops and changes, ev'ry minute?

QUARLES.—Book i., No. ix., stanza 5.

Let the great world spin for ever down the ringing grooves of change.

TENNYSON.—Locksley Hall, verse 91.

The world is a bundle of hay,  
Mankind are the asses who pull;  
Each tugs it a different way,  
And the greatest of all is John Bull.

BYRON.—An Epigram.

I am sick of this bad world  
The daylight and the sun grow painful to me.

ADDISON.—Cato, Act iv.

'Tis a busy, talking world,  
That, with licentious breath, blows like the wind  
As freely on the palace as the cottage.

ROWE.—The Fair Penitent, Act iii., scene 1.

O, what a world is this, when what is comely  
Envenoms him that bears it!

SHAKSPERE.—As You Like It, Act ii., scene 3.  
(Adam to Orlando.)

The world is ashamed of being virtuous.

STERNE.—Tristram Shandy, Vol. iii., chapter xxvii.

For he who gave this vast machine to roll,  
Breathed Life in them, in us a reasoning Soul;  
That kindred feelings might our state improve,  
And mutual wants conduct to mutual love.

JUVENAL.—Sat. xv., line 150. (Gifford.)

The world, defrauded of the high design,  
Profaned the God-given strength, and marred the lofty line.

SCOTT.—Marmion, Intro. to Canto i., line 282.

O what a glory doth this world put on,  
For him who with a fervent heart goes forth,  
Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks  
On duties well performed and days well spent.

LONGFELLOW.—Autumn. (Earlier Poems.)

*WORLD*.— I am one, my liege,  
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world  
Have so incens'd, that I am reckless what  
I do, to spite the world.

SHAKSPERE.—Macbeth, Act iii., scene 1.  
(The Second Murderer to Macbeth.)

Why, then, the world's mine oyster,  
Which I with sword will open.

SHAKSPERE.—Merry Wives of Windsor, Act ii., scene 2.  
(Pistol to Falstaff.)

A mad world, my masters.

MIDDLETON.—A Play.

He who for scorn had daff'd the world aside.

ARIOSTO.—Orlando Furioso, Canto xiv., stanza 41.  
(Rose's Translation.)

The world knows nothing of its greatest men.

HENRY TAYLOR.—Philip Van Artevelde, Act i., scene 5.

Ah! world unknown! how charming is thy view,  
Thy pleasures many, and each pleasure new:  
Ah!—world experienced! what of thee is old?  
How few thy pleasures, and those few how old!

CRABBE.—The Borough, Letter 24.

What is this world?

What but a spacious burial-field unwall'd:  
The very turf on which we tread once lived.

BLAIR.—The Grave, line 483.

Me seems the world is run quite out of square  
From the first point of his appointed source;  
And being once amiss grows daily worse and worse.

SPENSER.—Fairy Queen, Book v., verse 1.

Nor is this world but a huge inn,  
And men the rambling passengers.

HOWELL.—A Poem, page 9.

And the whole earth would henceforth be  
A wider prison unto me.

BYRON.—Prisoner of Chillon, Div. xii.

The world's at an end—What's to be done, Jasper?

GARRICK.—Miss in Her Teens, Act ii.

There is another and a better world.

KOTZBUE.—The Stranger, Act i., scene 1. (Thompson.)

*WORM*.—The smallest worm will turn, being trodden on;  
And doves will peck in safeguard of their brood.

SHAKSPERE.—3 Henry VI., Act ii., scene 2.  
(Clifford to the King.)

*WORMS*.—Men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

SHAKSPERE.—As You Like It, Act iv., scene 1.  
(Rosalind to Orlando.)

*WORSE*.— His tongue  
Dropt manna, and could make the worse appear  
The better reason.

MILTON.—Paradise Lost, Book ii., line 112.  
CHURCHILL.—The Duellist, Book iii.

From good to bad, and from bad to worse,  
From worse unto that is worst of all,  
And then return to his former fall.

SPENSER.—The Shepherd's Calendar, Feb., line 12.

*WORSHIP*.—This hour they worship, and the next blaspheme.  
DR. GARTH.—The Dispensary, Canto iii., line 42.

With my body I thee worship.  
PRAYER BOOK.—Matrimony.

[The word worship, here means "*honour*;" with my body I thee honour.—See Dr. Trench on this phrase in his "English Past and Present," Lecture 4.

The servant therefore fell down and worshipped him.  
ST. MATTHEW, chapter xviii., verse 26.

[Here also the servant *honoured* his master and besought him to have patience with him and he would pay the debt; a very different thing indeed from paying adoration to him.]

*WORST*.—Would Heaven this mourning were past !  
One may have better luck at last ;  
Matters at worst are sure to mend,  
The devil's wife was but a fiend.

PRIOR.—The Turtle and Sparrow, line 414.

Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward  
To what they were before.

SHAKSPERE.—Macbeth, Act iv., scene 2.  
(Rosse to Lady Macduff.)

His only solace was, that now,  
His dog-bolt fortune was so low,  
That either it must quickly end,  
Or turn about again, and mend.

BUTLER.—Hudibras, Part ii., Canto i., line 39.

I wish thy lot, now bad, still worse, my friend ;  
For when at worst, they say, things always mend.

COWPER.—Translation from Owen. To a friend in Distress.

*WORTH*.—I know my price ; I am worth no worse a place.

SHAKSPERE.—Othello, Act i., sc 1. (Iago to Roderigo.)

*WORTH*.—This mournful truth is every where confess'd,  
Slow rises worth by poverty depress'd.

DR. JOHNSON.—London, line 176.

And very wisely would lay forth,  
No more upon it than 'twas worth.

BUTLER.—Hudibras, Part i., Canto i., line 491.

For what is worth in anything,  
But so much money as 'twill bring?

BUTLER.—Hudibras, Part ii., Canto i., line 465

What's aught but as 'tis valued?

SHAKSPERE.—Troilus and Cressida, Act ii., scene 2.  
(Troilus to Hector.)

*WOUND*.—Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,  
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike.

POPE.—Epi. to Arbuthnot.

The private wound is deepest.

SHAKSPERE.—Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act v., scene 4.  
(Valentine to Proteus.)

*WOUNDS*.—When wounds are mortal they admit no cure.

POMFRET.—The Fortunate Complaint.

'Tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door; but 'tis enough,  
'twill serve.

SHAKSPERE.—Romeo and Juliet, Act iii., scene 1.  
(Mercutio after being wounded by Tybalt.)

Give salves to every sore, but counsel to the mind.

SPENSER.—The Fairy Queen, Book vi., Canto vi., verse 5.

*WRATH*.—That day of wrath, that dreadful day,  
When heaven and earth shall pass away,  
What power shall be the sinner's stay?  
How shall he meet that dreadful day?

SCOTT.—Lay of the Last Minstrel, Canto vi., line 31.

[From the "*Dies iræ, dies illa*," used by the Romish Church in the office of the dead, and attributed to Thos. de Celano, a friar of the fourteenth century, but more generally to Frangipani, Cardinal Malabranchia.] (See Riley's Class. Dict.)

The day of wrath, that dreadful day,  
Shall the whole world in ashes lay,  
As David and the Sybils say.

ROSCOMMON.—On the Day of Judgment, verse 1.

*WREATH*.—I sent thee late a rosy wreath,  
Not so much honouring thee,  
As giving it a hope that there  
It could not wither'd be.

BEN JONSON.—A Song. "Drink to me only," &c.



*WRECK*.—The stars shall fade away, the sun himself  
Grow dim down with age, and nature sink in years ;  
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,  
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,  
The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.

ADDISON.—Cato, Act v., scene 1.

*WRETCHED*.—The wretched have no friends.

DRYDEN.—All for Love, Act iii., scene 1.

*WRITE*.—To be a well-favor'd man is the gift of fortune ; but to read  
and write comes by nature.

SHAKSPERE.—Much Ado About Nothing, Act iii., scene 3.

(Dogberry to Second Watchman.)

Well, for your favour, Sir, why give God thanks, and make no boast of  
it ; and, for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is  
no need of such vanity.

SHAKSPERE.—Much Ado About Nothing, Act iii., scene 3.

(Dogberry to Neighbour Seacoal.)

1. He can write and read, and cast accompt.

2. O monstrous !

1. We took him setting boys' copies.

2. Here's a villain.

SHAKSPERE.—2 Henry VI., Act iv., scene 2. (Smith and  
Cade.)

Matter grows under our hands—

Let no man say, "Come—I'll write a *duodecimo*."

STERNE.—Tristram Shandy, Vol. v., chapter xvi.

I lived to write, and wrote to live.

ROGERS' Italy.—A Character, line 16.

And shame to write, what all men blush to read.

COTTON.—To E. W., line 10.

Who can write so fast as men run mad ?

DR. YOUNG.—Satire i., last line.

Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.

ST. JOHN.—Revelation, chapter xiv., verse 13.

Their manner of writing is very peculiar, being neither from the left to  
the right, like the Europeans ; nor from the right to the left, like  
the Arabians ; nor from up to down, like the Chinese ; but aslant  
from one corner of the paper to the other, like ladies in England.

SWIFT.—Gulliver's Voyage to Lilliput, chapter vi.

At first one omits writing for a little while, and then one stays a while  
longer to consider of excuses, and at last it grows desperate, and one  
does not write at all.

SWIFT.—To the Rev. Mr. Winder. (Roscoe's Ed. of  
Swift, Vol. ii., page 436.)

*WRITING*.— . . . The world agrees  
That he writes well who writes with ease.

PRIOR.—Epi. ii., To F. Shephard.

True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,  
As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.

POPE.—On Criticism, line 362.

Of all those arts in which the wise excel,  
Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well.

BUCKINGHAM.—Essay on Poetry.

'Tis hard to say, if greater want of skill  
Appear in writing or in judging ill.

POPE.—On Criticism, line 1.

Both to the virtue due, which could excel  
As much in writing as in living well.

PRIOR.—To Rev. Dr. Turner, line 21.

*WRONG*.—You have a wrong sow by the ear.

BUTLER.—Hudibras, Part ii., Canto iii.

Brother, brother, we are both in the wrong.

GAY.—The Beggar's Opera, Act ii., scene 2.

It may be right ; but you are in the wrong  
To speak before your time.

SHAKSPERE.—Measure for Measure, Act v., scene 1.  
(The Duke to Lucio.)

He hath wrong'd me, master Page.

SHAKSPERE.—Merry Wives of Windsor, Act i., scene 1.

*YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND*.—

CAMPBELL.—A Song ; the idea of which seems to have  
been borrowed from an old song entitled, "Ye Coun-  
triemen of England," written by MARTYN PARKER.

Ye who dwell at home, ye do not know the terrors of the main.

SOUTHEY.—Madoc, Part i.

*YEARS*.—Winged time glides on insensibly, and deceives us ; and there  
is nothing more fleeting than years.

OVID.—Meta., Book x., Fable 9. (Riley.)

Jumping o'er times  
Tuning the accomplishment of many years  
Into an hour-glass.

SHAKSPERE.—Henry V., Chorus.

Years have not seen, Time shall not see,  
The hour that tears my soul from thee.

BYRON.—Bride of Abydos, Canto i., stanza 11.

*YEARS.*—

Years steal  
Fire from the mind, as vigour from the limb;  
And life's enchanted cup but sparkles near the brim.

BYRON.—*Childe Harold*, Canto iii., stanza 8.

Years following years, steal something every day;  
At last they steal us from ourselves away.

POPE.—*Imitations of Horace*, Book ii., Epi. ii., line 72.

I am declined  
Into the vale of years.

SHAKSPERE.—*Othello*, Act iii., scene 3.

(He imagines that is a reason for Desdemona's supposed love of Cassio.)

*YEW-TREE.*—Cheerless, unsocial plant! that loves to dwell  
'Midst skulls and coffins, epitaphs and worms.

BLAIR.—*The Grave*, line 22.

And in the dusk of thee, the clock  
Beats out the little lives of men.

TENNYSON.—*In Memoriam* ii., verse 2.

*YORICK.*—Let me see. Alas, poor Yorick!

I knew him, Horatio, a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy.

SHAKSPERE.—*Hamlet*, Act v., scene 1.

(*Hamlet to Horatio.*)

Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes  
of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar?

SHAKSPERE.—*Hamlet*, Act v., scene 1.

(*Hamlet addressing Yorick's skull.*)

*YOUTH.*—While proudly riding o'er the azure realm,  
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes;  
Youth on the prow and Pleasure at the helm.

GRAY.—*The Bard*, verse v., line 10.

She bears her down majestically near,  
Speed on her prow, and terror in her tier.

BYRON.—*The Corsair*, Canto iii., stanza 15.

Love upon the prow.

BOWLES.—*The Spirit of Discovery*, Book iii., line 266.

Pleasure the servant, Virtue looking on.

BEN JONSON.—*Pleasure Reconciled to Virtue.*

In the very May-morn of his youth,  
Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprises.

SHAKSPERE.—*Henry V.*, Act i., scene 2.

(*Ely to King Henry.*)

*YOUTH.*— He wears the rose  
Of youth upon him; from which the world should note  
Something particular.

SHAKSPERE.—Antony and Cleopatra, Act iii., scene 4.  
(Antony to Euphronius and Cleopatra.)

In the lexicon of youth which fate reserves  
For a bright manhood, there is no such word  
As—fail.

E. B. LYTTON.—Richelieu, Act ii., scene 2.

A youth of frolics, an old age of cards.

POPE.—Moral Essay, to a Lady, Epi ii., line 244.

From thoughtless youth to ruminating age.

COWPER.—Progress of Error, line 24.

And made youth younger, and taught life to live.

DR. YOUNG. Night v., line 796.

O ye who teach the ingenuous youth of nations—

Holland, France, England, Germany, or Spain;

I pray ye flog them upon all occasions,

It mends their morals—never mind the pain.

BYRON.—Don Juan, Canto ii., stanza 1.

*ZEAL.*—We do that in our zeal,  
Our calmer moments are afraid to answer.

SCOTT.—Woodstock, chapter xvii.

Tell zeal, it lacks devotion;

Tell love, it is but lust;

Tell time, it is but motion;

Tell flesh it is but dust;

And wish them not reply,

For thou must give the lye.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.—The Lye, 2 Percy Rel., p. 323.

Violent zeal for truth has a hundred to one odds to be either petulancy,  
ambition or pride.

SWIFT.—Thoughts on Religion. (Roscoe's Edition of  
his Life.)













